

A

J O U R N E Y
THROUGH
Every Stage of Life,

DESCRIBED IN A VARIETY OF
INTERESTING SCENES,
Drawn from REAL CHARACTERS.

By a PERSON OF QUALITY.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. MILLAR in the STRAND.

M D C C L I V.

TO RINER

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Illustrated with Numerous Pictures

By a Friend of Genius

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C H A P. XIII.

V O L. II.

Conclusion of the History of HARRIOT and AUGUSTUS.

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CARINTHIA soon asked *Sabrina* if she was not yet able to overtake the Travellers, for that she was impatient to bear them Company.

Sabrina told her a little Rest should suffice, since she was in Haste to have her go on; and accordingly she continued.

THE Lovers were too sensible of the Necessity of using their utmost Speed, to spend any Time in Conversation till the next Evening, that being both excessively tired, they thought they might with Safety rest; and indeed neither of them having very robust Constitutions, they could not have proceeded many Miles farther, without the utmost Hazard of their Lives. They agreed to marry the next Morning, before

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fare, they continued their Journey, it being then too late and spent the Evening in rejoicing over their Escape, and contriving how they should provide for their future Substance; each thinking with Pleasure of the Means, however laborious, of contributing towards the other's Support; nor would they, perhaps, have ended a Conversation so delightful, had not extreme Weariness, from so long a Journey, made them see some Rest was necessary to enable them to proceed the next Day.

At Break of Day they both awaked. *Augustus's* Room looked into the Yard, where he heard the Noise of Horses; but who can describe his Terror, when he saw some of his Father's Servants; he could not doubt but he was discovered, and that he was the Occasion of their Arrival there. He ran into *Harriot's* Room, and finding her dressed, told her their Misfortune in few Words, proposed they should attempt a separate Escape, and meet just by, if they succeeded, which was more likely if alone; that if he found there was no other Method of securing her, he would suffer himself to be taken, as while she was absent from the tyrannous Power that oppressed them, they should be secured from the greatest of Misfortunes, that fatal Marriage. He intreated her if possible never to return, but wherever she should find Refuge, if he should be taken, to invent some Means of informing him of it, and he would contrive, notwithstanding the utmost Vigilance of a jealous Father, to come to her. He then gave *Harriot* the Money he had providently brought with him, and agreeing their only Chance was in letting himself be taken after using what Delays he could to busy his Pursuers, they took a short Embrace, and, in the utmost Agonies of Mind, bid each other farewell.

Harriot stole softly thro' a back Door which led from her Apartment, and *Augustus* returned to his, where, barricading the Door, he entered Admittante sword

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to the Men who were by the Landlord brought to his Room. By various Artifices he prevented their breaking in for some Hours, and as they had no Doubt of finding *Harriot* and *Augustus* together, their whole Attention was fixed on that Apartment.

In the mean Time *Harriot*, by a little Bribery, induced a Maid she met at the Bottom of the Stairs to guide her to some Fields. Gold had Charms too prevalent to be resisted; the House was in such an uproar, the Girl thought herself secure from being missed, and accordingly accompanied *Harriot*, to whom Fear gave Wings, to a Cottage about two Miles off, which belonged to the Maid's Sister, with whom *Harriot* prevailed, by a little of the same Rhetoric, to conceal her till the Maid of the Ian should inform her, that the Men who had pursued them were gone from thence. *Harriot* charged her to endeavour to see *Augustus*, and to inform him where she was.

The Maid returned before the People had got Admittance into *Augustus*'s Room, but it was not long after that they made Use of Force to enter. They were strangely perplexed when they found him alone: The whole House was searched for *Harriot*, nor were any neglected within such a Distance as she could be supposed to have reached, except that where she was, and a few more, which, by their Situations, were as well hid from Observation.

The Maid was watchful for an Opportunity of obeying the Commands of a Person who paid so well for the Services done her, and on Pretence of bringing *Augustus* a Breakfast, which Grief would not suffer him to taste, she told him, unheard by any one else, where she had conducted *Harriot*. To hear she had so good a Chance of escaping, was some Relief to his Distress; and he begged her in a Whisper, to tell *Harriot*, that he advised her, as soon as the Road was clear, to remove to a greater Distance; for she might be sure that when she should be returned, and the

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known not to be taken, her Father, and probably his likewise, would come in Search of her; and that there would be little Chance of her escaping the Jealousy of a Father, and a Lover's Eye: Intreating her to consider, that while she remained concealed, they might still be happy; that his Life, as well as Happiness, depended on her not being discovered; for the Day that united her with his Father, would be the last of his Existence.

Had *Augustus*'s Request been less reasonable, *Harriot* would not have disputed it. As soon as she found she might safely travel, she left the Cottage which had afforded her Shelter, and hiring Vehicles in such a Manner as would most confound any that should search after her, she travelled above fourscore Miles from the Place where *Augustus* had been torn from her, intending then to go no farther than the next Town she came to; but passing thro' a pretty neat Village, the Situation of which suited the Disposition of her Mind, she stopped the Chariot, and going into a House which pleased her, asked if there was any Possibility of lodging in that Village; being answered in the Affirmative, she dismissed her Equipage, and resolved to go no farther. She was directed to a House where she might find Accommodations, and hired a neat Apartment, wherein she hoped to live quietly, till *Augustus*'s Presence should make her joyfully resign Tranquility for Happiness. The Village was situated under a Hill, interspersed with Trees, that every House seemed to stand in a separate Wood. It bore a great Air of Wildness and Privacy, which perfectly well agreed with her Inclination.

The Manner in which *Harriot* came thither, and the great Elegance and Beauty of her Person, could not but attract the Notice of the rural Inhabitants. If she stirred out of the House, they gathered to see her; and the first Sunday after she came, she carried more People to Church than were led by Devotion.

Some

Some Persons of better Fashion than any who lived in the Parish, were drawn thither by Curiosity; a painful Circumstance to poor *Harriot*, who was naturally bashful, and now was afraid of every Thing; so strong an Impression had her late Fright made upon her.

The Rector of this Parish being too rich to employ himself in the Care of Souls, a Curate resided there in his Place. Before *Harriot* went to Church, he and his Wife sent to offer her a Seat in their Pew, which she gladly accepted. As soon as the Service was ended, they invited her Home to drink Tea; and some Gentlemen and Ladies who came there to see the Stranger, and were acquainted with the Curate, invited themselves to be of the Party. Had *Harriot* known how numerous the Company would have been, she would have excused herself; but it was now too late, and she was obliged to be the sole Object that was looked at the rest of the Afternoon. The Ladies endeavoured by Questions to discover from whence she came, and for what Reasons; but they only served to put her out of Countenance without satisfying them: She was too ignorant in the Art of lying to invent any Circumstances to deceive them, and too prudent to tell the Truth. The Gentlemen were not less troublesome, by their polite Attentions and over-much Flattery; she could look on no Side but she found various Eyes upon her, and fancied she saw that the Gentlemen thought her driven thither by some Adventure, which might make her a more agreeable Companion to them than to the Ladies.

The Curate and his Wife, who had more real Good-Breeding than is always found in a superior Rank, and were besides very humane, were greatly disturbed at the Impertinence of their Visitors, and suffered for *Harriot's* Confusion. Good Sense and Candour made them judge more equitably of the Innocence of her Countenance, and the Modesty of her Manner, than People whose Belief was regulated by some

their Wishes but They endeavoured, as much as possibly they could believe her from the impertinent Questions of the one Sex, and the more embarrassing Regards of the other. As soon as *Harriet* thought she might withdraw Incivility, she got up to take her Leave of a Company, from whom she longed to be delivered, but found it was not so easy to get released. The Gentlemen said it would be improper for her to walk home alone, and insisted on escorting her. Wearied with such Persecution, she refused to suffer them to attend her, with more Indignation than Politeness; but not so easily discouraged, they persisted, till she declared, if she might not be permitted to return Home in the Manner she chose, she must trouble Mr. and Mrs. *Thorogood* (that was the Curate's Name) till she could have that Liberty: and sat down again.

Mrs. *Thorogood*, who sincerely pitied her, said, if it was necessary the Lady should not go unaccompanied, she thought it would be a great Disgrace to Mr. *Thorogood*'s Politeness, to suffer any one but himself to guard Home a Guest of theirs; therefore she proposed that he and her two eldest Daughters should perform it. *Harriet*, with real Gratitude, thanked her for this Expedient; but the Gentlemen declaring the Clergy had already too many Advantages, and they could not allow of so great an Addition, there was no preventing their going likewise; however, under the Curate's Protection, she less regarded it. When they came to the House where she lodged, they asked Leave to wait on her. She begged to be excused receiving any Visits, for that her Health was so bad, it would make her liable to give Affronts, as it would seldom suffer her to see any one. They answered, that if after twenty fruitless Attempts, they could once be admitted, they should think themselves far over-paid; and thus left her without a Hope of avoiding their Visits. There was too much Truth in the Excuse she made, the dreadful Anxiety her Mind had endured of late, had greatly

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greatly impaired her Health; and to find herself thus strangely persecuted, when she imagined she had sought a quiet Retreat, perplexed her greatly. As soon as Mrs. Thorogood's Company was gone, she and her Husband walked to Harriot's Lodging, where the good Woman told her how much she had been disturbed at the Impertinence of her Visitors, but hoped she would excuse it, and favour her with her Company when it would give less Uneasiness to both. The Behaviour of this Couple pleased her so much, that she thought she could not do better than to ask their Advice, how to secure herself from the Visits she feared. She told them, in general, that she was very unhappy, and came thither in Search of Solitude; too ignorant of the World to apprehend such Disturbances as seemed to threaten her. Her Spirits were very much depressed, and the few Words she said were accompanied with so many Tears, that tho' it is probable these good People were not void of Curiosity, yet they would not hurt her by shewing the least Desire of knowing more than she had imparted. They were sensible her Situation was very perplexing, and saw that by the Lowness of her Spirits, and being unused to Impertinence, she was unfit to be troubled with any Difficulties. After consulting each other by the silent Interpretation of Eyes, they told Harriot that they had a Room to spare, where, perhaps, she might find a safer Refuge from the wild Assurance of the young Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, than where she was, as in their House she might be as little exposed to them as she pleased. This Offer was most welcome to Harriot; she acknowledged the Favour, and accepted it immediately, after rewarding the People she was with for the Time she had spent there, and agreed with Mrs. Thorogood on the Rent she should pay for her Room. Harriot soon found the Benefit of this Change of Place; the Gentlemen who had seen her on the Sunday

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day made separate Visits, and not finding her where they expected, came to Mrs. Thorogood's, who, at her Request, charmed with her Prudence, refused to let them see her. This Couple were delighted with their Letter, and seemed to sympathize so sincerely in her Melancholy, that she thought she might safely acquaint them with the Cause of it, hoping they would put her in a Way of letting *Augustus* know where he might find her. They saw too much Truth in her Manner, to suspect any Deceit, and, from compassionating, came to love her.

Mr. Thorogood found a trusty Person, whom *Harriot* charged with a Letter to *Augustus*; but after waiting a Day or two with Impatience for an Answer, he brought her back her own Letter, which he had not had an Opportunity of delivering; *Augustus* being so closely watched, that he was never suffered to be out of the Sight of his Father, except when under the Guard of an old Servant, who had been educated in implicit Obedience to his Master's Will. The man *Harriot* sent was afraid of staying longer, lest he should be suspected, and returned, despairing of being able to execute her Orders.

This was a grievous Disappointment to *Harriot*; she was obliged to follow Mr. Thorogood's Advice, of waiting till *Lanscumb*'s Care was grown less vigilant, as those Things always relax in Time. These good People did their best to amuse her, and she received great Civilities from the Ladies of best Fashion in the Neighbourhood, whose Curiosity Mrs. Thorogood contrived to deceive and satisfy: But the only Thing which seemed to afford her any Gratification, besides the indulging her Melancholy in lonely Walks, was the assistance she gave Mrs. Thorogood, whose Family being large, and their Income very small, had more Business than she could well perform. *Harriot*, who was extremely ingenious, and likewise accustomed to Economy, was of Service to her in various Ways; she contrived and

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and worked for her, and taught her so many useful Things, that Mrs. Thorogood declared she should all her Life be greatly the richer for her.

When *Harriot* had been near four Months at this Place, they could no longer prevail on her to defer sending again to *Augustus*. The same Messenger was dispatched, and ordered to wait till he could deliver the Letter, let it be when it would. Afraid to trust a Secret of so great Importance on Paper, she referred her Lover to the Bearer for an Account of her Abode, writing only such Things as no insensible Messenger could tell him; the Excess of her Grief for their Separation; her Anxiety for him, who she feared had experienced all the Severity an incensed Father and jealous Lover could inflict: She described her Impatience to see him, and the Melancholy which his Presence alone could cure; ending with Assurances, that if at length she should be so unfortunate as to be discovered in her Retreat, he might depend on her never consenting to marry any other than himself; that the Cruelty of a Father might lead her to the Grave, but never to the bridal Bed. She intreated him not to attempt his Escape rashly, nor to suffer his kind Impatience to hurry him into a Neglect of any necessary Precautions to avoid Discovery.

Harriot's Messenger staid ten Days before he could find Means of delivering his Letter, and when he did, was obliged to retire instantly; nor could *Augustus* get an Opportunity of speaking to him for near a Week. *Augustus* was in Raptures at seeing a Letter from *Harriot*; it revived his oppressed Spirits, it awakened Hope, and he lived again, which he could not be said to have done since his Separation from the very Source of his Life. His Time and Thoughts were employed in seeking an Opportunity of speaking to the Messenger; and that he might be able to dispatch him without longer Delay, he wrote an Answer to his *Harriot's* Letter, to give him at the same Time. *Lanscum* had

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had deprived him of all Materials for writing, so that a Piece of Charcoal and brown Paper were the only Things that afforded him a Possibility of signifying his Joy, and assuring her that he would watch with Dilgence and Care for an Opportunity of escaping. The Implements he wrote with were too inconvenient to suffer him to be very prolix in relating the Sentiments of his Soul; but the Strength of his Expressions made Amends for their Shortness. He informed her how necessary his Advice had proved, for that, as he foretold, both their Fathers had gone in Search of her at his Return, and spent a Month in their Enquiries, not having missed a House for thirty Miles round; but not being able to get any Light into the Course she had taken, they gave it up, actuated both by Rage and Grief, and flattered themselves she was too remarkable to be long concealed.

As soon as the Messenger had seen *Augustus*, and informed him of *Harriot's* Abode, and the Road thither, he returned with all Speed, and by the Letter he bore over-paid *Harriot* for the anxious Pain of Expectation.

Augustus was as vigilant to escape as his Father was to guard him. After he had learnt where to direct his Course, he made two or three Attempts to get away, which were discovered, and many more in which he was disappointed, but not suspected. As he had been confined four Months without attempting an Escape, *Lanscumb* began to imagine, that, notwithstanding his Care, his Son had received some Intelligence, which made him so eager to get from thence; and as he was more anxious to find *Harriot* than to guard his Son, he ordered that he should not be prevented the next Attempt he made, but that they should follow him so closely, as never to be a Mile behind him, taking Care he did not discover that they were in Pursuit of him. *Lanscumb* did not doubt but he would direct his Course

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Course to *Harriot*, and that by these Means he should find where she was.

Poor *Augustus* thought himself happy in effecting his Escape from his Father's, and by cross Roads, in order to perplex in case any Inquiry was made, he arrived at *Thorogood's*, when *Harriot* was at Breakfast with the Family.

The Exstasies of the two Lovers were beyond Description; every Sensation was Rapture almost too great for Life to support. The good Curate and his Wife stood amazed at such Excess of Fondness, and could not refrain from Tears of Joy at seeing two People meet, as they hoped, for Life, who loved so well, that nothing but brutal Cruelty could separate them. As soon as they were able to utter one distinct Expression, *Augustus* intreated Mr. *Thorogood* to join their Hands directly, to put it beyond human Power to part them more; Grown wise by their former Separation, they would no longer defer their Union for ceremonious Respects.

Thorogood did not much like marrying Children contrary to the Consent of their Parents, but *Augustus* besought it on his Knees with such ardent Passion, and Mrs. *Thorogood's* Affection for *Harriot* led her to plead so strongly in their Favour, that he consented, and left the Room to fetch his Book. The Door in a few Minutes opened, and they thought he was come to make them blessed, when, instead of this wortby Man, entered *Layscumb's* Servants, who, punctually obeying their Master, had traced *Augustus* thither, and now, in pursuance of their Orders, seized him and *Harriot*. Both were instantly rendered incapable of accompanying them, for at the Sight of these Men they clasped each other in a close Embrace, as resolved never to be separated, and in an Instant sunk down senseless on the Ground in each other's Arms.

Mr. *Thorogood* returning saw the lifeless Pair, as he thought, united in Death, instead of *Hymen's* Bands:

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he was not at a Loss to account for this dreadful Change ; the Men who were present left him no Occasion to inquire into the Cause, and he joined his Endeavours to relieve them, with those of his weeping Wife and Children, who were inconsolable for so shocking a Catastrophe. Some Hours passed before their greatest Care could awaken any Signs of Life in this truly distressed Pair. *Augustus* first recovered his Senses, and on seeing his *Harriot* pale and lifeless, he pressed her Lips with his, and cried out, "Cold ! ! ! Cold and dead !" and fainted a second Time. Most Part of the Day was spent before they were tolerably well recovered from their Agonies, and the Tenderness of their Complaints were more grievous than to see them in Appearance dead. *Thorogood* wept as abundantly as his Wife, and tried every Means to soften the Men who had caused this Distress ; but they were hardened by Self-Interest, which can make the human Heart more obdurate than Marble. Such a Scene of Misery no Men were ever before present at ; but tho' they were moved, and could not refrain from Tears, yet the promised Reward made them refuse the Relief which they alone could give. All that *Augustus* could bestow in present, or promise in futurity ; all that *Thorogood* could raise was offered, but it could not amount to what they expected from *Lanscumb*.

Thorogood tried every Method of deceiving their Care, but so cruelly vigilant were they, that they would not leave *Harriot* a Moment, not even the whole Night ; for she was too much affected by the Shock to be carried away that Day. They were in little Danger of losing *Augustus*, for no Benefit could arise from his Escape. As no one was capable of taking any Rest, they would not separate, but spent the Night in unutterable Grief ; the hellish Instruments of *Lanscumb's* Inhumanity continuing in the Room. The Agonies the unhappy Lovers were in, rendered them incapable of talking rationally ; their Senses often seemed

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to have left them, not too Insensibility, but to Madness. Their Friends could not administer Comfort, they were as incapable of giving, as the others were of receiving it; but Thorogood endeavoured to compose the Outrageousness of their Grief, and to persuade them to trust in Providence, whose infinite Mercy might change the Hearts of their Persecutors, and prevent their proceeding to an Action so base and so criminal as a forced Marriage.

"I do, indeed, replied *Harriot*, believe Providence is too merciful to suffer such a Marriage; I feel it is so. You may hear I am dead, but never that I am married to any but *Augustus*. When every Possibility of Hope is fled, I have nothing more to live for. Do not imagine," continued she, seeing the good Man shocked, "that Distraction itself could hurry me on to an Action so criminal as ending my Existence by my own Hand: I feel it would be and necessary; my Heart tells me, in Terms too plain to be mistaken, that I could not live thro' the dreadful Ceremony. This is my only Consolation; but Life is dear, since by losing it I lose my *Augustus*."

By such melancholy Predictions their Distraction was sometimes broken in upon; but there was Sweetness in this unutterable Woe, compared with what they felt after leaving these worthy Friends: Every Step the Horses took brought them nearer to their incensed Parents; the only Indulgence they received from their Guards was being put in the same Chariot.

When they arrived at Home, the Agony of Mind they had endured had made so great an Alteration in them, their Parents could scarcely know them; but yet they could not, by their dying Appearance, or the Distraction with which they on their Knees begged them to desist from their Purpose, obtain the least Hope that they would yield to a Love so passionate, which did not ask to be gratified, but only not to be

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made criminals, by an Alliance which would not permit such a Passion to be esteemed innocent.

On the contrary, *Reynolds* and *Lanscumb* agreed a second Time on the Day for the Celebration of the Nuptials, and *Isabella* insulted the two unhappy Lovers on their Misfortunes, who told her she might exult, but would find that the Day was fixed in vain. *Isabella* had addressed *Augustus* with all the Love she could express, several Times during his Confinement, till the Repulses she received at last changed her Passion into Hatred, and now her only Wish was to torment him. *Augustus* had taken a long Step towards Death, in the few Days in which they performed their Journey; and when he found his Father would not relent, the Wound was given which never could be healed. Before the Time fixed for the fatal Nuptials, he found himself on the very Verge of Life, and begged, as his last Request, he might be suffered to bid Farewell to *Harriot*. *Lanscumb* thought the whole a Farce, and, to appear unmoved by what he imagined a Stratagem, he consented, and she was sent for, the Occasion of it being told her. *Isabella*, determined to lose no Opportunity of tormenting them, would accompany her into the sick Man's Room. *Harriot's* trembling Steps were forced to be supported while she approached his Bed-side. *Augustus* with his dying Hands clasped hers, and told her, Providence was merciful in not suffering him to behold her in the Arms of another; that he died a Martyr to his Father's Cruelty, and should rejoice that his Grief had exceeded what any other Heart ever felt, since it had worked its own Release, if he did not leave her subjected to further Torments. He begged her to be pacified, to think it some Alleviation of her Sufferings that he should be released from his, by the only Thing that could end them. He added, that he knew her too well, to believe she could long live under so cruel a Mis-

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a Misfortune, and to think of its as a Consolation, that they should soon meet, where no cruel Pardon could part them more.

"Think not, *Augustus*," replied *Harriot*, "that I can survive you an Instant; my Heart is kept alive by the same Blood that nourishes yours; when that ceases to flow, my Heart will no longer beat: It only waits with the Obedience which I once hoped would be its Duty, but while it preserves any Sense will be its Inclination, till yours leads the Way; and then will follow its Example. My Soul shall join yours as soon as it is disengaged from the Body, over which no mortal Power can tyrannize, and for ever shall they be united."

Isabella's Malice would not suffer them to proceed in these melancholy Consolations, but forced *Harriot* away, after the tenderest Farewell had passed between her and the expiring *Augustus*, who, about the same Hour next Day was no more.

Harriot never spoke from the Time she left his Bed-side; she was carried Home, and went up into her Room, where she seated herself on a Couch, from which she never rose, but sat speechless and motionless, the Tears trickling down her Cheeks incessantly, without a Feature's being discomposed, nor an Attempt at wiping her Eyes, which never ceased weeping. All Endeavours to persuade her to go to Bed were in vain; she returned no Answer, nor seemed to hear what was said to her. In this Way the Night and the next Day passed, till hearing a Bell, she started, and asked what it rung for. *Isabella*, always the first to afflict, informed her that it was *Augustus's* Passing-Bell. *Harriot*, lifting up her Eyes, cried out, "Providence! thou art merciful; I come! I come!" And laying her Head upon the Pillow, she expired, with the same Composure of Features, and Complacency of Countenance, with which a new-born Babe falls asleep.

" I see your Highness so much moved," added *Sabrina*, " that I do not believe you will bear the Men, ^{bring} ~~of~~ ^{tion} ~~of~~ Parents so unnatural; but yet I must, as ^{as} ~~the~~ some ^{the} Justification of Human Nature, add, that the Fathers of this unfortunate Couple were surprized, as well as shocked at this dreadful Catastrophe: They did not believe it possible their Passion could prove fatal, and too late repented a Cruelty by all detested. But I shall not prolong my Story by relating their Remorse, and its Effects, by carrying them soon after their Children to the Grave."

" Indeed," said *Carinthia*, " such brutal Wretches deserve not to be admitted into your Narrations on their own Account; nor could any natural Death be a Punishment which would satisfy the Hatred I feel for them. Had they suffered an Age in Torments, I might have found some Gratification in hearing it, for I am at present full of Rage and Revenge."

" You need not fear," replied *Sabrina*, " that the innocent Victims of this Cruelty went unrevenged. The Scourges of the Furies cannot give such painful Wounds, as Conscience can inflict: This the Wicked feel, and are severely punished, while we think the Avenger sleeps, because they are not overtaken by any supernatural Punishment. In every Man's Breast is placed his Judge; and a Judge endued with the executive Power, who not only decrees Rewards and Punishments, but dispenses them: None can give such real Blessings, nor is there in the World so severe an Executioner."

" And yet," said *Carinthia*, " to perfect our Happiness, it is necessary that the World's Opinion should correspond with our own Consciousness; Suspected Virtue would but half content one."

" I acknowledge," answered *Sabrina*, " that the World's good Opinion is necessary, as well as our own, to make us completely happy; but they must not

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" not be equally esteemed : Those only have a sincere Love for Virtue, who adhere to it as strictly, when Disgrace follows it, as if popular Applause, and the greatest Rewards were to be the Consequence. In others it only shares the Heart with Vanity : Approval will give Pleasure to every Person, but it should be looked upon as a valuable Effect, not as a worthy Motive for, a virtuous Action. Few, indeed, are capable of acting in a Manner so nobly, disinterested ; in using that Word, I adapt myself to common Language ; was I to suit my Expressions to my own Sentiments, I should not call any Action disinterested, which will secure us the pleasing Consciousness of having behaved according to our Duty ; a Reward beyond what Vice can obtain."

" I imagine," replied *Carinthia*, " that such Dis- courage cannot often be given to the Virtuous ; Approbation must generally be the Consequence, or it might be a great Disadvantage to the Cause."

" It is so uncommon," answered *Sabrina*, " that I never knew but one Instance, where a Person suffered for Virtue in any remarkable Degree ; and that was a Man, born one would imagine like *Jeb*, to stand the severest Trials, to bear them all, and still hold fast his Integrity as long as he lived."

" You will be very charitable," said *Carinthia*, " if you will relate the Particulars of his Life to me ; for my Spirits are really so sunk with the wretched Fate of *Harriot* and *Augustus*, that I want something to efface the melancholy Remembrance from my Mind."

" I am likely to be kept in very full Employment," replied *Sabrina*, " if I am first to tell you one Story, and then follow it by another, to make you immediately forget the first. However, nothing can please me so well as complying with your Inclination ; therefore I obey."

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The HISTORY of LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS, by his Parents Death, became an Orphan very young, but not in so desolate a Situation as to make him the Object of Pity; for he had a large paternal Estate, and was left to the Care of two rich Uncles, who were younger Brothers to his Father. The Guardianship of his Person was given to one, and the Care of his Estate to the other.

Leontius's Mind was filled with every Virtue; his Understanding too good to be guilty of any Errors, but what Excess of Virtue might lead him into. His Conversation was lively and entertaining, his Manner extremely polite; and consistently so, since it was founded on Good-Sense, Sweetness of Temper, and Humanity, which preserves the Behaviour from those frequent Changes to be found in People who are directed only by Art and Study. But *Leontius's* Person rather cast a Cloud over his many Virtues; it was far from being as amiable as his Mind. He was ill-shaped, tho' not deformed, and his Face was as ugly, as Eyes which speak good Sense, will suffer the Countenance to be.

Tumond, the Uncle, to whom *Leontius's* Person was intrusted, was a Man of very great Vanity; he piqued himself on his Taste in the smallest Circumstances in Life, as well as the greatest. He pretended to be a Connoisseur in every Science, tho' he had scarcely a Smattering in any. Without having ever received a gracious Look from one of the harmonious Nine; or having been taught one Step of the Road to *Parnassus*, he would, in Spight of Riches, turn Poet. Having neither Genius to inspire his Imagination, nor Poverty to quicken his Invention, his Performances were below the Notice of Critics, tho' they are known to let their Ill-Nature feed on low Fare. *Tumond* succeeded

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but little better in any other of his Attempts; he was the Jest of those who he imagined were his Admirers.

To this Gentleman's House *Leontius* went from School on every Holiday, and when he was taken quite from School this was his Home. *Tumond* had a Niece who took Care of his Family; he received her at her Mother's Death, who was his Sister. *Lucy*, that was her Name, had very little Fortune; her Dependence was on this Uncle, whom she pleased more by Flattery than Merit. She was tolerably pretty, but selfish, low, and interested in her Views; with only just Sense enough to correspond with her bad Heart, and act according to its Dictates.

When *Leontius* was taken from School, being then in his seventeenth Year, *Lucy* was twenty Years old, and had enjoyed her Uncle's Favour from the Time she was sixteen, having made an early Progress in the Art of Dissimulation. She was now engaged in a Lovel Affair with a distant Relation of *Tumond*'s, named *Horace*; a young Man of small Fortune, who was more attracted by the Hopes of improving it, than by *Lucy's Charms*.

No very acute Discernment was required to discover *Tumond's* Foibles, they were palpable and obvious; *Horace* was as ready to take Advantage of them as to see them, and, encouraged by *Lucy's* Success, pursued the same infallible Means of pleasing. When *Leontius* became one of *Tumond's* Family, this selfish Pair took Alarm, lest the Good-Nature and Sense they knew he possessed, might render him a greater Favourite than themselves. By communicating their Fears to each other, they soon came to an Agreement of preventing what they apprehended, and of doing their utmost to make the Uncle dislike his Nephew. For the better Opportunity of succeeding, they endeavoured separately to insinuate themselves into *Leontius's* good Opinion, whose Heart, overflowing with Benevolence, bore great Good-

Good-Will to them; till one Day that his Uncle read some of his poetical Performances, to which they gave extravagant Praises, tho' it was such miserable Stuff, that nothing but the most amazing Partiality of an Author to his own Works could have made an Ideot that had written it approve the vile Jingle. *Leontius* was certain they could not really like the Verses, and being extremely sincere, he was much disgusted with their Flattery. A little Time served to shew him it was general. They pretended to adore *Tumond's* Taste in Things the most ridiculous, and would be in Raptures on the Sight of what was most frightful. Tho' *Horace* was a pretty good Scholar, yet he professed a high Veneration for *Tumond's* Learning, who, in reality, was more ignorant than a Chamber-Maid. In short, the old Gentleman could neither act nor speak, without throwing *Horace* and *Lucy* into extatic Raptures; which the simple Man esteemed the natural Consequence of his shining Parts.

Leontius was shocked to the last Degree at the Behaviour of his two Cousins; he could not, on these Occasions, say one civil Thing; and when they would sometimes carry their Flattery so far, as to persuade *Tumond* to print some of his Poetry, or to take the Means of making some other Folly public, *Leontius's* Sincerity, and Regard for his deceived Uncle, would lead him to oppose their Advice, and endeavour to prevail on him to act contrary to it. This Conduct could not please such a Compound of Vanity as *Tumond*; he imagined his Nephew envied him, or had too low an Understanding to relish superior Merits. His two Flatterers let slip no Opportunity of reflecting on *Leontius* as a supercilious Coxcomb, and accused him of Want of Affection to so worthy an Uncle. Sincerity was so great a Crime, it was sufficient to make him be believed guilty of any other. They represented him as eager after the Succession he expected to enjoy at his Death; and whenever *Leontius* looked

disturbed and vexed at seeing *Tumond* so exposed; they reminded the old Gentleman of it afterwards, and attributed it to his Nephew's Grief and Anger at finding that his Understanding still retained all its Strength and Quickness; which seemed an Indication of a Constitution stronger than was agreeable to one who impatiently longed for his Death.

Leontius, sensible that his Youth required great Improvement, spent most of his Time in reading; for which they styled him a Pedant. As his Way of Life led him into fewer Expences than he could well have afforded, the greatest Use he found for his Money was giving to the distressed Poor in the Neighbourhood, and largely gratifying his Uncle's Servants for the additional Trouble they received by his being in the House. This his malicious Enemies represented to the credulous *Tumond* as done to win his Servants from him, and make only himself obeyed and respected in the Neighbourhood. By their great Industry, these Trifles, which should have secured him his Uncle's Favour, excited his Hatred; which was confirmed by their placing him where he could over-hear a Conversation between them and *Leontius*, which they knew would be the Consequence of their having persuaded him to print a Poem. They did not doubt but the next Time they met *Leontius*, he would attack them on the treacherous Part they had acted, in persuading a Person, to whom they were so much obliged, to expose himself to the World's Contempt.

Their Scheme succeeded to their Wish. *Leontius* was too much provoked at their Behaviour, not to represent to them how criminal such Ingratitude was. If a good Man like his Uncle, he said, had a Folly, as who had not their Share of Weakness, was it the Part of a Person who had either Affection for him, or Regard for their own Word, to abuse his Confidence, take Advantage of his Frailty, and tempt him to expose himself? Was that a proper Return for his Kindness.

ness to them? For his Part, he approved no Flattery; Esteem and Gratitude would make a Person behave with Attention and Respect; the Flatterer perverted the Mind he praised, and might be the Occasion of foolish Actions, by filling a Person with Self-Conceit; but it was never so shameful as when it tended directly to draw them into what would make them the Jest of the World, only because they found they pleased in strengthening the prevailing Folly; here the Evil was immediate and designed; a good Mind was incapable of it, and a wise one would scorn it.

Horace and *Lucy*, knowing in whose Hearing they were, acted their Part to the Life; and declaring they were sincere, affirmed his Poetry to be excellent, and that no one, who did not envy the Fame such Talents must acquire, could advise him to conceal them. *Leontius* could not forbear laughing at this indirect Accusation, but was surprized to find them in this Strain, for they had before always attempted to defend their Flattery by the pretended Motives for it, not his Verses. *Leontius* said, he found they were resolved not to be serious, and he could much easier forgive their continuing the Farce when it could do no Harm, than their beginning it to the Disadvantage of his good Uncle. Upon this *Horace* produced a Copy of *Tarmond's* Verses, which he had begged Leave to take, as a Confutation of *Leontius's* Censure, desiring him to peruse them, for he was certain he could not have attended when they were read, or he would not find Fault with them. *Leontius* declared his Opinion not altered by the Perusal; upon which they pressed him to point out a Fault, as a Thing that was impossible. "Point out a Fault!" said *Leontius*, "every Line is one; the whole Copy is a continued Fault; there is neither Imagination, Spirit, Elegance, or even Metre in them;" and hereupon he read them with Comments, that made the old Listener so angry, he could scarcely forbear discovering himself. The real Mother of the Babe,

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Babe, in an old tapestry Representation of Solomon's Judgment, never shewed greater Signs of Horror and vexation in her Countenance, than appeared in *Tumond's*, on hearing his Progeny so torn and mangled; it went to his very Soul, and he must have come forth to correct the merciless Executioner, had not its two Champions, fearing so natural a Consequence, led *Leontius*, on a plausible Pretence, to another Part of the Garden.

Tumond would easier have forgiven any Thing than this Affront to his Genius; he could scarcely endure the Sight of his Nephew after, but was not able to find in his Behaviour an Excuse for desiring him to leave his House. *Horace* and *Lucy* were determined he should not long be at a Loss for one.

Tumond had a Servant-Maid who was young and pretty, and, tho' a very sober, modest Girl, had the Misfortune to gain *Lucy's* Hatred, by having attracted *Horace's* Notice more than the poor Girl desired, or *Lucy's* Jealousy would permit. This Servant had a Fit of Sickness which proved extremely expensive, and, by *Lucy's* Instigation, *Tumond* refused to pay the Charges. The poor Girl, whose Wages had always been very small, was not able to do it, and was greatly distressed by *Tumond's* Refusal. *Leontius*, tho' as yet entirely indifferent to all the Sex, pitied the Difficulties she was under, and gave her Money to discharge the Debt, from the same Motive that he would have done it for any other Person breathing, who had been as much in Want of it. The Girl, knowing the Innocence with which the Present had been made and received, and thinking the Sobriety and Decency of *Leontius's* Behaviour secured them both from any Suspicions, full of Gratitude, proclaimed the Generosity which had relieved her Distress.

Lucy took this Opportunity of effecting her Design. She complained to *Tumond* that *Leontius* had seduced one of his Servants; an Offence she could not support.

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port in a House where she lived ; as it might bring a Reflection on her Care, and give such a Reputation of vicious and dissolute Manners to the Family, as would disgrace all who lived in it.

Tumond was as ready to be angry with his Nephew, as they could be to make him so. He sent for him, and telling him that he thought he might have shewn more Respect to his House, than to have turned it into a Brothel, he desired him to provide himself with some other Habitation, for he could not suffer any one to live there who led so dissolute a Life.

Leontius was surprized at this Charge, knowing his extreme Sobriety ; and would not have guesst whereon it had been founded, if his Uncle had not followed his Speech to him, by an Order to turn the Maid out of the House directly. To be dismissed from his Uncle's was no Inconvenience to *Leontius* ; however, in Justice to his Character, and still more to the Girl's, who was likely to be the greatest Sufferer, he endeavoured to clear himself ; but finding it to little purpose to try to undeceive a Person, who loves the Deception, he desisted from giving himself any farther Trouble ; but attempted to prevail with *Lucy* to give the Girl a Character, which she did not deserve to lose ; but tho' he represented that her future Subsistance depended upon it, he could not succeed.

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End of the Thirteenth Chapter.

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CHAP. XIV.

Continuation of the HISTORY of LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS without Grief left his Guardian's House, and going to his Uncle *Delville*, told him what had passed. *Delville* knew his Brother's Weakness too well, to wonder at any of the Effects of it. *Tumond* had been so much offended at the Advice *Delville* often gave him, to forbear all Pretensions to Taste, Genius, and Poetry, that little Intercourse subsisted between them, except when *Leontius*'s Affairs required their Meeting.

Delville was a Man of Sense and Merit, and invited his Nephew to live with him; an Invitation which *Leontius* readily accepted.

Leontius's first Care was to provide for the Girl, who had suffered so severely by his innocent Generosity. As the Aspersion cast upon her made it impossible for her to get into Service again, he gave her Money to set up a Shop, and had the Pleasure of seeing

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ing her successful and happy, and enjoying the fair Reputation she deserved.

Leontius was much pleased with his Situation ; his Uncle was as studious as himself, and was charmed with his Nephew's Disposition. But this Happiness did not continue quite a Year, before which Term *Delville* died, leaving his whole Fortune to *Leontius*, and delivering that, and his paternal Estate, into his own Power, tho' he was not then nineteen Years old.

Leontius was much afflicted for his Uncle's Death, and by some young Acquaintance was persuaded to try to relieve his Mind by a little Dissipation.

He was now entered into Life ; he had hitherto conversed chiefly with Books, and was more ignorant of modern than ancient Customs. He supposed Mankind such as the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers have described them ; who, if we would not put too great an Affront on the present Age by the Comparison, we must suppose drew their Characters oftener from their own Imagination, than from the real Nature of the Men they celebrate.

Leontius had a Sensibility of Soul which particularly disposed him towards Friendship ; he was filled with Ideas of those sublime Friendships of *Pylades* and *Ortles*, *Ichesus* and *Pirithous*, and such like Attachments of Antiquity. From among the People he met, he selected one whose Behaviour was particularly agreeable to him. Here he believed he had found a worthy Friend ; and as he thought every Thing should be common between Persons united by so sacred a Band, his Fortune soon became as much his Friend's as his own.

This Friend told him no Society was perfectly agreeable when composed entirely of one Sex, and offered to introduce him to a Lady of distinguished Understanding and Beauty. *Leontius*, who admired Merit wherever he saw it, but most of all in the female Sex, was glad to accept his Friend's Offer, who accord-

accordingly carried him to the House of a very pretty Woman, who so well answered all he had said in her Praise, that *Leontius* was much charmed with his new Acquaintance. As his Good-Sense made him prefer rational Conversation to fluttering Amusements, he spent much of his Time with these two Persons; a Heart by Nature open, became more so by the full Assurance of living with a Friend who loved him tenderly, and a Lady who seemed not insensible to his Regard for her, which soon grew to something more than Friendship.

This Lady, whose Name was *Sophia*, neglected no Means of attaching a Man of *Leontius*'s Fortune, and his Heart susceptible and unexperienced, was no very difficult Conquest. She appeared pleased with his Addresses, and gave him great Reason to believe she was not indifferent to him. *Leontius* trusted his Friend with his Passion, as soon as he discovered it himself. That Gentleman, better acquainted with Mankind, perceived it much sooner, and had congratulated *Sophia* upon it; but when *Leontius* told him what he supposed was a Secret, his Friend advised him to desist from his Visits, and conquer his Passion, for he was pretty sure *Sophia*'s Fortune was greatly inferior to his. He knew he could no Way so well have fixed *Leontius* in his Purpose. His generous Temper found this an Inducement instead of an Objection, since it gave him an Opportunity of shewing the Sincerity of his Passion, and of making an Alliance between them advantageous to her. But *Leontius* found that Superiority of Fortune would not always give Assurance. He was sensible his Person was not agreeable, and esteemed Money so little, that he could not suppose it would do much in his Favour. Beside, though he was happy in having it to bestow, yet he could not bear to think of buying a Wife. He wished to obtain her by his Love, not by his Fortune; and would not venture to address a Person, who he

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28 Thought had not yet sufficient Reason to esteem him.

Nothing endeared *Sophia* to *Leontius* more than the great Humanity he thought he discovered in her Disposition. She would frequently give him Opportunities of exercising his Charity and Generosity, by informing him of distressed Objects, to whom he constantly gave Relief most liberally. He was exact in his Inquiries after People who laboured under the Oppressions of Poverty, desirous that as few as possible should lose the Assistance he was so well able, and so willing to afford them. The frequent Information *Sophia* gave him of such suffering Persons, made him find more Satisfaction in her Company, than Love alone could have given him. His Friend too provided him with some of the like Opportunities, and was so much of his own Opinion, as to the Equality of Property between Friends, that he did not give *Leontius*'s Generosity the Pain of having his Offers refused, but used his Purse as freely as if it had been his own.

Leontius at last got so much the better of the Awe his Passion inspired, as to be able to entertain *Sophia* with his Love, to which she listened with Reserve; not as she was shy from Dislike, but from Virgin-Modesty. Her Lover was too diffident to be treated with Rigour, therefore she was careful not to discourage his Addresses; but she found his Modesty so invincible, that he could not find Courage to ask her to make him the inestimable Present of herself: Such a Blessing he thought deserved a patriarchal Suit, and would have esteemed her cheaply obtained by a fourteen Years Servitude. *Sophia*, could she have been sure her Bloom would have been as lasting as fair *Rachel's*, would not much have relished such tedious Courtship: She preferred the modern Manners, and thought handsome Pin-Money, and Indulgence after Marriage, were more agreeable Means of winning a Lady's Favour, than turning Slave to her Father.

But

But she found it impossible to bring *Leontius*, by gentle Encouragement, to make, what he thought, so bold a Request, as asking her Hand in Marriage. His Friend endeavoured to deliver him of this mighty Burden, and offered to make the Proposal for him; urging every Thing that could promise him Success, particularly assuring him of *Sophia's* Return of Passion, which was the most agreeable Inducement: But finding that his bad Opinion of his Person would not suffer him to believe a Woman could like him, till long Use had made it familiar to her Sight, and she saw, by Experience, that he had some Virtues to excuse it, they imagined another Expedient necessary, to make a Love so clouded by reverential Awe, shine forth in a more common Manner.

A Gentleman was produced, who *Leontius* was told came recommended from a Relation of *Sophia's* in the Country, as a Man that had long loved her, and, since the Acquisition of a large Estate, had ventured to declare it.

Sophia did not doubt but Jealousy would conquer Bashfulness; and that rather than see her married to another, *Leontius* would come to a full Explanation. But here were their Schemes again baffled; *Leontius* was only more diffident for finding he had a Rival: He modestly thought every one preferable to himself, and therefore if he apprehended he had little Chance for *Sophia's* Love, when he had no Competitor, he imagined there was no Possibility of his being chosen when he had one.

Modesty may have often been looked upon as an inconvenient Quality, but never was so very troublesome as now to *Sophia*: All her Friend could do was of no Effect, *Leontius* was not to be flattered; the least Praise was suspected, and but ill received by him; not one Spark of Vanity could be awakened in his Mind, he would not suffer any one to endeavour to give him a just Opinion of himself; so greatly did

did he err in the contrary Way from other People, that a civil Truth was as disagreeable to him, as the most mortifying Truths to any one else.

Sophia, out of Patience at this ill-timed Modesty, saw she must through aside some of her Reserve, and put *Leontius* under a Necessity of declaring a Passion, which by Despair was now made very uneasy to him. Accordingly, having prepared every Thing for the Execution of her Purpose, she contrived to let *Leontius* find her in Tears, who, touched to the Soul at her seeming Distress, begged to know the Cause. She excused herself from answering, in such a Manner as to raise his Curiosity, without obliging him to desist from his Enquiry, which he continued to press with real Anxiety. Her Tears flowed the faster, till *Leontius's* Heart was so truly grieved, that he could scarcely refrain from weeping also; his tender Concern made him join gentle Careless with Intreaties, till she, pretending to be no longer able to refuse to satisfy his kind Curiosity, besought him to press her no farther, since he, of all People, ought not to know the Occasion of her Grief.

Such a Reason would have moved the most incurious Person on Earth; it is no Wonder therefore if it affected one so anxious for her, and who, from what she said, might, perhaps, have Power to mitigate her Grief. He continued to enquire into the Cause, till she at last proceeded so far as to confess it was occasioned by a Letter she had received, but insisted on his asking no more, for if her Life was at Stake she could not tell him the Contents.

Upon this Declaration, he intreated her to shew him the Letter, which would save her the Pain of repeating it, and yet satisfy his Curiosity. This was a Favour very hardly obtained; but at last, with Tears and Blushes, and a Kind of fond Compliance, with some tender Expressions of his Power over her, she produced it, and he read as follows:

" Dear

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“ Dear SOPHY,

“ The great Affection I have borne you from your Infancy, and the Part of Parent which I performed towards you in your tender Years, gives me a Sort of Right to press you to a Thing of so much Advantage to yourself, as a Marriage with the Gentleman, who, at all our Recommendations, addresses you. His Fortune is so large, and he himself so worthy of your Regard, that we had no Doubt of his meeting with an agreeable Reception from you ; but to our great Astonishment we find that you treat him with a Reserve, which we greatly disapprove ; and cannot suppose the Reluctance you shew to comply with our Wishes, can proceed from any Thing but your Heart's being prepossessed with some other Passion ; which has led us to enquire into your Conduct, and we find that a Gentleman, named *Leontius*, has frequent Access to you, and, by your Friends, is thought to have entirely won your Affections. His Character, I own, is very amiable, and readily allow he would be preferable to any I know, if he deserves the Reputation he has gained : But consider, my dear *Sophy*, how improbable it is that a young Man of his Fortune, who lives in the World, and must be the Object of the Wishes of so many richer Ladies, should mean any more than to amuse himself with an idle Courtship. If, as I am told, he has never hinted any Proposals to you, is not this a sufficient Proof of the Truth of what I have said ? And should not you put an End to such frivolous Addresses ? I know a tender Heart like yours, which is susceptible of every disinterested Affection, and can feel it only when Reason directs the Choice, may suffer a great Deal in conquering its first Passion ; but let the Prudence and Discretion which have so long been your Guide, direct you

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"you in this Point, and influence you to give up
the Man, who will soon give up you, and inflict
a temporary Suffering on yourself, rather than by
endeavouring to defer the Pain, neglect so favour-
able an Opportunity of an happy Establishment.
I have now offered what I have to say by Way of
Advice; but I must strengthen it by adding, that
this Conduct is what we all require from you, and
without which you must expect to lose the Favour
of your best Friends, as well as of your most af-
fectionate Cousin."

Leontius had not Patience to finish this Letter; at
the Supposition of his Addresses being only by way of
idle Amusement, he cried out at the unjust Accusation;
and said, that none but an insensible dull Relation
could converse with her, and not receive too deep an
Impression ever to cease adoring her. That had he
half the Merit her Cousin politely attributed to him,
he should not have given any Person an Opportunity
of charging him with a Behaviour he should think
unjustifiable. Sense of his own Demerits, not Insen-
sibility to her Charms, had occasioned his Silence;
and could he have hoped that she would have blessed
him with her Hand, he should long have made it his
Endeavour to obtain it; but he knew himself not
made to be beloved, and therefore despaired without
murmuring, tho' not without repining.

Sophia was provoked when she had brought him to
so plain a Confession, to find the Man fall back to his
Despair again; but in short if he could not be induced
to importune, she found she must break Decorums;
and could not find so fit a Season as now, that his
Mind was in too much Agitation, to see any Im-
propriety in her Behaviour. Besides, the Conversation
had taken so tender a Turn, she might be supposed
off her Guard, and the thickest Veil does not so well
conceal a Woman's Blushes as a few Tears; accord-
ingly

ingly she hinted how much they differed in their Opinion, if he really believed himself not made to be beloved, accompanying it with a tender Lepk, which spoke still plainer than her Words.

A Passion so curbed by Despair as Leontius's had been, was kindled to a Blaze at such kind Encouragement: As Want of Warmth had not been the Occasion of his Silence, he was in Extasies at finding Room for Hope, which Sophia gently instilled by Degrees into his Breast, till the fond Lover thought himself in Elizium. She owned a Sensibility, which made him eloquent on a Subject so long buried in Obscurity; and he took the Advantage of that fond Hour, when she appeared too tenderly complying to deny him, to prevail with her to fix the Day for the Marriage. He was all Gratitude for her Condescension; and when the Hour obliged him to depart, he could not go Home, without communicating his Joy to this faithful Friend, who with real Pleasure congratulated him upon it.

Leontius now was the happiest of Men; his only Consideration was how to regulate his Course of Life, so as should make his Sophia most happy. He form'd a thousand Schemes for the heightening of her Felicity, and consulted with his Friend on the Presents he should make her, who assisted him in the Purchase of Jewels to a very great Value, which he sent her, and, as he wished her every Thing that could please a vain Woman's splendid Fancy, he added Silks, Laces, and Embroidery of the finest Sorts, obliged to his Friend for reminding him of them. He was so grateful to this Gentleman for having introduced him to the Acquaintance of a Woman who would make his whole Life so happy, that he likewise made him very rich Presents, and thought all Acknowledgments trifling in Comparison to the Obligation. He lived in a constant Extacy till the Day fixed for completing the Happiness which in Prospect so transported

sported him. Every Day was distinguished by new and valuable Presents to his Friend and Mistress, till Invention itself was exhausted, and he could find nothing more to give.

When the wished-for Morning came, he went with a Heart dancing with Raptures too sublime to be expressed, to hasten his fair Bride, and attend her to the Church. But when he came to her House, the pleasing Delusion was put to Flight, by being told at her Door, that she was gone out of Town, but they knew not whither. Amazed at this strange and sudden Departure, he ordered his Servant to drive directly to his Friend's Lodgings, impatient to communicate to him a Disappointment, which rendered him almost distracted. From this Partner of his Heart he hoped to receive the Balm of friendly Sympathy, to relieve his Distress; and if any unforeseen Accident had obliged *Sophia* to leave Town without acquainting him, a Thing which nothing but the Fondness of a Lover's Fancy could imagine possible, he might perhaps hear it there. To add to his Confusion he received the same Answer at his Friend's Door, as at that of his Mistress, he was gone out of Town they knew not whither. Shocked beyond Expression, he returned Home, and going up into his Library to give himself up to Sorrow, he found his Burœ broke open, and the Bills and Money which he had in it, to a considerable Value, on account of the most immediate Expences of his Marriage, were all taken out. On enquiring, his Valet de Chambre was not to be found; but in searching for him, a Letter fell into their Hands, which they supposed he had in his Hurry forgot. This they brought to *Leontius*, who seeing it his Friend's Hand, with more Eagerness opened it, and read the following Words:

“ Dear Brother,

“ My Wife has packed up all her valuable Effects,
 “ and sent them to the next Sea-Port by a safe Hand:
 “ As soon as we get free from your Master, we shall
 “ set out after them, and hope when you have secu-
 “ red your Share of the Spoil of this easy Cully,
 “ that you will not fail to join us. The poor Fool is
 “ so fond of my Wife, it is hard not to spare her to
 “ him, but such Ingenuity is too useful to part with.
 “ She who can be profitable when she ceases to be
 “ agreeable to her Husband, is sure of not being
 “ deserted by him. Adieu.”

These few Lines explained much Villainy to *Leontius*; his Valet de Chambre had been recommended not long before by his Friend. He never suspected any Relation between them, but now saw for what Purpose it was concealed, and why they appeared on to different a Footing. But the chief Object of his Resentment, as of his Love, was *Sophia*; the rest had injured him, in his Opinion, but in a trifling Manner; whereas she had robbed him of his Affections, and deprived him of his Peace. To be thus disappointed, when he thought himself arrived at the very Summit of Bliss, had a violent Effect on his Spirits, he knew not how to support himself under so great a Vexation; but he was roused from this Depression by fresh Instances of Villainy. His false Friend's having disappeared being rumoured Abroad, and his Robbery of *Leontius* greatly increased by the exaggerating Breath of Fame, many Bills were brought in for Things he had taken up in *Leontius*'s Name, as well as for the Jewels, &c. which *Leontius* gave to him and his intended Bride.

Leontius had no Money in the House, but had a few Days before lodged some Thousands in his Banker's Hands, to answер the Demands he might have on so expensive an Occasion, as well as to buy into other Funds,

by the Persuasion of his Friend. He therefore drew on his Banker for the Sums due to his Creditors; but in a few Hours they and the Banker came together, and being introduced to the pensive and heart-grieved *Leontius*, the latter produced his Account, from whence it appeared that his treacherous Friend had, by forging his Name, drawn out of his Hands all that was deposited with him.

Tho' *Leontius's* Fortune was very considerable, yet such a Sum of Money was a great Loss to him, and at this Time particularly, when he had so many Debts to discharge. Not being able to raise any upon his Estate immediately, he got his Banker to go among his Friends, and such as he had conferred great Obligations upon, to borrow what was requisite of them, till he could procure it by other Means. But here again he was disappointed, and found himself a more absolute Bankrupt in Friendship, than in Fortune. The Person he employed not only brought him general Denials from all he had attempted, but informed him they were a Set of low, infamous Wretches, who lived by the Plunder of young Men of more Fortune than Experience; for which they had various Arts and Inventions, according to the Gentlemen whom they intended to make their Prey. They generally gained by Vices, but in this Case they profited by his Virtues, perceiving nothing else in his Composition.

Leontius now found it necessary to make his Creditors wait till he could raise the Money, with which they were better contented than he was, for it ill agreed with his strict Justice, to defer paying what was due to Persons in inferior Circumstances. He had some Curiosity to examine into the Merits of the Persons whom *Sophia* had recommended to his Charity, which he then thought a sufficient Testimonial of their Deserts. The Result of this Enquiry was, that the Distress of the greatest Part was feigned, and that such

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such as was real had been the just Consequence of Vice and Villainy.

"I pity poor *Leontius* excessively," said *Carinthia* ; "such bad Success at setting out in Life was enough to harden his Heart, and make him hate Mankind."

"No," answered *Sabrina*, "his Heart was too good to be affected in that Manner. He was sensible of all the Villainy which had been practised upon him ; he was informed that he was not the only one on whom *Sophia* had passed for a single Woman ; that her Marriage was kept private, in order to give her Husband the better Opportunity of ensnaring young People whom her Charms might captivate. But *Leontius* was too just to condemn all Mankind for the Faults of one Set of Villains. He felt too much Virtue in himself to doubt of its Existence, and was too humble to suppose it was all centered in his own Breast. He had now learnt that many were bad, but Reason told him there must be some who deserved Love and Respect. He saw it probable that People should add Deceit to Wickedness, and cloath their Vices with the Mask of Virtues : To strip the Jay of its borrowed Plumes, he was sensible must be the Work of many Years Experience. That alone could shew how far Mankind ought to be trusted, pitied or loved. He was convinced that Knowledge, Thought, and Care, must be so necessary to our Happiness, that whoever suffered for Want of them, ought to blame themselves for their Deficiencies, as well as those who, by that Means, wound them. He perceived that Ignorance had been the Cause of his Sufferings ; and Reason told him that the World is like a great Ocean, wherein are concealed many Rocks, which a skilful Mariner must generally know how to avoid, tho' sometimes even he may be deceived by false Lights. The

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"To Turbulence of discordant Passions he saw must be
"the Storms in which most People were lost, and
"that he who will not suffer these to rage, will
"enjoy a smooth Sea; or if Storms should now and
"then arise, if the Vessel of the Heart is good, Skill
"and Patience will enable him to endure them un-
"hurt, tho' not unmolested; but Experience must be
"the Compass by which he must direct his Course.
"This *Leontius* knew he wanted, and could not
"hope immediately to gain; but instead of feeling
"less Benevolence for Mankind, he only sought the
"Knowledge which should teach him to distinguish
"between Man and Man, and resolved to be more
"cautious in the Choice of his Friends and Com-
"panions."

Leontius took the best Methods he could to have
the Villains seized, before they escaped out of the
Kingdom, but they were too diligent to be overtaken.
His first Care was to pay his Debts, and to dissipate
his Grief by Company. He cultivated a more gene-
ral Acquaintance than he had hitherto done, that he
might learn the Characters of the People with whom
he conversed, and not depend intirely on his own
Judgment. His Fortune enabled him to appear in a
conspicuous Light, and being very agreeable, he al-
ways met with an obliging Reception, but he could
not conquer the Concern *Sophia's* Falshood had given
him; he sincerely loved her, and felt more Grief than
Shame at being duped. She and her vile Husband
had brought him into the Acquaintance of Rogues
and Sharpers, from whom he now withdrew himself,
and associated only with such as he found had a gene-
ral good Character; for being grown particularly curi-
ous, he enquired nicely into the Conduct of every one
whom he thought worth his Notice.

Leontius insensibly grew particularly intimate with
Sir Edmund Westville, a young Baronet of Honour
and Integrity, tho' he had been a little wild for a few
Years

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Years after he first came of Age. He was a Man of good Fortune, tho' inferior in that Respect to *Leontine*, but the Figure they made was pretty equal. Sir Edmund had one Sister who lived with him, whose Name was *Charlotte*; a gay, giddy Girl, neither handsome nor agreeable, but so innocent that she did not spoil Society, tho' her Company was no great Improvement to it. The Baronet loved his harmless Sister, and as she was not qualified to be easy without Company, at the Hours she spent at Home he rather chose to see his Friends there, than to visit them at their Houses. He had another Inducement to this Preference beside fraternal Affection. His Sister was very intimate with a young Lady named *Lydia*, who was very amiable both in Person and Manner. The Baronet found himself more than commonly pleased with her, and could not truly enjoy any Society of which she did not make a Part. *Lydia* had neither Father nor Mother, and was but just come of Age. Though she was free from Controul, yet she was particularly happy in her Conduct, and enjoyed her Liberty uncensured. She conversed with the other Sex with the Ease of Innocence, and seemed to think so little that they were not of the same, that they themselves might have forgot it, if a very pretty Person, and a feminine Delicacy of Manner, had not attracted their peculiar Notice, and inspired them with more Respect and Politeness, than they would have shewn one of their own Sex, without giving their Conversation a less rational Turn.

To be *Charlotte's* Brother would have been a sufficient Title to visiting *Lydia*, but Sir Edmund was too agreeable to her to have been refused that Liberty, had he had no other Pretensions than his own Merit. This young Lady was generally with *Charlotte* when she was at Home, for the Intimacy was not rendered less pleasing to her by the Addition of these two Gentlemen to their Society. She before loved *Charlotte* for

for her Good-Humour and Vivacity, but her Reason was ungratified ; there was too great an Inequality in their Understandings, to make them equally agreeable to each other ; and tho' *Lydia* enjoyed the Gaieties of the Town, yet the Pursuit of them was not her sole Employment. An Evening could pass very agreeable to her without Cards or Public Entertainments, and to some of these *Leontius*, and her Friend's Brother, were sometimes admitted. They would frequently make her Morning-Visits with less Form, and separately.

The Inclination the Baronet at first conceived for *Lydia* soon grew a real Passion. He was assiduous in his Attendance, and serious in his Addresses. *Lydia* was not less sensible of his Merits. He was always agreeable to her, and his Love made him amiable ; but, too prudent to suffer her Affection to appear, she concealed it with such innocent Art, as is necessary to our Sex, and a Charm to the other, who would less value a Heart too easily won. Had she been obliged to marry, he was the only Man she could have chosen ; but she did not wish to be so nearly allied to him, without knowing, by a longer Acquaintance, whether or not he was of a Disposition to make her happy. She was sensible that to controul the Affections was a painful Task, but that to find them disappointed after Indulgence was still much more grievous. Determined to be justly acquainted with his Temper, and the Turn of his Mind, she gave no Encouragement to his Love, tho' she seemed to regard him as a Friend and Acquaintance.

Leontius was the more welcome for being so intimately united with Sir *Edmund* ; tho' merely on his own Account he would have been sure of an obliging Reception from one of *Lydia*'s Judgment. The Openness of his Temper increased the natural Freedom of hers, and not being laid under a Restraint by any partial Regards, she conversed with him with un-

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unrefined Friendship. vi She was particularly desirous of his good Opinion, because he was Sir *Edmund Westville's* Friend, and he loved her for being the Object of his Friend's Affection. Lydia was very exact in her Observations on Sir *Edmund's* Disposition; she perceived his Temper was warm, but by all she could discern, as well from the Character he had from those who knew him best, she could not doubt of his being a Man of strict Honour and Integrity. Sir *Edmund* was not less observing of her, and full as well pleased with the Result of his Remarks; but tho' they were mutually well disposed to each other, yet he forbore addressing her in positive Terms, and she retained her Reserve. They were both more open with *Leontius*; the Baronet would entertain him hourly with the Excess of his Passion, and gave sufficient Proof that no Man could be more in Love. Lydia likewise confessed a Partiality to Sir *Edmund*, which spoke the same Love, only in Lady-like Terms; in short, with a Dissimulation which cannot deceive.

Leontius could see no Reason why they should both languish for Want of knowing what he could so easily have told them, if he had not given a Promise of Secrecy; but he did not think there was any Thing could justify him in discovering what a Friend had trusted him with in Confidence; that he thought it for their Service he did not esteem an Excuse, for he maintained it was a Duty to serve a Friend in the Way he chose. He could now laugh at his own Bashfulness; and when he considered how much Respect and Reverence he had felt for one who deserved only Contempt and Hatred, it appeared to him in so ridiculous a Light, that he began to see that Women were not such Divinities as he had thought them, and that a Man might, without any very criminal Presumption, declare an honourable Passion. He told Sir *Edmund*, as he was pleasing his Imagination

tion with fancied Schemes of Happiness, if he could prevail on *Lydia* to marry him; that he was surprized he did not attempt to gain a Blessing he esteemed so highly; for as it was plain she did not look on him with Indifference, and was quite at her own Disposal, there was great Reason to believe he would be successful.

Sir *Edmund* answered, that he had a Fear beyond her Refusal. He was sensible *Lydia* treated him with a Distinction a Woman of her Prudence would not shew to a Man she did not esteem; besides, whenever the natural Jealousy of his Temper had led him too plainly to object to Persons whom he did not like to see fluttering about her, tho' she would sometimes frown him into Silence, at others turn his Ill-humour into Ridicule, till she made him blush for his Behaviour, yet she always put an End to their Visits and Addresses; tho' Prudery would not suffer her to shew the Reason of her doing so. Such Encouragement as this, he owned, would have induced him to have proposed Marriage to her before that Time, but he feared her Fortune might be insufficient; not that he wished for more than her own dear Self, but his Estate was so tied up, that he had not the Liberty of following his own Inclinations, but must give up his Happiness to conform to a foolish Clause in a Will, and, perhaps, leave a Woman he loved more than Life, and without whom he could never enjoy Happiness, because her Fortune fell short of what his Grandfather thought requisite for him; who had declared expressly in his Will, that if he married a Woman with less than Ten Thousand Pound, his Estate should immediately devolve to the next Heir; and, to prevent its being evaded, had made that Heir's Consent and Inspection necessary, in any matrimonial Transaction he should have. The Reason it seems of this old Gentleman's great Caution, was Sir *Edmund*'s Father, who had married a young Woman without Fortune; a Misfortune

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fortune which the old Baronet was resolved, if human Care could prevent it, should never befall any more of the Family. Sir Edmund had great Reason to fear Lydia had not the necessary Sum, and durst not propose a Marriage which could not take Effect, if his Fears were just, as he then might be obliged to desist from visiting, which was become, to his extreme Fondness, the only Joy of his Life. He declared to Leontius, that he should be wretched without seeing her, and therefore had not Courage to run the Hazard; for tho' he was now but in an uneasy, anxious Situation, yet it was Bliss, in Comparison to what he should feel, if she required him to avoid all Opportunities of conversing with her; a Request too reasonable to be refused by one who loved her so well, he ought not to run a Hazard of being any Disadvantage to her, and yet he knew not how to make such a Sacrifice to Duty.

Sir Edmund was under so much Uneasiness when he talked on this Subject, that Leontius was grieved to see what he suffered by so mortifying a Circumstance, and endeavoured to alleviate it, by encouraging him to hope that Lydia might have a better Fortune, than from her Conversation, and the Compass of her Expences, they had Reason to believe; offering to enquire into the Truth of it, without giving any Hints of the Motive for his Curiosity, which, if his Apprehensions were ill-founded, would deliver him from the Anxiety with which his Heart was now torn.

Sir Edmund readily accepted of an Expedient, which offered him the necessary Information, without the Danger of any ill Consequences arising from it.

Leontius visited Lydia the next Morning. She had said the last Time he saw her, upon his mentioning the Violence of his Friend's Passion, that if it was so great, it was odd he should never have seemed to think of the only View one would imagine he could have;

have ; for tho' during his Courtship he had frequently talked of Marriage in a distant Manner, and as a Thing he wished, he had never hinted a Desire that it might be soon. As she had therefore thought him rather backward in his Addresses, *Leontius* believed the best Way of acquitting himself of the Office he had undertaken, was to tell her plainly his Friend's Distress, and beg her to inform him whether he might administer any Consolation to him, who was wretched, at being obliged to require any Thing more in a Wife, than Nature had bestowed on her.

Lydia was shocked to hear of such an Impediment to the Union she wished, and frankly declared, that as for Consolation she could give him none, her Fortune falling above three thousand Pounds short of the necessary Sum. She had never before, she added, repined it was not greater ; she should indeed have been glad if it had been so, to have made her more worthy of Sir *Edmund*, but was hitherto contented, as his Estate was sufficient ; and she could better depend on his Affection, than if she had had Riches to tempt him to an Alliance, which nothing but Affection could make desirable to her.

Leontius expressed his Concern for the Account she had given him, and confessed himself embarrassed how to communicate it to his Friend.

Lydia burst into Tears, and begged he would act as kind a Part to her as to Sir *Edmund*, and conceal from him her Knowledge of the strange Restraint laid upon him, for she found she had not Strength of Mind sufficient to enable her to forbear his Conversation, and yet to listen to his Addresses, when she was known to be acquainted with so invincible an Impediment to their Marriage, would, even in his Opinion ; be such an Impropriety, that she should be obliged to make herself unhappy, in order to preserve his Esteem. She hoped, in Time, that the Loss of Hope might conquer her Affection, and at least enable

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able her to inflict a Torment on herself, which her weak Mind could not now endure. She mingled so many Tears with her Discourse, that *Leontius's* Humanity could not bear it. He intreated her to suffer him to propose a Scheme, which had been in his Thoughts ever since he knew of the disagreeable Circumstance, that seemed likely to destroy the Happiness of two People whom he tenderly loved.

Lydia, who, like every other despairing Wretch, might be compared to the ancient Simile of the drowning Man, was it not too true and old, very readily promised Attention to any Thing that might flatter her with the least Chance of Redress, which seemed impossible.

Leontius told her, that the Method he had to propose was just, since it was to take from one who had no Use for it, what might constitute the Happiness of two worthy Persons.

Lydia stared at this Hint of equalling Property, and thought *Leontius* was going to recommend the robbing of some Miser, the only Sort of *Agrarian Law* practised among us Moderns. But he did not leave her long in this Surprize: He proceeded to exaggerate his Affection for *Sir Edmund*, and how much he should suffer, from seeing him made miserable by the Deficiency of her Fortune. That he could scarcely help repining at her unequal Gifts, tho' the Partiality had been towards himself, when he reflected on his having much more than that Sum entirely useless to him, which did not afford him even a Moment's Pleasure, and yet, in the Possession of another, might make his Friend happy. However, there still was a Means of making it a Blessing to both; and if she would but concur with him, it would become a Source of more refined Enjoyment to him, than all the rest of his Fortune afforded. He should ever be grateful to her for the Obligation, and look on her as the kind

Occasion

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Occasion of all the Pleasure he should receive from the Sight of his Friend's Felicity. *Lydia* could not quite comprehend his Meaning, but answered, that it would always be the greatest Joy to her, to contribute either to his, or his Friend's Happiness; and she would gladly agree to any Thing that could do so with Propriety.

Leontius assured her there could be no reasonable Objection to his Proposal, which in a few Words was, that she should honour him with the Acceptance of the Addition her Fortune required; which would be giving him a Pleasure equal to what his Friend would enjoy, who might then gratify his Passion, without incurring the Penalty inflicted by his Grandfather's Will.

Lydia was astonished at such uncommon Generosity, but told *Leontius* it was too much for any one to accept; she hoped his Proposal would have been more practicable.

He set before her the Cruelty she was guilty of to Sir *Edmund*, in refusing the Power of blessing his whole Life, and merely out of false Pride; since what he offered was not as a Present to her, for he could have no Pretensions to her conferring so great an Obligation on him, as the Acceptance of any Thing from his Hands; he proposed it as a Means of relieving his Friend from the deepest Affliction, without even laying on his Mind the Burden of knowing he owed a Share of his Happiness to any one beside herself. He then represented Sir *Edmund* declining in Health thro' Anxiety and Despair, dead to all Comfort, and weary of an Existence, which could afford him no Joy without her, till he made her out-weep *Niobe*. He then supposed him just receiving the News of her Fortune being sufficient for their Union, described his Extasies, entered into a Detail of the pleasing Consequences, all the Preparations to this much-desired Marriage, and after it the most perfect

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Scene of conjugal Felicity that Imagination could paint. The Contrast was moving; either was in her Power; a Word would turn the pleasing Sides of the Picture to her, and make him almost as happy as themselves. His Delicacy made him put it entirely on his Affection for Sir *Edmund*, hoping she might accept the Power of making him happy, tho' she would scruple to have received her own Bliss at so great an Expence to any one: And yet, being of so generous a Temper that she would have done the same in his Situation, she thought his Friend might more properly consent to it, and advised him to offer the same to him.

Leontius knew Sir *Edmund's* Temper, and was sensible he would not suffer a Friend to purchase his Happiness. tho' that Friend thereby secured his own; he therefore told her they must cheat him into the Blessing. That the only Fault he could lay to his Charge was a Pride, which, in his Opinion, was either derived from Want of Generosity, or Want of true Affection to his Friends; for why should any one refuse to accept that, which, in like Circumstances, they should esteem it the highest Pleasure to do? Friendship should constitute such an Equality, that a Person should with like Ease give and take; but in this Respect Sir *Edmund* was deficient: He therefore intreated her to confer a Happiness on him, without which he would scarcely be able to support Life, and yet would probably refuse if left to his Choice.

Lydia objected to an Action which, by his Account, she must conceal from Sir *Edmund*. She did not think she should be happy if she had any Reserves towards her Husband.

Leontius acknowledged her Delicacy was commendable, but in this Case she carried it too far, since she only concealed the Means of making him happy, in order to secure his Happiness; and in every Thing else might practise

practise the Frankness her Heart dictated, for she could never again have the like Occasion for Concealment.

At length Love and *Leontius* conquered; *Lydia* consented to receive the Present, and he went to let his Friend know her Fortune reached the stated Sum. Sir *Edmund*'s Joy was compleat. He went that Evening to *Lydia's* House, and proposed a Marriage, which she readily accepted.

Before the Day appointed for the Celebration of their Union, *Leontius* not only paid the Money to *Lydia*, but having had the List of the Apparel necessary for a bridal Appearance strongly imprinted in his Memory by his past Misfortune, he sent her most elegant Presents. He and *Charlotte* were the only Persons present at the Wedding, which made them all happy; but the new-married Pair were scarcely more so than *Leontius*; no Action of his ever gave him so much real Joy, as having occasioned such true Felicity.

Moralists say human Happiness is of short Duration; experienced People tell us that Marriage-Bliss is shorter still. Quickly, indeed, it fled from this fond and worthy Pair; Ill-Qualities are generally its Bane, but here Virtue caused its Overthrow. Generosity on one Side, Frankness on another, and Excesses of Delicacy, and a Jealousy founded on the strongest Passion, on a third, did as much Harm as ever sprung from a Complication of Vices.

Lydia could not behold the Author of her Happiness without the warmest Gratitude; whenever she saw him her Eyes sparkled with Joy; every Look thanked him for the greatest Blessing, for giving her Sir *Edmund*. The Baronet was naturally inclined to Jealousy, but had never taken Offence at the Friendship between *Leontius* and *Lydia*, which he himself had formed; but the grateful Behaviour of his Wife disturbed him; he could not bear any one but him-

self should be so very dear to her : He watched their Looks, and was hurt at the Pleasure he saw expressed in both, when they beheld each other. To try the Strength of the Affection which alarmed him, he one Day took Occasion to speak of *Leontius* in a slighting Manner, and accused him of pretending to more Virtue than he had.

Lydia defended her Friend with an honest Warmth ; but finding her Husband persisted in charging him with Hypocrisy, her Gratitude would not suffer him to be so aspersed by one for whom he had done so much ; and to shew that he could be greatly generous without Pretension, she told Sir *Edmund* he little knew the Obligations he had to that Man ; it was in her Power to make him blush for speaking of him without the highest Praise.

Sir *Edmund* desired she would not keep so extraordinary an Action to herself. She accordingly told him how far their Marriage was owing to *Leontius*.

Sir *Edmund* was confounded at this Story ; tho' a Man of strict Principles, he had not Generosity enough to think Friendship alone was a sufficient Motive for such an Action. The Jealousy he had before conceived, now, with a little Reflection, grew to a great Height ; he was convinced that *Leontius* must have found some private Interest in this Match. He recollect ed his first Arguments with him to marry *Lydia* ; his undertaking to enquire into her Fortune ; his excessive Joy on the Completion of their Marriage, and the Pleasure he took in all the Preparations for it, and the handsome Presents he made her before their Nuptials : From these Circumstances he persuaded himself that he had first possessed her, and being tired, had disposed of her to his Friend. The free Life he had led, had given him but a low Opinion of female Virtue, and none at all of Friendship or Integrity, when the Possession of a pretty Woman was in question. He had seen Men accounted

counted just and honest, break all Ties social and divine, to obtain the Favours of a Woman they liked. He was jealous both of his Honour and his Love ; and, like most Persons so affected, let his Thoughts dwell on groundless Suspicions, till he looked upon them as certain Facts.

Great as the Torments are which arise from that dreadful Passion, Sir *Edmund* suffered in Silence ; but his Melancholy was too observable not to be remarked by his Wife and Friend, to whom he behaved with a gloomy Shyness, which shocked and surprized them. They consulted together upon it, and pitied each other for their Share of Uneasiness, without guessing the Cause ; their joint Endeavours to bring him into Temper, by being mutual, were new Crimes. After a few Days spent in such general Uneasiness, the jealous Baronet, unable to endure the Sight of the Wife whom he at once loved and hated, left his House without declaring his Intention, or taking Leave of her ; but before Night she received the following Letter :

“ If your own Conscience had not informed you
“ of the Cause of my altered Behaviour, you might
“ be surprized at finding that I have for ever bid
“ Adieu to a Kingdom, which a false Friend, and
“ more false Mistress, have made odious to me. I
“ may be thought mean in endeavouring to fly from
“ the Sight of my Injuries, rather than revenge the
“ Injury ; but I cannot wish to publish my Shame to
“ the World, in order to obtain half Vengeance on
“ *Leontius*, while you must have remained unpu-
“ nished : Could my Revenge be compleat, I would
“ not fly thus tamely, carrying my own Wretched-
“ ness along with me, while I leave the Occasions
“ of it to glory in their Falshood. Good Heaven !
“ was I the only Man fit to be made a Tool to
“ such a Purpose ? But I will restrain my Passion,
“ and

" and please myself with thinking that I have my
 " Revenge in leaving you once more a Burden on
 " the worn-out Love of a Man, who at so dear a
 " Rate was glad to get quit of you. This is the
 " last you will ever hear of the most wretched and
 " most injured of Husbands. Your own Vices be
 " your Punishment and my Revenge !"

This Letter was accompanied by one to *Charlotte*, which contained a full Account of the supposed Baseness of his Wife and Friend ; and his positive Determination never to see the Face of either more. He took an affectionate Farewell of her, describing the Distress of his Mind, and the Bitterness of his Disappointment in the Woman on whom his Heart was fixed, in the most lively and affecting Colours ; excusing his leaving a beloved and deserving Sister, on the Impossibility of remaining in a Country where he had suffered so cruel a Misfortune ; but begging her Secrecy as to the Cause of his Absence, that his Disgrace might not become public.

Both these Letters were received when *Leontius* was with them, assisting *Charlotte* in comforting *Lydia* for the strange Alteration in her Husband's Behaviour.

" If your Highness will consent," said *Sabrina*,
 " we shall leave them to peruse these unwelcome
 " Epistles. I shall have had sufficient Rest, before
 " they will be very fit for Company."

End of the Fourteenth Chapter.

JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

Chatsworth

Committee of the House of Commons
25 JULY 1955

A

JOURNEY through LIFE.



C H A P. XV.

Continuation of the HISTORY of LEONTIUS.

THE next Time *Carinthia* met *Sabrina*, she desired they might return to the three disconsolate Friends, for she wanted to know how they bore such unpleasing Letters.

THE Consternation into which they were all thrown, continued *Sabrina*, on receiving these Letters, is inexpressible. *Lydia* was almost distracted; *Leontius*, distressed beyond Imagination at finding that he had made miserable the People he best loved, by the very Means he had taken to make them happy; even *Charlotte's* Gaiety was banished. Each had too much Cause for Grief to administer any Consolation to the other; tho' *Lydia's* was so much more lasting, as well as more violent, that they were at length obliged to suppress their own to attend to her's. They could not leave her alone that Night, nor the next Day, till the latter End of which they were not able to

come to a Resolution what Course to take. *Lydia* was incapable of thinking; *Leontius* therefore was the only Person who could advise them, and to him *Charlotte* applied. He said, he had already been so unfortunate in what he meant for their Benefit, that he was afraid of bringing other Misfortunes on them; but since his Opinion was required, he would not refuse to give it. He could not see any Use in seeking after Sir *Edmund*, who they had no Chance of finding; but that the best Means of carrying this unhappy Affair off to the World, and saving *Lydia* from a Disgrace she so little deserved, would be for her and *Charlotte* to live together, offering his Purse to make it easy to them; and, to avoid giving Room for any Imputation, he would desist from visiting them, tho' with Concern he should absent himself from the Society of two Persons he so much regarded. That if in Time returning Love should induce Sir *Edmund* to enquire into his Wife's Conduct, her prudent Behaviour, to which his own Sister would be a constant Witness, might dispel his Suspicions.

The Ladies thanked *Leontius* for his good Advice, and above all for his Intention of forbearing to see them, which, tho' proper, would be very mortifying to them all. But *Lydia* added, that her Pin-Money being so settled that it must certainly be paid, it would, with the Income of *Charlotte*'s Fortune, be sufficient for them; and therefore she would by no Means accept of any Assistance. It was agreed that Sir *Edmund*'s Departure should be accounted for in the most plausible Manner, and, if possible, the World kept in Ignorance of a Jealousy, which might alone be sufficient to imprint a lasting Stain on their Characters, and render a Reconciliation disgraceful.

Leontius was greatly afflicted at the bad Consequence of his tender Regard for Sir *Edmund*; he could not love the Baronet less for an Error by which he was the greatest Sufferer, and was miserable to think he had

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had lost so pleasing a Society, and so worthy a Friend, by this more than common Affection for him. He was a long Time before he could recover his Spirits after so great a Loss to himself, and so cruel a Misfortune to the People for whose Happiness he would have sacrificed his own, had it been possible for them to be in Competition. He never ventured to the House where *Charlotte* and *Lydia* lived, and conversed with them as little as he could prevail on himself to do, whenever he met them at a third Place; but if any considerable Time passed without his seeing them, he would, by a few Lines to *Charlotte*, inquire after their Health. The Accounts he received raised his Compassion for *Lydia*, whose Affliction was as great as ever, tho' as much as possible concealed. She seldom went Abroad, and never unaccompanied by her Husband's Sister, who pitied her, and behaved with the Good-Nature inherent in her Disposition, but could not imitate her in her Retirement, nor did *Lydia* wish it reading was her only Consolation. She had always been religious, and now found some Relief from religious Exercises and Considerations. Her Hopes of Happiness here being frustrated, her Expectations were wholly fixed on a World, where the Intentions are known, where the most inward Receipts of the Heart are laid open, and the Happiness is lasting. One Circumstance, indeed, kept some of her Thoughts on Earth; she found her unhappy Marriage was not to remain without Offspring, and could not, without concern, think of giving Life to a Being which might be as unhappy as its Mother, and seemed necessary subjected to share her Misfortunes. As the Child of Sir *Edmund*, she could not but cherish it when it entered into Life; for she still loved him, tho' she endeavoured to chace from her Thoughts, as much as possible, a Remembrance, which retained too much of her Affections in this World, and prevented her acquiring that Resignation, with which she wished

to submit to the severest Decrees of Providence. But *Lydia's* Endeavours were rendered fruitless by being delivered of a Son, who bore so strong a Resemblance to his Father, that she could not separate the Idea of one from the Sight of the other. She could not by any Means discover where Sir *Edmund* was, which deprived her of the Power of attempting to undeceive him. One Person only was trusted with his Abode, in order to remit Money to him; and he had sworn so solemnly to conceal it, that she could get no Information from him, who was too well paid for his silence to give any Information to a Woman, in whose Favour he was not prejudiced, knowing Sir *Edmund's* Disgust, tho' he had not acquainted him with the Cause; and, not living in Town, he was a Stranger to her Character and Conduct.

In this Situation we will leave *Lydia*, and return to *Leontius*, who was not out of Love with Virtue, notwithstanding all the Evils it had brought upon him: He hoped he should still be rewarded for his last Action, by Sir *Edmund's* being in Time convinced of his Wife's Innocence, and returning to her with unabated Love, and Grief for his too readily conceived Suspicions. With this Notion he flattered himself in this renewed Amity. In the intermediate Time he had his good Intention to comfort him.

To reflect on past good Actions was not all he found necessary to his Happiness; he thought it his Duty to repeat them, and never missed an Opportunity of serving others. The most considerable of his good Works was the Relief of a Gentleman's Widow, who having been privately married to him, had disengaged her own Relations, and was not acknowledged by his. He had no Estate at his Disposal, so that at his Death he left her entirely destitute of a Support, with several small Children, tho' she still was young and pretty. This Couple were scarcely beyond Childhood when they married, and, like other childish Fancies, he soon

soon became tired of his Wife ; and tho' he did not behave very ill to her, yet his Indifference and Neglect were such as sufficiently disgusted a Girl who had married with Expectation of eternal, ardent Love so that after the first Shock, which will make People lament any one whom they have lived with, tho' they did not value them before, her greatest Affliction was her Poverty, and the deplorable State of her Children, by whom all the Love her Husband had rejected was inherited. She was a young Woman of great Merit ; had made, as long as she might, an affectionate, and afterwards a complying Wife ; was a very tender Mother, humane, prudent, generous, and sensible.

Leontius happened in a Visit to hear her Distress mentioned by a Lady, who published it because she thought Poverty a Disgrace, not out of the Overflowings of Compassion. They had been Rivals for the deceased Gentleman's Affection, and the Widow, tho' without Fortune, was preferred by him, tho' the other had very considerable Expectations ; but they might never have become Possessions, had she married a Man of so small a Fortune.

Leontius with seeming Inattention, listened to the Place where this unfortunate Woman was to be found, and went the next Day to her. Shame got the better of Poverty ; to tell her Distress appeared to her so like begging, that she could scarcely be prevailed upon by all the Questions he could ask, to declare it to a Stranger, and to a young Gentleman especially ; however, an old Lady was with her who was too much her Friend not to wish to see the Result of his knowing all the Difficulties of her Situation, and therefore interrupting her, she gave him a faithful Account of the Distress of this Family, and was Rejoiced when *Leontius* begged permission to relieve it, and that she would accept of such a yearly Sallary as should enable her to live with Ease and Convenience,

ence, and to educate her Children properly, whom, if he lived, he would take Care to provide for.

The Widow was filled with Astonishment at his Generosity, and almost thought him some good Angel sent to bless the Distressed. She cried out, "How do I deserve such Goodness!"

"By your Distress;" answered *Leontius*. "The greatest Pleasure I have is to contribute to the Happiness of others; It is my Duty, and I endeavour to acquit myself properly of it. I never heard your Name till last Night, and at the same time learnt your unfortunate Circumstances: your Character was such as turned Pity into Esteem, and made me determine to seek you out, and, if possible, to serve you. I pretend no particular Regard to you, Madam, for till this Instant I never saw you; but the little I have done, is no more than I should have thought myself obliged to do to any one in your Situation."

This Declaration of Indifference gave great Satisfaction both to the Widow and her Friend, who were a little afraid of such uncommon Generosity. They made the most grateful Acknowledgements, and admired his Desire of having the Income he appointed her, which was even more than Convenience required, not mentioned as a Gift of his, or any Persons.

Leontius left this poor Woman in perfect Happiness; the Manner in which he had conferred the Obligation charmed her; he seemed to take her Acceptance as so great a Favour to himself, that she scarcely felt she received Charity. Then such Affluence showered upon her, when she thought herself reduced to Extreme Poverty, filled her with Extacy. The Children, whom before she could not look at without Tears, in Consideration of the Distress to which they were exposed, she now beheld with Delight. *Leontius* assured her of being paid regularly every Quarter, and be-

because her present Exigencies might require a more than ordinary Supply, he gave her half a Year's Income for the first setting-out.

Leontius visited this Lady as often as he thought he might properly do it, to enjoy the Sight of the Happiness he had created. He was always received by her with Gratitude and Pleasure. She taught her little Babes to respect him as their Benefactor, the Person to whom they were indebted for every Blessing they enjoyed; which, added to his Carelesses, (he being fond of Children) made them all love and reverence him as a Parent. He found her an agreeable Woman, and was pleased with her great Attention to the Education of her Children, and her anxious Care of them. He assisted with his Advice the Person he had before helped with what People are generally so much more sparing of, his Money, and taught her to be still more watchful over their youthful Passions. His Approbation was always proposed to them by their Mother as the Reward of their Application to any Thing they were to learn; and if they had been idle or perverse, they were taught that *Leontius*'s Neglect was their heaviest Punishment.

Leontius's Behaviour did not leave the worthy Widow the least Room to fear his Generosity was not wholly disinterested; he avoided even the additional Complaisance Men are accustomed to shew to our Sex, and conversed with her with the plain Sincerity of a Friend. But as she found that without denying herself any reasonable Enjoyment in Life, or her Children any Improvement, her Expences came a good deal within her Income, she endeavoured to prevail upon him to lessen it, and adapt it only to her Necessities, but without Success. He told her, that if it was more than she had Occasion to spend, he was sure it was not more than she had Occasion to save; that she would one Time or other have Calls

for it, and as her Children grew older, she would want the Whole.

As *Leontius* thought he might bring a Reflection on the Widow if he visited her too frequently, he often wanted a Place where he could enjoy a quiet Society, wherein he took most Pleasure. The Difficulty in partaking of this in an agreeable Manner at another Person's House, made him begin to wish to find it at his own. His Temper seemed particularly made for Matrimony, tho' since his Disappointment in *Sophia* he had laid aside all Thoughts of it. He saw that Beauty was not necessary to gain a Woman's Affections, therefore he might possibly be beloved; and fearing to be made the Dupe of interested Views, he resolved to seek out among Women of equal Fortunes to his own, for one whom he believed might make him happy.

In this Search none pleased him so well as the Lady from whom he had first learnt the Widow's Distress. He knew not her Motive for telling it, so charitably attributed it to the Emotions of Compassion. She had a fine Person, an agreeable Understanding, and an exceeding good Character; he saw no one more esteemed and respected by the World, and readily believed she deserved it. She seemed particularly attentive to him, and her Fortune was such, she could not be suspected of any pecuniary Motives, since it was at least equal to his.

A little Encouragement to some Sparks of Liking, made *Leontius* become really enamoured; he now thought he was grown fortunate, that he had at last in the Happiness of one Family, received the most sublime Reward of his Benevolence, and had found out the Woman in the World best qualified to make him compleatly happy. After paying his Addresses a proper Time, with the Satisfaction of seeing them well received, he ventured to mention his Desire of laying his Fortune at her Feet. The Lady shewed no

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Unwillingness to accept it; the Truth was she liked him, and his Estate. She was rich indeed, but she chose her Husband should be so too; and tho' she really preferred him to any other Man, yet the Promises of loving and cherishing, contained in the matrimonial Service, tho' put in the more elegant Phrase, of eternal Ardours, would not have had the same Charm for her, as that one plain Sentence, "with all my worldly Goods I thee endow."

Marriage was soon settled between two Persons so equally well inclined to it, and *Leontius* thought himself at last happy in the near Prospect of enjoying his utmost Wish; but his Trials and Disappointments were not yet at an End. A few Days after he had gained the Lady's Consent, and while Deeds and Titles were under Examination, he went to wait upon her according to his daily Custom, and was surprised by a cold and formal Reception. This to most Lovers would have been looked upon only as one of the pleasing Varieties with which *Cupid* keeps the Passions of his Votaries from flagging, thro' too constant Success; but *Leontius* had been too much accustomed to Mortifications, to behold any Change without Fear, and, full of Apprehensions, asked his Charmer what made her receive him so coldly.

She, eager to tell, did not put him to the Trouble of repeating the Question, but with an Air of Resentment and Indignation, said, she imagined his Fortune so good, that she had no Reason to fear that hers was the Object of his Wishes, and therefore had flattered herself that he had another Motive for his Addresses; but she had fortunately heard, before it was too late, that his Affections were already engaged to another, and in a Manner his Estate likewise. That Mrs. *****, the Widow he supported, was the only Object of his Love, while he had been endeavouring to engage her as a Sacrifice to his Desire.

fire of increasing his Fortune, no doubt that he might be the more lavish to the Mistress of his Heart.

Leontius, who could not even suspect Guilt, he was of a Nature so void of Suspicion, was surprized to find People so apt to suspect Innocence. He protested how far he had ever been from the least Passion for that Lady, or having ever had a Thought of any other Woman in the Way of Love, since his Acquaintance with her, declared himself incapable of acting so treacherous a Part as she accused him of, and believed the Widow equally incapable of encouraging such criminal Inclinations. The Lady told him that Protestations were but little to be depended upon; whoever would do wrong, would be mean enough to deny it; therefore she only desired to be informed if he supported her, and then she should know what to believe.

Leontius did not much like her Design of regulating her Faith on his Answer to that Question; however, he told her, that as he could have nothing concealed from her, whom he thought intitled to be acquainted with all his Actions; he acknowledged he did maintain her and her Family, but chose it should not be made public, as People were apt to despise Poverty; and for his Part, his Reward was in the Consciousness of doing his Duty, not in the Approbation or Praise of the World.

To this his Mistress replied with great Indignation, that she believed, indeed, he was not actuated in this Particular by a Desire of the Praise of the World; his Reward certainly was more private, than to be placed in such public Opinions; but she should not reproach him, since he was no longer of any Consequence to her, for she did not want to examine farther; the Truth was too obvious; she must be a credulous Fool indeed, to suppose Men keep Women out of Charity.

Leontius,

Leontius, afflicted at seeing her Prepossession so very strong, offered never to see the Widow again as long as he lived ; he even went so far as to say, he did not doubt but if he requested it, she would leave the Town ; and if that would make her easy, he would endeavour to prevail on Mrs. **** to settle at any Distance from it that she should prescribe.

The Lady replied, she did not doubt her Obedience ; but that such Sort of Agreements were too liable to Deception, and were made to satisfy easy, believing Women, who had not Penetration enough to perceive that it was easy to conceal a Person in so large a Town from their Knowledge, while they were to be persuaded she was in the Country.

Leontius, distressed to the last Degree, begged to know how he could satisfy her ; if she would but tell him how to cure these Suspicions, and prove the Sincerity of his Love, he would readily perform it.

To this she answered, there was but one Way ; not sending the Widow out of her Sight, but withdrawing his Benefaction : If she saw her reduced to the Poverty from which he had raised her, she should then be certain she had less Interest in his Heart than herself.

Leontius represented the Cruelty of this Expedient ; how criminal it would be in him, to leave a Woman of Merit, and a Set of innocent Children, to starve, in order to satisfy a groundless Jealousy. He declared that although his Happiness was center'd in her, yet he could sooner give up every flattering Hope of the pleasing Prospect before him, than do an Action he thought so inhuman and unjust.

" I am not surprized, Sir," said the angry Lady,
 " to find you so reluctant to comply with my Con-
 " ditions ; but you may believe me when I assure
 " you, that on no other will I ever consent to be
 " yours. When I see Mrs. **** reduced to extreme
 " Poverty, and while she continues in it, I shall be
 " satis-

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" satisfied ; but this only can cure a Jealousy, which
" your refusing to comply with proves just.

Leontius tried his best Endeavours to soften his obdurate Mistress ; but finding nothing but starving the Widow could content her, he told her he could sooner relinquish all the World than his Humanity ; it had been put to severe Trials already, tho' none so hard as this, since he loved her so well, that there was nothing that was not criminal but he would joyfully perform to obtain her ; however, since she put herself at so high a Price as to be purchased only at the Expence of every Virtue which could make him worthy of any Person's Affections, he must take Leave of her, and hoped he might find a Cure for his Passion in reflecting, that the Woman who could be guilty of such Cruelty, did not deserve to be beloved.

Leontius had too much Constancy in his Nature to get easily the better of the ill Success of his Love, tho' the Sacrifice his Mistress required had given him but a bad Opinion of her Heart. The Widow saw his Melancholy, and he owned the Occasion of it, tho' he would not let her know that the Refusal he had received was on her Account, as he did not doubt but it would afflict her.

Among *Leontius*'s Acquaintance was a young Gentleman who had lately arrived at the Possession of an Estate left him by Will, in Prejudice of the Relations of the deceased. He and the dead Gentleman had been intimate Friends, and his Relations were so distant, that every one allowed the Ties of Friendship gave as good a Title. But those concern'd not being of the same Opinion, and having good Reason for it, contested the Will, which engaged the young Man in a Law-Suit, little agreeable to his Fortune, as it was by no Means sufficient to bear the Expences of the Law. This soon distressed him very much ; his Cause could not proceed without Money, and he knew

knew no Method of raising any ; in this Dilemma he applied to *Leontius* of, whose Generosity he had seen Instances. He dressed up the Story with the same Caution and Ornaments with which it was to appear in Court ; told him the Danger he was in of losing an Estate so undoubtedly his right, for Want of what was as much the Sinews of Law, as of War ; in short, the *Primum Mobile* of all human Affairs.

Leontius generously consented to give him all the Assistance in his Power, and so regularly supplied him with Money, and declared himself his Friend, that they appeared equally concerned in the Cause. In a little above a Year, and after the expending of a large Sum of Money, the young Man was convicted of Forgery, the proper Punishment decreed, and the Will set aside.

The least Evil that can be expected from keeping Company with bad People, is to be supposed little better than they are. Tho' this young Gentleman had borne a good Character, and been well received in the World, yet no one suffered by their Acquaintance with him except *Leontius*. His having interested himself so much in the Suit, and having supplied him with the Means of continuing it, so exasperated the successful Party, that they were very loud in their Abuse of him and positive in their Accusations of his having had an Interest in it. They imagined Terms of Advantage to him, settling the exorbitant Pay he was to receive if the Will took Effect, and then believed and published their own inventions. They had not much more Merit than their Antagonist, tho' in this Case they happened to have Justice on their Side, so that Conscience set no Bounds to their Resentment. Whoever will construe Generosity into Self-Interest, will meet with more Faith than they deserve ; as Envy, and I am afraid a Proneness to Evil, in the generality, makes them more willing to attribute any dubious Action

Action to a bad, than a good Motive. This *Leontius* had the Misfortune to experience. The World would not allow him to be ignorant of the Frauds practised by the young Man whom he had assisted.

People are ever ready, perhaps more out of Ill-Nature than the Friendship they pretend in it, to tell a Person all the Evil that is spoken of him. *Leontius* received frequent Accounts of the Aspersions thrown on his Character, and could not but be greatly afflicted by them. He had been accustomed to suffer by his Virtue, but hitherto the Wounds had been made in his Heart, not in his Reputation. As for having thrown away a Sum of Money on an unworthy Person, it gave him no other Concern than that of finding People less good than he believed them; he was sorry for them, not for himself, who could not lose the Satisfaction arising from a good Intention. But as he was delicate in Virtue, so he was in Reputation; he could not bear to be suspected of a Thing he could not be guilty of, and was most sensibly afflicted at seeing himself looked upon in a different Manner than usual, by the most worthy of his Acquaintance.

The Friends who knew him too well to believe him capable of an ill Action, were not negligent in his Defence; but so few credit, and so much fewer repeat, good than bad, of their Neighbour, that the most judicious Justification is of little Weight, in Comparison of the latest and most foolish Calumny. But they succeeded more to his Advantage, in persuading him that Innocence was its own best, tho' slowest, Defender; and that Time must sufficiently justify him. Reason confirmed their Arguments, and encouraged by that Hope, he submitted with Patience to the temporary Suffering, but could not bring himself to appear so much in Company as he had done, his Spirits being so much affected by some Slights shewn

shewn him, that the smallest Inattention appeared to him a designed Affront; which he was far from representing, as he supposed it proceeded from a bad Opinion of him; and he had too great a Hatred to Dishonesty, to blame any Signs of Dislike to it in others, tho' they might err in their Judgments.

This Temper of Mind disposed him to Retirement; he went little into Public, and lived much alone, waiting for Justice from Time; but it was farther off than he imagined,

Coming Home one evening on Foot, from a Place where Business had called him, in his Way he passed thro' some Fields, in one of which he saw a Gentleman attacked by two Men, whose Aim seemed to be his Life. The Baseness of the Fact led him to endeavour to assist the Person who was so unequally engaged; he made up to them with the utmost Speed, but before he joined them the poor Gentleman had received a mortal Wound; but not knowing he was past Assistance, he caught him as he fell, and defended his Body. The Assassins, not sure they had compleated their Purpose, would have given him another Wound, but *Leontius's* left Arm received it, and seeing Death in the poor Man's Face, they thought it advisable to escape, not doubting but the Noise of Swords, or the Observations of People at a Distance, would bring more Persons thither.

These Men had so well reconnoitred the Place where they fought, that they disappeared in a Moment, and under the Shadow of the Hedges got safely off.

Leontius laid the wounded Man on the Grass, who expired in a few Minutes after. Hoping he might not be dead, he thought it advisable to fetch a Surgeon, to give him what Assistance the Case would admit; he ran as fast as he could towards the Town, not regarding the Blood which issued

from

from the Wound in his Arm, knowing it to be of no Importance.

Before he reached the Town, he was met by some Men, who surprized at his bloody Appearance, and suspicious of the Hurry he was in, stopped him, and required the Reason of both. *Leontius* immediately declared the Truth, begging them not to detain him, as a Moment might save or lose the Gentleman's Life. They answered, the Affair sounded too suspicious to suffer them to part with him; it was not very common for a Man to venture his Life in defending a Stranger, especially when there was so little Chance of making it an equal Battle, since the single Man must in all Probability be wounded, before he could get to his Assistance; therefore, for all his Haste, he must be contented to go back with them to the Man he had left.

Leontius was very willing to comply, with what it would have been to no Purpose to have refused, only intreated them to let one of their Company return for a Surgeon. To this they consented, and dispatched one directly, the rest accompanying *Leontius* to the Man who lay weltring in his Blood. They found him so cold and stiff as shewed he had no Life in him; and imagining he must have been so before *Leontius* could have left him, they were the more inclined to suspect his Hurry for a Surgeon was an Excuse.

When the Surgeon came, he declared him dead, and agreed with the People in the Necessity for securing *Leontius*. The dead Man had at first been wounded in the Face, by which Means he was so covered with Blood as disguised him very much; but one of the Fellows, desirous to take of the mark got a little Water and washed off the Blood, which shewed *Leontius* the Face of the false Friend who had robbed him, *Sophia's Husband*. He was surprized to see him,

him, and since the Thing had happened, he was glad the Misfortune had not befallen a more worthy Person. It was natural to suppose that his Death was occasioned by his own Villainy, which had led some injured Persons to a criminal Vengeance.

Some of the People gathered round the dead Body were employed to convey it to the Surgeon's House, where it was to be exposed to View, in order to have it acknowledged. Others carried *Leontius* before a Magistrate, who, on such strong Suspicions, committed him to Prison.

Leontius was greatly shocked to find that accidental Circumstances were likely to be so hurtful to him; for tho' he knew the Laws of the Land too well to fear being condemned without better Proof, yet to be imprisoned was a heavy Sentence; there was a Kind of Ignominy in it which disturbed him, and the Loath-someness of the Confinement was highly disagreeable. He sent to his Friends, some of whom came to see him; he acquainted them with the whole Affair, and charged them with the Care of his Defence, but some desired to be excused having any Thing to do in it, being either doubtful whether he was not in reality guilty, when they understood from him, that the murdered Man was the Villain who had so basely abused his Goodness, or apprehensive that others would believe him so, as the Temptation to Revenge was great, and the Circumstances so much against him: In this case they feared hurting their Characters in defending his Cause, and, unlike him, they valued Reputation above Virtue. This was a melancholy Part of *Leontius*'s Confinement; he still found his Knowledge of Mankind was very shallow, and the searching them to the Bottom was so very painful a Task, he wished to be suffered to remain ignorant: However, some he found who bore the Trial, and kindly took off from him the Trouble of finding and seeing Council,

cil, with all the necessary Precautions against his Appearance at the Bar, leaving him no other Care but to tell the Truth.

While *Leontius* was employed in sending for his Friends, *Sophia*, who had returned into the Kingdom with her Husband, having missed him, and reading an Advertisement printed by the Surgeon where his Body lay, went to see if it was that of her stray Spouse. She saw it and owned it, and it was accordingly carried home to her House.

The Prosecutors hearing who the Man was, enquired of her, if she could give any Guess at the Murderers; but being answered in the Negative, they carried her to Prison to see the Person taken up on Suspicion, to try whether she knew him, and could give any Reasons which would corroborate the Circumstances against him.

When *Sophia* saw *Leontius*, she declared she knew him so well, that she believed he must be the Assassin; because, to her Knowledge, he had an inveterate Hatred against her Husband, and with some Sort of Cause. She was ordered to be at the Trial, to give a particular Account of the Enmity between them.

Tho' *Leontius* had bought himself all the Indulgencies that a Prison will allow, yet it was so very irksome to him, that he was rejoiced when the longed-for Day of Trial came. He was carried into Court, and, upon declaring his Innocence, the Circumstances against him were read, and then *Sophia* was produced, who had adorned herself with all the Pomp of Widowhood, and affected a most laudable Sorrow, with all the Success that ever Widow could boast. She called for Justice for her injured unfortunate Husband, as the only Relief to her afflicted Spirit; and then formed a Story to save her telling the true Reasons of the Enmity she had said subsisted between him and *Leontius*.

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She told the Judge that her deceased Husband and the Prisoner had long been Friends before she married ; that the deceased then brought *Leontius* to visit her, as a Person whom he wished to introduce to the Woman whom he hoped to make his Wife. That *Leontius* fell in Love with her, and offered to marry her, far more to her Advantage than she could hope from his Friend. She, fearing the Consequences of a Quarrel, long concealed his Treachery ; contented with repeated Repulses, and severely reprobating him for his Breach of Friendship : But the Deceased at last perceived *Leontius*'s Passion, and, breaking off all Communication with him, pressed her to an immediate Marriage, to which she consented, on Condition that he would go Abroad with her directly, to relieve her from the continual Fears she should be under, lest the fatal Effects of *Leontius*'s unjust Resentment should deprive her of him. Though her Husband, she added, was a Man of too much Spirit to wish to avoid any Revenge his Rival might take, yet as she would marry him on no other Terms, Love obliged him to acquiesce ; and as soon as they were married they went Abroad, where they had remained till about a Month before this fatal Accident, when the Hope that all Resentment would be subsided, induced them to return Home.

I need not tell your Highness what *Leontius* said, as he only related all the Particulars of the Murder, and of his former Acquaintance with *Sophia* and her Husband, which you already know.

When the Judge had heard the Whole, he observed that the Circumstances were sufficient to occasion his Commitment, but stronger Proof was required for his Condemnation : That the Difference between his Account and the Lady's, as to what had passed between him and her Husband, was of little Consequence to the Cause, since they made it equally

probable that he should have been the Assassin; tho' in one Case there would be less Injustice in the Fact than in the other.

In short, *Leontius* was acquitted of the Murder by the Law, for Want of Proof, tho' in the general Opinion he was believed guilty.

The Notion of being despised for low Villainy had sat very heavily on *Leontius*; but to be hated for the worst of Crimes, was still more shocking to him. He fancied every one looked on him with Horror; and if a Person walked with any Speed before him, or parted from him abruptly, he imagined them actuated by the Fear of being assassinated. His few remaining Friends could not support his Spirits under such cruel Calumny. He could not help censuring his Conduct, tho' his Motives were blameless; without great Imprudence, he was convinced he could not undeservedly have met with such unjust Treatment from the World; and yet, in this last Action, he did not see where he had erred.

The greatest Consolation he found, was in the Conversation of a Gentleman, whose Friendship had continued firm thro' all the unfortunate Events which had oppressed him. This Gentleman, named *Trentham*, sincerely loved and pitied him. At his House *Leontius* always found a Reception, which made him forget the Incivility of other People. Mr. *Trentham* was an easy, good-humoured Man, and if not particularly happy in his Understanding, he had no Deficiency there; and his good Heart made ample Amends to *Leontius* for his not having brighter Parts. His greatest Weakness was a blind Fondness for his Wife, which was so excessive, that he could see no Faults in her, and yet she had many, and such as one would have thought should most have touched an affectionate Husband. She was a Coquet in the greatest Degree to all Men, and more substantially kind to

many ; every Look carried Encouragement in it, and her Words never belied them. She was artful and interested, bold and enterprizing ; the two last Qualities, perhaps, owing to her Husband's Blindness, which left her no Occasion for Concealments. Tho' she was not handsome, yet being young and lively, she appeared sufficiently attracting, as People were sure they should not lose the Trouble of their Courtship ; a small Temptation, when the Reward is certain, will draw many. Mr *Trentham* was almost as much pleased with the Number of his Wife's Admirers as she could be ; he thought it a Proof of her Charms, and regulated his Opinion so much by other Peoples, that he valued her more for seeing her liked by many.

It is needless to describe Mr. *Trentham's* Dotage : To say he was old, and she young, is in other Words telling he was her Dupe. *Adam* has not served as a Warning to his Posterity against being imposed upon ; he has rather been a Type of the future Fate of his easy Sons. All the Difference is, that *Eve's* Conquest was over a young Husband, her Daughters only triumph over old ones. Age, which is thought to teach Distrust, Caprice, and Obstinacy, makes both Sexes a Prey to a youthful Mate. To them it relinquishes its Experience, its Prudence, its Suspicions ; and accepts, in exchange, Folly and Credulity : While Youth practises the Wariness and Cunning which Age has cast off, and veils every Thought with Deceit and Hypocrisy.

This was just the Case between Mr. and Mrs. *Trentham*, only that his Blindness was so great, she had little Occasion for cunning ; the greatest Irregularity of Conduct, or the most barefaced Coquetry, was obliterated from his Memory by a few fond Words, which she had always ready on such Occasions, and joined with some tender Carelesses, they

never failed convincing him that he was the Object of her tenderest Affections.

As *Leontius* was frequently at their House, Mrs. *Trentham's* Coquetry was often addressed to him, but it met with little Return. More clear-sighted than his Friend, he saw plainly the dissolute Life she led; but convinced that to be well-deceived was in some Cases a Happiness, he would not attempt to open his Eyes to what could only afflict him. It was plain his Heart was fixed upon her, and to know her false, must have made the rest of his Life wretched. Her Conduct, indeed, disgraced him in the Eye of the World; but as it had no Consequences that he felt, *Leontius* grieved in Silence to see his Fondness so abused, and thought himself acquitted, while he discouraged the Advances she so readily made him. She was not of a Temper to bear such Coldness without Indignation, but concealed it as well as she could, not having found that he communicated to her Husband a Behaviour which he could not avoid seeing; and by spending a great deal of Time with Mr. *Trentham*, he afforded her more Leisure unobserved, than she could otherwise have enjoyed; therefore the Use he was of made her curb her Resentment.

Though Mrs. *Trentham* had more Liberty than any Woman could expect, yet at last it did not prove sufficient for her. She got a Gallant who liked her well enough to wish to have her entirely to himself, and prevailed on her to leave her Husband, and fly into a neighbouring Kingdom with him. She was too much given up to her Passions to refuse this Proposal, and accordingly packing up her Jewels and Money, set off with him.

Before they had got forty Miles from the Metropolis, they were met by *Leontius*, who was coming from a Country-Seat of his, where he had spent some Days. He had seen too much of the Inter-
course

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course between Mrs. *Trentham* and this Gentleman, to be in any Doubt about their Intention. He thought he had now a favourable Opportunity of effecting a Reformation in her, if such a Thing were possible, and of making his Friend happy, who he knew would be rendered miserable by the Loss of her. As they were without Attendants, it was no difficult Matter for him to make his People seize her, and put her into the Chariot to him, where he told her he was determined to carry her back to her Husband; but if she would reform a Way of Life so destructive of her Happiness, and her Husband's Honour, he would concur with her in any Excuse she could make for so strange an Absence from his House; and she might be sure his Regard for his Friend's Ease of Mind, would secure his eternal Silence with Regard to so unhappy an Affair. For a long Time Mrs. *Trentham* exerted all her Rage in Abuse, and endeavoured by her Clamour to oblige him to let her go; but finding it in vain, she grew more composed, and gave no Interruption to the numerous Arguments he used, to prove to her how much she mistook her Happiness.

When she came to Town, she told him she had formed an Excuse, but that it would be best she should not be supposed to have seen him, therefore desired he would set her down at the End of the Street; where he might, if he pleased, watch her Entrance into her own House, and yet not be seen to have brought her. *Leontius* complied with her Request, and went Home, flattering himself that the Danger she had escaped by his engaging to conceal her Shame, might bring her to repent of her past Conduct, and to reform it for the future; which would give to his worthy, but credulous Friend, lasting Happiness.

When Mrs. *Trentham* got to her House, she ran into the Room to her Husband with much seeming

Terror: She pretended to fall into a Fit as soon as she entered, which she repeated to the Number of three or four with admirable Success, the good Husband being terrified to Death at the Condition his Wife was in, who, tho' at length brought to herself, could not for a long Time recover Strength to explain either her Absence, or this strange Appearance. However, her Husband at last soothed her to Composure; and after sending all the Servants out of the Room who had been called to her Assistance, she told Mr. Trentham that she grieved to comply, but his Desire was a Law she would not on any Account disobey; and, indeed, were she to conceal the Truth, in what Light must she expect to appear to him, whose Love and good Opinion constituted her Happiness. No Motives less strong than these, she said, could induce her to inform him of the basest Treachery that ever false Friend was guilty of, as she knew it would greatly afflict him, whose Affections were too warm to bear, with Indifference, an Injury from one he had so long cherished as he had done *Leontius*.

Leontius! cried the Husband; impossible! He could not injure me.

"*Leontius;* that very *Leontius,*" replied Mrs. Trentham, " has endeavoured to wound you in the tenderest Point, both in your Peace and Honour."

She then gave an Account of his having for a long Time made Addresses to her, which she hoped her virtuous Reserve, and prudent Resentment would sufficiently discourage, without her being obliged to disturb her Husband's Happiness by such unwelcome News: And, indeed, the Regard she had for *Leontius*, as being his Friend, made her wish, for his Sake likewise, to oblige him to conquer his Love, without rendering it necessary for her to interrupt an

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Intercourse which she saw made her dear Mr. Trentham so happy.

Leontius indeed, he continued, had often told her, that he could not live without her; and had endeavoured to persuade her, that the Love of a young Man of his Age, would render her much happier than the Affection of an old Man: But finding how little all his Arguments availed, and that nothing could induce her to harbour a Thought of any other than her own dear Life and Soul, her poor dear Mr. Trentham, the Violence of his lawless Passion led him to make a desperate Attempt; and as she was passing by a dead Wall, had her seized, and carried, stunned by Excess of Fright, into a House, where he had lain concealed to watch this Opportunity; having pretended to them he was gone into the Country. That when he had got her there, he omitted neither Threats nor Persuasions, mixing the Tendernesses of a Lover with the imperious Airs of a Ravisher; but finding her neither to be awed by Fear, nor tempted by Love, he locked her up, declaring she should stay there till she complied. Impatient to know the Result of this Confinement, he came into her Room about an Hour before, and enraged at finding it had no more Effect upon her, he declared he would no longer wait a Consent so difficult to be obtained, but use his Power, in Spight of her Resistance.

Made desperate by so villainous an Intention, she took a sharp Penknife out of her Pocket, and protested by the Almighty Powers, whom she invoked in the Defence of oppressed Innocence, that if he attempted to come near her, she would instantly stab him to the Heart.

Her resolute and determined Air, she said, alarmed him; he retired back a few Steps, and, taking Advantage of the Opportunity, she ran down Stairs, and jumping out of the Hall-Window, in an Instant

got into the Street, from whence she had flown to her own House, Fear giving her Wings; but the Instant she felt herself under His blessed Protection, her Spirits gave Way to the violent Effects of the Terror she had been in, and would no longer support her.

This artful Woman had taken Care to enter her Husband's House, armed as she had described, and to let the Pen-knife fall out of her Hand in her pretended Fit.

The credulous Husband wept thro' Excess of Fondness; thanked Heaven for having bestowed on him the Mirror of Chastity. He was full of Admiration and Gratitude, to which succeeded tender Fears lest her Health might suffer from the Terrors she had gone thro'; so that it was no small Time before she began to feel the Concern for his Friend's Perfidy, which at last greatly affected him. As he sincerely loved *Leontius*, he could not forbear lamenting that he alone should be the Man, who by his Baseness had proved to him the Transcendency of his Wife's Virtue; he was glad indeed to know he had such a Jewel in his Possession, but wished to have come at the Knowledge some other Way.

He began now to suspect, that all the Evil of which Slander had accused *Leontius*, was really Fact. So atrocious a Crime as this against his most intimate Friend, he could not but acknowledge proved him capable of any Thing. He moralized on the Hypocrisy of Mankind, lamented having been deceived by it, and then comforted himself with the Love of so inestimable a Wife, allowing that the Falshood of his Friend was a proper Punishment for his ever having suffered any one to share his Heart with her, who alone deserved to possess the Whole; ending with a Vow never more to bear the least Affection to any but her, nor to have any other Thought but for her Ease

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Ease and Happiness, giving himself intirely up to the Direction of such Excellence.

"In this laudable Disposition we will let him remain, till we have Leisure to revisit him, my Princess. You object to leaving People in Distress, therefore cannot but be willing to break off when a married Couple are both as well pleased, as ever any wedded Pair can be. In this Pleasure they perfectly agreed, and the Joy was mutual; an Instance perhaps not very common."

End of the Fifteenth Chapter.

A

JOURNEY through LIFE.

Chap. XLV.

23.

The History of Pontius Pilate.

LETTER 9. Bishop Paley the Princeps post 2d
priests that it was wrong not think it cruel to
incurable a hopeless wretched as it was not
found out Resolution on one side, nor on Virtue on
the other could not be satisfied the majority be laid to
rest the Sabbath of the Sabbath day, it was this
to the Honour of her sex
greatest blessed according to her Desire as fol-
lows:

LEONIUS went the next Day to see his
Friend, impatient to know in what Master Mar-
tinus had excused himself, and to tell some Signs
of a Revolution.

The good Day had endeavoured to prevail over
Hypscind's seeing Leonius, but, the thoughts, the per-
sonal part best too well to issue a possibility of his
being undeceived by the Evidence of such one Person; but

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JOURNEY through LIFE.

C H A P. XVI.



The HISTORY of LEONTIUS continued.

AFTER a proper Pause the Princess told *Sabrina*, that if she would not think it cruel to interrupt a Happiness, which, as it was not founded on Reason on one Side, nor on Virtue on the other, could not be lasting, she should be glad to hear the Sequel of the Adventure, tho' it was little to the Honour of her Sex.

Sabrina proceeded according to her Desire as follows :

LEONTIUS went the next Day to see his Friend, impatient to know in what Manner Mrs. *Trentham* had excused herself, and to see some Signs of a Reformation.

The good Lady had endeavoured to prevent her Husband's seeing *Leontius*, tho' she thought she had acted her Part too well to leave a Possibility of his being undeceived by the Evidence of any one Person;

but she found it so difficult a Matter to restrain Mr. *Trentham's* Desire of reproaching his perfidious Friend, that to persist in the Attempt would render her more liable to be suspected, than any Defence *Leontius* could make; and as she could not prevent their meeting, she pretended an earnest Desire for it, and carried her Assurance so far as to beg to be in the Room, that she might see in what Manner it would affect *Leontius*; for she owned she had Ill-Nature enough in her Disposition, to think with Pleasure of his Confusion and hoped so innocent a Revenge might be allowed to insulted Virtue.

Mr. *Trentham*, good Man, admired her gentle Spirit and the Delicacy of her Conscience, which feared to offend by so small a Piece of Vengeance; and calling her his Dove, his Lamb-like Angel, with a thousand more such Appellations, assured her that she accused herself undeservedly of Ill-Nature, for one might excusably wish Shame to the Wicked, as a likely Means of reclaiming them.

Mrs. *Trentham's* Conscience being so happily made easy, she took Care to be in the Room when *Leontius* came, whom Mr. *Trentham* received with great Solemnity; and after enquiring into the Condition of his Affairs in the Country, to which *Leontius* answered most innocently, tho' he was under some Concern, fearing, from his Friend's Gravity, that his Wife's Excuse had not so well imposed upon him as to render him easy in his Mind: Mr. *Trentham* told him, he was surprized to see a Gentleman guilty of such mean Falshoods, tho' to defend the worst of Actions; that it ill agreed with the Imprudence of his Behaviour, in venturing to his House after so injurious an Attempt upon his Honour; this was presuming too far on the Generosity of a Woman, which would become a Weakness if it induced her to conceal any longer Love so criminally pursued. He then reproached him with the ill Return he had made

made to his tender Friendship, in very affecting Terms, and could not mention his Perfidy without Tears.

Leontius had seen much Impudence, and much Wickedness in the World, but his Imagination could not have represented any Thing equal to Mrs. *Trentham's* Behaviour. Her diabolical Invention astonished him, but the Assurance with which she listened to all that past, without the least Emotion bearing the Glances which he could not forbear casting at her, exceeded his Belief. Surprize at first silenced him, but Reflexion soon after confirmed him in it; he considered it was less grievous to his Friend to part with him, than to learn his Wife's Inconstancy. The Vileness of her Behaviour in this Particular, gave him little Reason to hope an Amendment, but he thought as she had a long Course to run before she arrived at Virtue, so far distant was she now from it, she might perhaps, want to remove him out of the Way, not to be upbraided by the Sight of a Witness of her Shame, and yet intend to reform. With this Possibility, at least, his Humanity flattered him; and he determined to avoid even throwing a Doubt into Mr. *Trentham's* Mind, much less would he undeceive him. So after listening to all Mr. *Trentham* said, and pitying the Concern he felt, he made no other Answer, than that if ever he should regret the Loss of his Acquaintance, he desired he would let him know it, and left the House directly.

Mr. *Trentham* thought his Manner of taking Leave was a great Confirmation of his Assurance; and his Wife did not fail to agree with him, tho' she saw more Meaning in the Words than he could discover.

From such Variety of Disappointments and Vexations, *Leontius* grew almost disgusted with Society. He began to think he still harboured some blameable Attachment to the World, from which these Mortifications

tifications were to wean him. The Lowness of his Spirits led him to what People who live in insensibility; and thoughtless Flutter might call a Degree of Superstition ; but for being more serious, he was not the less rational ; and tho' Melancholy might give him a Turn of Gravity, yet still Reason directed all his Thoughts and Actions.

Azontius began to meditate Retirement, when, to edify him in it, he felt a new Stroke of his Ill-Fortune. As he was walking along a Street but little inhabited, he kicked something before him with his Foot, which awaked him from a Reverie, and on looking he saw a Pocket-Book. He took it up, and opening it, to examine into the Contents, he found it contained bills to the value of 500^l, but nothing by which he could discover the Owner's Name. The Pocket-Book appeared of so ordinary a Kind, as made him suppose it belonged to no very considerable Person. He considered that this might perhaps contain the whole Substance of a Family, who, by the Produce of it employed in some Trade, was possibly maintained with Comfort ; that in carrying this little stock to lay out in Merchandise, it had been dropt, and thereby the whole Family reduced to Beggary. He rejoiced he had found it, congratulated himself on the Happiness of having come that Way, as it might have fallen into Hands who would not have restored it. Determined to advertise it as soon as he got Home, he put it into his Pocket, and was pleasing himself with a Notion of the Joy which would appear in the Owners Face, at seeing his Treasure safe, and ready to be restored to him : when all these agreeable Ideas were put to Flight, by feeling a Hand on each Shoulder. He perceived he was in the Hands of Officers of Justice, and having once suffered so much thro' a Mistake, he was very seriously disturbed at this Event. He could get no intelligible Answer to this Inquiry into the Cause of it ; all they would tell

tell him was that they knew what he thought was a Secret, and he should find they did when they had got him before his Honour's Worship. the Justicid *Leontius* found it was in vain to attempt to get any further Information from Persons who seemed to feel great Importance in Silence, and ceased his Questions. He began to fear he should again be subjected to the Terrors of a Prison, tho' he had not the least guess on what Account; and his greatest Care was for the poor Man's Treasure, as his Imagination had represented the Pocket-Book to be. He had seen enough of the Customs of those Places, to know that his Pocket would be rifled, and every Thing taken thence without Mercy; that it did not belong to him, was an Argument that would avail but little with those who appropriate all Things to their own Use, and without a Shadow of a Scruple transfer every Thing they find in their Prisoners Pockets into their own.

The only Expedient that offered itself to *Leontius*, to save this Money from the Harpies Claws, was, in case he should perceive he was likely once more to suffer for another's Crimes, and be committed, to prevent any one's sharing his Ill-Fortune with him, to give the Pocket-Book (with its Contents) to the Magistrate, acquainting him how it fell into his Hands, and desiring he would advertise it; for he could not bear to think that any one should be permitted to remain in Uneasiness, perhaps in Distress, till Innocence should obtain his Release. This he thought would perfectly well answer his Purpose, and, eased of the Burden it had been upon his Mind, he went to the Magistrate's House with a much lighter Heart, happy that no one else would be a Sufferer by his strange Ill-Fortune, and certain that his Innocence from any Crime must soon clear him, tho' he knew Suspicion alone might doom a Man to a loathsome Prison for a little Time. But

But how was *Leontius* surprized, when he found that this Pocket-Book, the careful Preservation of which for the right Owner, had been the Subject of his anxious Thought, was the Grounds of his Accusation! So it appeared when he came before the Magistrate; at which time the important and laconic Accuser had assured him he should know the Cause of their seizing him. Accordingly the Man who proved to be the Owner of the little Foundling, declared that having missed it he returned back with a Friend who accompanied him to look for it, thinking it might be droped; and coming almost up to *Leontius*, who was standing in a pensive Posture, he saw it in his Hand. Desirous at the same Time that he recovered his Property, to secure the Person who had robbed him of it, he sent his Friend for a Constable who lived just by, while he staid to watch the Thief, keeping unobserved behind him.

Leontius readily acknowledged his having the Pocket-Book, related how he came by it, and what he intended to do concerning it; but the Man having charged him with picking his Pocket of it, the sagacious Justice, with a Solemnity which was greatly increased by the Alteration his Voice received from the Spectacles on his Nose, said, "Friend, he who will steal will lye. This Man says thou has picked his Pocket; and his Property has been found upon thee, therefore I must sign thy Commitment." And accordingly *Leontius* once more visited those Cells for involuntary Retirement, instead of the Retreat he meditated. Against his appearing on his Trial he had summoned all his Acquaintance to answer for his Character in Court; and as they were People of Rank, who witnessed for his being a Man of great Fortune, and uncommon Generosity, he was easily believed to have found it, there being no Proof to the contrary.

Tho'

Tho' this Affair was too ridiculous to do him any Harm in the Eyes of the World, yet in the low State of his Spirits, to raise a Laugh was almost as terrible as to be the Subject of Calumny. His Scheme for flying from Society was fixed by this Accident; and it was so very strong, that he would not go to the Family Seat, as that would require his keeping up a kind of Figure; and he should be thrown into a different Sort of Company, instead of avoiding any which was his Intention. That he might be a compleat Hermit, he fixed on a small but neat Cottage of his, placed at the Foot of a Hill, almost surrounded with Wood; thro' which ran a little clear Brook, whose murmuring Sound added a Solemnity to the awful Shade of the lofty Pines, of which the Wood was in great Measure composed.

This spot *Leontius* chose for his Abode as the farthest removed from the Footsteps of Men of any he knew.

His Family consisted of two old Servants, one of each Sex, and his Food differed little from the Pulse and Acorns on which we are told the ancient Hermits lived. As he now had associated himself with the lower Part of the Creation, he would not be in a State of Warfare with them, and be, of half that live, the Butcher and the Tomb; he fed on little besides the vegetable Creation. Animals were not his Support, but he theirs; he had Flocks of various Sorts, whose innocent Happiness made part of his. The freer, more unconfined Species, were, by his Bounty, induced to fix their hitherto wandering Abode near him. The very Birds, accustomed to have all the spacious Air to range in, found such Comfort in his Attention to their Support in the inclement Seasons, that they settled in his Woods, which became a kind of voluntary Aviary, whose harmonious Inhabitants repaid his Care with Melody.

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Leontius sent down before him his Library, filled with all the best Authors, ancient and modern in every Science, from the most abstruse to the lightest of what is called the Belles Lettres. In this he found his highest Amusement; and was diligent in adding new Knowledge to his former Stock of Learning. But he had not so forsaken Society as to keep up no Correspondencies by Letters; on the contrary, he preserv'd a regular Intercourse with his few real Friends, which served greatly to enliven his other Employments, and to satisfy a Heart too anxious for those he esteemed, to have been easy if he had remained ignorant of their Welfare. *Charlotte* and the good Widow were his favourite Correspondents; by the former he heard of *Lydia*, for whom he was particularly interested, and found that she lived almost as retired in the Metropolis, as he did in his little Cottage.

In this Solitude it was, that *Leontius* learnt that Virtue was sufficient to Happiness, and that when it appeared too small a Reward, it was because our Hearts were divided between it and Vanity, which made us require the Applause of the Multitude as well as our own Approbation. The Pleasure he found in Virtue, after having displaced every other Consideration, rendered him indifferent to undeserved Censure, and he could have appeared in Public with the same Satisfaction, as if every one was as well acquainted with his Integrity as himself; for he no longer aimed to please those whom false Accusations and deceitful Appearances could blind to Truth.

In this Retirement *Leontius* had lived near two Years, when one Evening, just at the Close of a very stormy Day, his Man acquainted him that two Persons were at the Gate, and begged for Shelter.

Hospitality is as much a Duty in the Inhabitants of a Cottage as of a Palace; that the House is small, is no Excuse for the Heart's being narrow.

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Peo-

People who are possessed of sumptuous Furniture, costly Ornaments, or hoarded Treasures, may examine well the Stranger whom they admit; but the thatch'd Roof, the unadorned Chambers, and the homely Board, without Fear of Inspection may receive the unknown Traveller; "For who will rob an Hermit of his Weeds, his few Books, or his Beads, or maple Dish?" (*MILTON's Comus.*)

Thus secure from Danger, *Leontius* without Hesitation ordered the Strangers to be brought in, who were so wrapped up from the Inclemency of the Weather, that it was not till after they had pulled off Part of their Cloathing, that he found his Hospitality was gratefully acknowledged, by an extreme pretty young Lady, and an old Attendant, who seemed her Servant, as well as Guide.

Leontius little expected to have ever had his Hermitage graced by so much Beauty, and could not forbear wondering how they came to a Place so unfrequented, and distant from any high Road. But Humanity and Politeness got the better of his Curiosity, and without troubling them with any Inquiries, he offered the best Accommodations his Cottage would afford, and ordered them all necessary Refreshment.

The Stranger asked many Questions concerning the neighbouring Towns; and the young Lady appeared to have a Terror on her Spirits, which made *Leontius* apprehend no common Occurrence had brought her thither. She more than once asked her Guide, when he proposed her travelling to any particular Place, whether it would be safe; upon which *Leontius* took the Liberty of telling her, that if, as he imagined from her Words, she had any Reason to wish to be concealed, he believed he might venture to ensure her remaining so while she was at his House, for except themselves, he had not of two Years that he lived at it, seen a human Creature besides the labouring People of the Neighbourhood. Beyond the

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Benefit of Concealment, indeed, he could offer her no Inducement but that of a sincere Welcome,

The young Lady gratefully acknowledged his Goodness, and said, if it was not presuming too much upon it, she should with Joy accept his Offer; for her Fear of being discovered was so very great, that the very Apprehensions almost destroyed her, and in all Probability would soon retard her Flight, for it shook her whole Frame, and must in a few Days overcome her Constitution.

Tho' *Leontius* had forsworn Society, yet such a Woman as this was an Excuse for Perjury: Her Charms were too powerful not to make him wish for her Stay; and to procure it, he gave all necessary Orders for her Convenience. She was so much tired with her Journey, and the Agitation of her Mind, that she went soon to Bed, able to take no Refreshment but Sleep. Her Servant had none of those Effects of Weariness, and was delighted with *Leontius's* Hospitality, who hoped, by Civility and Familiarity, to obtain some Gratification for his Curiosity. Age is naturally talkative; so that without any very great Difficulty, he not only got a particular Account of the young Lady, but of her Parents; the Servant giving the following History.

Helena, this young Lady's Mother, was by a dying Father left to the Care of Mr. *Franton*, who had a Son three Years older than his new Charge. Youth, Solitude, and the Charms which adorned these two young Persons, soon gave Birth to a mutual Passion. Old *Franton* easily perceived this in People too young to have learnt Disguise; and as *Helena's* Fortune was very small, felt no little Disturbance at the Discovery. He endeavoured to exact a Promise from his Son, never to marry *Helena*, assuring him that disinheriting would be the Consequence of such a Marriage.

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riage. But the Lover could not be persuaded to comply with what his Father required.

From what the old Man had observed of *Helena's* Temper and Disposition, he was encouraged to attempt to obtain her Word that she would never consent to be his Son's Wife ; for he well knew if once given he might depend upon it, how great soever the Temptation to break it might prove.

Helena, considering the Smallness of her Fortune, and the Ruin she should bring on the Man she so tenderly loved, was induced by Generosity to mortify an Affection as passionate as his own ; and on these Principles gave her Word never to marry him while his Father lived.

Her Guardian, delighted with a Pledge he knew she would not violate, was as happy as his Son was miserable, when he knew what she had done.

Young *Franton* reproached her with Indifference for thus forswearing him ; and when he found, by the Effect his Anger had upon her, how little Truth there was in the Accusation, he could scarcely forgive a Generosity so detrimental to his Peace. These Obstructions in their Road to Happiness only made them more tender, and they alleviated the Pain the present Impediment gave them, by the most endearing, and most solemn Promises of an indissoluble Union, whenever they should be left at Liberty by the old Gentleman's Death.

These reciprocal Assurances made *Helena* sufficiently happy, especially as her Lover's Father, depending on her Promise, disregarded the Fondness which so apparently subsisted between them, expecting from Time the Indifference which it so often creates. But young *Franton* was not so easily contented ; he had many wretched Hours, from his Impatience to have *Helena* more unreservedly his own. They were scarcely asunder a Minute in the Day. In fair Weather they wandered thro' the Woods and

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Gardens, which were very fine, ornamented with many beautiful Buildings, elegantly fitted up and furnished, and by a River, wherein were several small Falls of Water.

People less wrapped up in their own Thoughts, saw through old *Franton's* Behaviour; they plainly discerned that he hoped for such an Intimacy, as might, according to the common Custom of Mankind, change his Son's Passion into cold Indifference. There was no Opportunities that could promise him a Chance for Success, which he did not cultivate or contrive. His Scheme succeeded better than such infernal Purposes ought to do; and *Helena* found that its having done so could not be much longer kept a Secret.

Young *Franton* rejoiced in the Confusion into which this Affair had thrown his Mistress; it was what he wished; and the Hopes that would be the Consequence whenever it grew apparent, had been a Consolation to him under her speedy Return to Virtue, which he might otherwise have regretted. He now represented to her the Necessity of breaking her Promise, and marrying him directly, which he eagerly solicited her to do. He urged all the Arguments that Reason and all the soft Persuasions that Love could dictate, to induce her to leave the House with him the next Day. To abate the Refractancy he knew she would feel to break her Word, he shewed her plainly the Scheme his Father had been pursuing; that so much Art had been used to bring about this Event, that the strongest Virtue in one who fondly loved, could not have resisted it. He did not believe that any one of Sixteen, but herself, could so long have baffled an old Man's Cunning, with Love on its Side, as she had done.

Helena could not so suddenly determine this Dispute between Love, Prudence and Shame on one Part, and Faith and Honour on the other. She scarcely believed that any Dement in one Person, can

acquit

acquit the other of the Obligation to keep their Word inviolate. She feared her Doubts proceeded only from the Strength of her Passion, and her present Distress, not from Reason. She told her Lover, she must have Leisure to settle this Affair with her own Conscience; for any Cause pleaded by him would appear just, and the greatest Wrong seem right. As the Haste was not so immediate, she desired that Day to determine, and the next would give her Answer.

Alas! this Liberty was not left her. This Conversation passed in a Building in the Garden, where she thought she might safely communicate her Anxiety and Distress to the Author of it; but old *Franton* was by Chance sitting behind it, and hearing all they said, resolved to frustrate their Scheme.

When his Son went to his Room to dress, he had him locked in, and so effectually secured the Doors and Windows, that notwithstanding all the Means the enamoured Prisoner could invent for his Escape, he was detained there, till his Father got him exchanged into a Company, (for he was in the Army) which was ordered to the *West-Indies*. He was then told he must instantly set forth, but obtained Permission to take a long Farewell of his *Helena* in his Father's Presence.

Unawed by his Father's Frowns, young *Franton* renewed his Vows of Constancy, and ardent Love; and slipped a Paper into her Hand which he had written with a Pencil, upon the first Notice of his Father's Intention. Nothing could be more tender than their Farewell: *Helena's* Condition made it more dreadful to both; approaching Shame filled her with Horror, and Fear for her Life made him wretched. Their Grief was so acute, that when they were ordered to part, they were rendered entirely senseless with Stupefaction. In this Condition young *Franton* was

was carried into the Chariot, with a Servant to take Care of him, as his distracted Condition required.

As soon as *Helena* became Mistress of her own Thoughts, she opened the Paper her Lover had given her. She found it filled with Expressions of the most passionate Tenderness, conjuring her, if she could discover where he was to be carried, of which he was entirely ignorant, to follow him, and consent that *Hymen's* sacred Bands should unite them, before their Enemies could separate them again. But in Case this could not be effected, he besought her to preserve herself with all possible Care for him, at his Return to his native Land; and to neglect nothing that could procure her Ease and Tranquillity of Mind. He hinted some kind Things concerning the Consequence of his Imprudence, begging her to grant a Forgiveness to his having betrayed her to Slander and Malice; for which he could never forgive himself, tho' his Design had been to secure her Consent to marry him; hoping the Necessity of preserving her Reputation must get the better of her Fidelity to her Word. In his Letter he inclosed Bills to the Value of 200l. which was all he had by him, thinking that her Expences might be considerable. He assured her he would supply her from Time to Time, if she would inform him how to convey it to her; judging it impossible but she must discover to what Part of the *Indies* he was sent, tho' she might not be able to learn any Particulars of him during his Stay in the Kingdom.

The Anxiety young *Franton* expressed in his Letter was so very sincere, that he was almost frantic, with the Prospect of the Distress in which he had involved his dear *Helena*. To make her the best Reparation now in his Power, he wrote to all his and her Friends, to assure them he was married to her, tho' she would not own it, from a generous Concern for the Loss that would accrue to him by the Confession,

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fession, his Father being resolved to disinherit him, in case he should espouse her. He concluded with telling them, that any Friendship or Civility shewn his Wife in her present deplorable Condition, till he returned to claim her, would ever be acknowledged by him as the highest Obligation to himself.

This was all *Franton* could do towards *Helena's* Relief, for he was not permitted to spend a Day at any Place till he got on board the Ship, where his Company met him, and they set Sail directly.

It is easy to imagine *Helena's* Distress was very great, tho' from the Time of young *Franton's* Departure, his Father behaved very well to her; being of that Sort of Temper generally called good, which is as little disposed to Anger, as to Kindness of Compassion.

Several of *Helena's* Friends wrote her Word of the Letters they had received from her Lover, and invited her to their House. Some of his, who had a real Affection for him, did the same. She was sensibly touched with this last Instance of his Love, but excused herself from complying with any of their Invitations, thinking it would be an ungrateful Return to involve them in her Infamy; for no Woman had ever a deeper Sense of the Shame that awaited her.

It is strange that the Grief which oppressed her from the first Moment of her Separation from *Franton*, did not prove fatal; but the Strength of Youth prevailed. When a more retired Place grew necessary for her, she easily obtained Permission to try the Benefit of Change of Air for her Health. For tho' she knew old *Franton* was not ignorant of the Occasion of her Request, yet she could not bring herself to ask it in plainer Terms, nor did he chuse to take any Notice of it.

Helena went to the House of a Woman who lived with her till her Father's Death, but was since married into a distant County. Under this Woman's Care

Care she was beyond Expectation recovered; after being delivered of a Daughter she named *Caroline*, the young Lady who now enlivened by her Presence *Leontius's Hermitage*. Averse to returning into the World, she continued at this House, employed in the Care of her little *Caroline*, a most retired and melancholy Recluse.

As soon as she was able, she informed young *Franton* of her Recovery, who endured all the Anxiety an honest and affectionate Heart could suffer, till he heard of her Safety. He then wrote her the most earnest Intreaties to come, and bestow on him the long-wish'd-for Title of her Husband; for till she was brought to Bed, he would not ask her to undergo the Hazard and Fatigue of a Sea-Voyage. But her Promise, and the Fear of ruining his future Fortune, made her resist his Importunities.

In this Situation they had remained about two Years, when old *Franton* wrote to his Son, with Proposals of a very great Alliance; assuring him, that his Acceptance of it was the only Means of securing to himself a Fortune, to which Birth did not give him a sufficient Title.

This Letter neither enticed nor frightened young *Franton*, who, in his Answer, absolutely refused to comply.

Upon this his Father made a new Will, wherein he bequeathed his whole Estate to his Nephew, with a Design of having this Will conveyed to his Son, as unknown to himself, thinking it might work a Change in his Resolution; but, at all Adventures, intending to make another directly, which should secure it to his Son, whom he by no Means meant to disinherit. To depend on Life for a single Day may often prove of bad Consequence. Before old *Franton* made his second Will he died; and that which he only designed as a Threatening to his Son, having pass'd thro' all the Formalities, proved valid.

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As soon as *Helena* heard this ill News, she determined to carry it to her Lover, being now under no Obligations to the contrary; and hoping, by the Tenderness of her Love and Gratitude, to alleviate the Misfortune she had brought upon him. Afraid of subjecting her little Infant to the Dangers of the Sea, she left her with the Person at whose House she was, and embarked in the first Ship she heard was bound to the Port where *Franton* was stationed.

Helena's Company so overbalanced the Joys of Fortune in his Opinion, that the News gave him little Pain, except as she was a Sufferer by it. The Indifference each shewed on this Subject, made them both contented. They were married as soon as she arrived, and remained there above six Years, at the End of which Time he had Leave to return Home. As they longed to see their native Country, and still more their little *Caroline*, this Liberty gave them great Joy, and they embarked together with a Son which *Helena* bore during her Stay there.

For some Days their Voyage was prosperous, and little but the Child they should find at their Arrival was talked of between them: He loved her the better for being a Sufferer for their Imprudence, and *Hilna* had always preserved a tender Fondness for her. But they were not destined to enjoy the Happiness they expected. When they had performed about half their Voyage, a Storm arose, which increasing fast, soon shattered their Vessel, and the Commander declared they were in the utmost Danger of sinking. The Rigging being old was all destroyed, so that they were left entirely to the Mercy of the Winds and Waves. There being no Business for the Mariners, every one was left at Liberty to meditate on his deplorable Situation. *Franton* and his *Hilna* could not forbear grieving to lose a Life which each rendered so happy to the other; but since the Period

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of their Days was come, they congratulated each other on being certain of sharing the same Fate; and with Resignation waited the fatal Minute, tho' with less Composure of Mind, for reflecting on the helpless State of their little *Caroline*. The Child that was with them would lie in the same Grave, too young to regret the Loss of the World, wherein it might have been exposed to much Unhappiness.

The Ship weathered out the Storm longer than they expected, so that they were within Sight of Land. This gave them a Hope of disburdening their Minds of their greatest Care, tho' the Land was at such a Distance that it might be difficult to reach it. The Captain of the Regiment was on board the same Ship, to whom they gave Draughts for *Helena's* small Fortune; conjuring him, in case he should get safe on Shore, and see them perish, to take their Daughter under his Protection, and manage that Sum for her till she was of a proper Age to receive it of him. The Captain promised to obey their Directions, if he should be more fortunate than they, and to be as careful of their Child as if it was his own.

These Assurances gave some Ease to these unhappy Parents, who, with the rest of the Ship's Company, were soon after committed to the Mercy of the Sea, by the Vessel's splitting in Pieces. As they could see Land, every one aimed towards it, their only Hope being in swimming, wherein *Franton* particularly excelled; and finding the Ship sinking, he took his Wife under one of his Arms, who held the Child in hers, and thus he endeavoured to gain the Shore. *Helena* felt that she greatly retarded and encumbered him, and crying out to him, how impossible it was for him to swim so far with such a Burden upon him, intreated him to let her go, and not to persist in what could not save her, but would make him perish with her,

her, and give such Bitterness to her Death, as would make it worse than the most cruel Agonies of Bodys.

" Soul of my Soul," answered he, " I live only in your Life: Have we not always wished that the same Instant should end the Existence of both, and can I now save myself from the Waves to perish by Misery on Land? which must be the immediate Consequence of the Loss of my *Helena*. No, thou beloved of my Soul, thou Charmer of my Senses, and Delight of my Eyes; as in Life, so in Death, we will be united."

Franton was but too good a Prophet. Tho' *Helena* endeavoured to disengage herself from his Hold, to save him in Spight of himself, by delivering him from a Burden which must sink him, yet he clasped her so fast that they went together, till he found his Strength so totally gone that he could get no farther; then looking round for Assistance, and seeing none, he pressed her and the little Infant in a close Embrace, and they sunk together, with a Smile of Content on their Countenances.

" Such a Husband as that now," said *Carinthia*, " I should like; but I am afraid there are few who would not leave poor Spouse to be drenched in the cold Water, without feeling so much as a sympathetic Shivering."

" To be sure," answered *Sabrina*, " *Franton* was little acquainted with the Joys of Widowhood; our modern Husbands would have taught him to have made better Use of such an Opportunity. As it has been agreed that it is more prudent to tell a probable Lie than an improbable Truth, my Story might justly be censured: Most People will think that the icy Hand of Death would cool the warmest Heart."

" A Flame that Water cannot extinguish," replied *Carinthia*, " is indeed a strange Phænomenon

got her self very well off, and was quite satisfied with Nature, and not to be credited by an incredulous Generation."

"It can only be likened to the pure Fire of the Vestals Lamps," said *Sabrina*, "which always burnt bright and clear, and was never extinguished; nothing gross can be eternal."

"If I had not been worked up to a Kind of Envy of *Helena*," interrupted the Princess, "I believe I should have wept the Fate of this unfortunate Couple; but as Envy generally dies with its Object, mine is now buried in the Grave; and I have that Regard for every Thing that concerns them, that I beg to hear whether the Captain, who I suppose was unincumbered, got safe on Shore with poor *Carolina's* Fortune."

The Captain was so good a Swimmer, continued *Sabrina*, that he arrived safe to Land; and when he had dispatched all the Business which required his Presence, he would no longer defer to execute his deceased Friend's Commands; and accordingly went to the House where *Caroline* was bred, fully determined to fulfil his Promise. When he saw her, he was surprized with her youthful Charms; so bright

a Morning promised so glorious a Noon, that he was enchanted out of his Honesty; and having soon formed a different Scheme from that which brought him thither; he told the Woman what had befallen the poor Child's Parents, who, before they died, recommended her so earnestly to his Protection, that in Obedience to his Friend's Desire, and Regard for his Memory, he was determined to take Care of her.

The good Woman bless'd his Charity, and extolled his Friendship, and was happy to hear Miss would be so well taken Care of; for the Captain having concealed the Money given to his Care, she thought her entirely destitute.

Tho' Caroline was very young, yet she had too much Sense not to be grievously afflicted when she heard of the unhappy Fate of her Parents, and her own Indigence. Her little Heart was ready to break with the Sense of these Misfortunes; of which her being to leave her Nurse, and go along with a Stranger, she knew not whither, was a great Aggravation. However, he took her away, and placed her at a great Boarding-School, where he had her taught every Accomplishment that could adorn a Woman. Her uncommon Genius and Application enabled her to make a very quick Progress. She followed it as her Pleasure as well as her Duty, and consequently excelled all the Girls in the School, tho' many were much superior to her in Age. Her Thirst for Improvement was so very great, that the Captain had Masters for her, who taught her Parts of Learning never thought of at Schools.

The Captain visited her often, and, by Endearments and a continual Attention to the promoting her Diversion, and gratifying every Inclination, he endeavoured to win her youthful Affections. He neglected not the pleasing of her little Vanities, nor any Thing that he thought could touch her Heart.

Caroline, naturally grateful, loved him as a most indulgent Parent: She received him with an innocent Fondness, and parted from him with Regret. Her Acknowledgments for his great Goodness to her were so endearing, that his Passion grew to the greatest Height. When she had attained the Age of fourteen, he would often have her at his House for several Days at a Time, which, as she sincerely loved him, was her greatest Joy. He accustomed her, by Degrees, to see his extreme Fondness, and accompanying his Careless with paternal Expressions, her Innocence took no Alarm. Her Beauty became perfect at sixteen, and, not able to endure her Absence,

he then took her entirely to his House, hoping the Impression he had made on her Heart was sufficient to secure his Success. The Captain had at this Time an old Servant named *Abraham*, who had lived with young *Franton* almost from his Birth, and was sent over before him to prepare Things against their Arrival, by which Accident the old Man was saved from the Wreck, where almost all the Company perished. The Captain, knowing him to be a valuable Servant, took him after his Master's Death, and had kept him till this Time. *Abraham* loved and respected *Franton*, whose Sweetness of Temper made him be looked on by his Servants more as their Father than their Master: He had a great Affection for *Caroline*, for the Sake of her Parents, and admired her for her own Charms and Accomplishments. He suspected the Captain's Intention before he took her Home, and his Behaviour confirmed him in it afterwards. He saw the innocent Love that *Caroline* bore him, and feared his Art might deceive and triumph over her Simplicity. Anxious for her Safety, he took an Opportunity of telling her how dissolute were the Principles of most Men, and how necessary it was for her to be on her Guard against the Captain's Fondness, whom he had great Reason to suspect of Designs contrary to her Virtue and Honour.

Caroline's Regard for him she looked upon as a most worthy Benefactor, made her resent such Aspersions, which she attributed to too suspicious Age, and Principles contracted by a servile Education.

The honest *Abraham* saw he gained little Credit with her, but desired she would at least remember his Caution, since to be on her Guard could do her no Harm, and might save her from Ruin.

Tho' *Caroline* had been offended at any Reflexions being thrown on one to whom she had been so much obliged,

obliged, yet she could not be quite easy about it. She saw a Possibility of *Abraham's* being in the Right, and therefore could not be sure he was not so. This made her grow more circumspect in her Behaviour, and more observing of the Captain's. She began to fancy she saw more than parental Love, whereas the Tenderness of Humanity was all she could claim from him. His extreme Fondness alarmed her, and inspired her with a Reserve she had not before thought of.

The Captain perceived the Alteration, and gathered from it, that she began to be suspected of more than he had professed, which made it unnecessary any longer to conceal his Sentiments. He openly professed his Love, and made his Addresses with such Warmth and Assiduity, as greatly disturbed *Caroline*, who was obliged by it to restrain even the Appearances of her Gratitude.

The Captain, to abate her Reserve, began to talk of Marriage, but in a very undetermined Manner, that it by no Means quieted *Caroline's* Suspicions. She had no Person with whom she could advise, and feared she was too ignorant to regulate her Behaviour properly. In this difficult Situation she determined to apply to the faithful *Abraham*, whose Age and Experience might qualify him for a Counsellor, and the rather as he had first suggested the Danger she was in.

Abraham could do her no other Service but increasing her Suspicions, to make her more careful, and promising her so inviolable an Attachment, that no private Interests of his own should bias him, when the Honour and Welfare of his first, and ever honoured Master's Daughter was in question.

The Captain, who was no scrupulous Observer of his Oaths, promised to marry her, and bound it, with all the Affeversations he could make; but the

Purpose for which he made them, neither so apparent, as served to give her a worse Opinion of him ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~that~~ about this Time heard from a Person who had been present, with that passed between the Captain and Frantony when the latter gave the Money destined for Caroline's Fortune. This he communicated to her, which gave her a very different Opinion of the Captain than she had before conceived. The Man she had looked upon as her Benefactor now appeared her Injurer in various Respects, and his villainous Intentions were rendered too obvious.

His continuing to persecute her with his Addresses confirmed the bad Impression, till she could no longer restrain her Indignation. She reproached him with defrauding her of her Fortune, and attempting to debase her ~~still lower than Poverty could do.~~

The Captain was a little disconcerted at finding she had learnt a Secret which he imagined she would never have discovered; and, convinced he had no Chance of gratifying his Passion with her Consent, determined to effect it by Violence. But thro' the watchful Care of Abraham, and her own suspicious Fears, he was disappointed in his first Attempt; and she was too wise to give him Time to undertake a second. Informing Abraham of her Resolution, he not only confirmed her in it, but offered to provide the necessary Means for Flight, and to accompany her.

Caroline was charmed with the old Man's Zeal and Assistance; his Expedition equalled both, for in a Day's Time every Thing was ready. At dead of Night they set out, and before the next Day was over, finding they were pursued, they struck out of the high Road, and put up at a Cottage a good Distance from it, Caroline being much fatigued.

The next Day they wandered without knowing whither, in Places which, from seeming unfrequented,

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ted, flattered them with an Assurance of Safety; but by this Means they were deprived of all Opportunity of sheltering themselves from the bad Weather; they were obliged to endure the Storms to which the Badness of the Day exposed them, and saw little Prospect of spending the Night in a more comfortable Manner, till unexpectedly they perceived a Light among Trees, towards which directing their Steps, they arrived at *Leontius's Cottage*.

Ms. B. 1. 1. v. 10
ed. b. 1. 1. v. 10
sp. b. 1. 1. v. 10
allusions to various Religions
H. 2. c. 1. 1. v. 10
coupled the past Imagination till the clouds no longer left his imagination. His imagination
with desirous per to the Fortune, and suspending
to desirous per to
End of the Sixteenth Chapter.

The Captain was a tall, slender man, with a frank and open countenance, and a voice full of energy and decision; he was dressed in a simple coat and breeches, and a white waistcoat; his hair was powdered, and had a fine appearance; his eyes were bright and expressive, and his manners frank and cordial; he was a man of great address; and his conversation was always interesting and instructive. He was the son of a wealthy merchant, and had been educated in the best schools of Europe. He had been a soldier in the French army, and had fought with distinction in several battles. He had also been a sailor, and had been on several voyages to distant parts of the world. He had a strong mind, and a decided character, and was always ready to offer his services to any cause that required them. He was a man of great energy and decision, and was always ready to offer his services to any cause that required them.

He was too wise to be easily imposed upon, and his judgment was always sound and judicious. He was a man of great address, and was always ready to offer his services to any cause that required them. He was a man of great energy and decision, and was always ready to offer his services to any cause that required them.

The next Day they managed to find a good place to stop at, and to secure a place to sleep in. They found a small inn, where they could get some refreshments, and a bed to sleep in. The inn was very poor, but it was clean and comfortable. They paid for their room, and then went to bed. They slept well, and when they awoke, found that the sun was rising, and that they were still in the same place. They got up, and washed themselves, and then went out to look for breakfast. They found a small shop, where they bought some bread and butter, and some tea and coffee. They sat down at a table, and ate their breakfast. They then went back to the inn, and paid for their room again. They then went to bed again, and slept until morning.

Cheque & Journal Vouchers 102

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visões. O Heró sempre viveu sólido, sólido

JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

МУХА ВАДА
23 ИУ 55

The History of Tontine companies

Yesterdays meeting in the Halls was to have a Wm. House some time: Specimens perfectly ripe and one to Messrs. Slesse to get. The use of it is to be made of the old Miss. This Information was given by Mr. Hobart with his wife and daughter to the President of the Board of Education. The Board of Education has been informed of the fact and will take steps to correct it.

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Virtuous in her Matriarchal wife becomes a little
She could be very Account to her self

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JOURNEY through LIFE.



C H A P. XVII.

The HISTORY of LEONTIUS concluded.

CAROLINE was not so void of Curiosity as not to make some Enquiries of Leontius's Maid after a Man whose Politeness so ill agreed with his Habitation. From her she learnt, that a Series of Disappointments had driven him into this Solitude, but was surprized to hear he was not above thirty Years of Age; his long Beard, for he had never shaved from the Time of his Retirement, having given him a venerable Appearance, which made her suppose him an old Man. This Information was by no Means agreeable to her Purpose of staying at his House some Time: She thought herself safe with one in Years, but was doubtful of the Propriety of remaining in the House with so young a Man.

She communicated this Account to her faithful Attendant the next Morning, which likewise a little perplexed him: But yet thinking that a Man who

formed had have forworn every Thing vain and sensually want to have preferred a Life of Mortification to the Treasures of the World, could scarcely have abandoned Principles in any Thing, he encouraged his Mistress to hope that he might be as free from Vice from Strength of Mind, as the old are made by Weakness of Body.

Caroline had found Abraham so careful of her, that she thought she might safely take his Advice, and attended Leontius at Breakfast, fixed in her Design of staying at his House as long she was no Incumbrance to him.

The Refreshment of a Night's Rest restored her to her Bloom, and gave such a Resplendency to her Charms as quite dazzled Leontius, unused to any Object more beauteous than his Servant of Threescore.

Leontius shewed himself so well pleased with his Guests that they had no Thoughts of departing.

They fell naturally into his Way of Life, and Caroline having an Understanding above her Years, and more Learning than is customary to our Sex, found both Pleasure and Improvement in Leontius's Conversation, who was charmed with hers. She having no Place to go to, nor any Fortune to support her, was very glad to be where her Company was wished; and Leontius behaved to her with so much Respect and Diference, that she had no Reason to be alarmed at spending so much Time with him; altho' he had shaved his Beard, and taken more Care in his Dress, since the Time of her coming to his House. They imparted the Circumstances of their Lives, and grew to see a sincere Friendship for each other; on Leontius's Side the Affection was rather more tender, for her Beauty gave rise to Love, before Acquaintance ripened it into Esteem, which was the Ground-Work of an Attachment that in her Heart increased to a Passion.

Leontius was long silent on the Subject of his *Lovers*, afraid to give her a Disgust of his Abode; and when he did declare it, it was by such gentle Degrees, that Encouragement from her went hand in hand with the Discovery. She had not been there above half a Year, when they had acquired the Power of speaking plain enough to agree on a Marriage, which both wished with equal Disinterestedness, tho' not with equal Advantage, according to the Language of the World.

This Marriage was celebrated with as much Joy, tho' with less Noise, than is common on such Ceremonies. *Caroline's Affections* were sufficiently engaged to make her prefer that Retirement to a more dissipated Way of Life, and her Society gave to Solitude all the Charms *Leontius* could wish it. *Abraham* was happy to see his Mistress so fortunate, and was treated by them with a Consideration far above his Condition. They both thought themselves greatly indebted to him, and most gratefully returned it.

Soon after *Leontius's Marriage* he received a Letter from Mr. *Trentham*, which informed him that his Wife being lately dead, and all her Papers falling into his Hands, which Respect for her Memory made him think it a Duty to destroy, without running the Hazard of letting them fall under any other Person's Inspection, he had been much surprized on looking at them, to see many Directions in unknown Hand, which were all put in the most private Part of her Buroe. Curiosity tempted him to examine the Contents, which to his great Astonishment he found to be Love; not the Complainings of a rejected Heart, but the free and wanton Acknowledgements of a gratified Passion. He saw his excessive Fondness treated with the Contempt and Ridicule which he now perceived it deserved, tho' not from her. It plainly appeared that no one had entirely monopolized her Favours, but that she had distributed them pro-

promiscuously among all who thought them worth soliciting. Among these Letters, Mr. Trentham found one which congratulated his Wife on having so ingeniously at once excused her Elopement, and revenged herself on the Person who brought her back; commanding her Assurance in being present when her Husband accused his Friend, which would have rendered fruitless any Defence he could have made, had he discovered the whole *Leontius*'s generous Silence was much ridiculed in it, and he and Mr. Trentham declared two Fools so well suited to each other, that it was Pity to part them, had not *Leontius* known so much of their Amour as to render him dangerous, since he might at some Time find his Tongue.

By other Letters Mr. Trentham understood, that the first Eagerness of Passion being over, his Wife and her Gallant thought it more adviseable to endure a little Restraint from that impertinent Dog a Husband, than in shaking it off to find themselves under Inconveniences for Want of Money, in which the Gentleman did not abound; and tho' Mrs. Trentham had as frequent Supplies from her Husband as she required, he not being able to deny her any Thing, yet she could not at once raise a Sum sufficient to maintain them long.

This Discovery of Mrs. Trentham's Infidelity administered a more immediate Consolation to Mr. Trentham's Grief, which was before extreme, than any Thing else could have afforded him. He was enraged to see how much his Goodness had been abused, and grieved to find that he had, by the Contrivance of so base a Woman, lost the inestimable Friendship of *Leontius*, who appeared more worthy of his Regard than ever, from having chosen to suffer the Imputation of an Action he would not have committed, rather than discover a Scene which must have rendered him wretched. He recollects that *Leontius* desired that if ever he regretted the Loss of his Acquaintance,

he

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he would inform him of it. He perceived by that must be meant if ever he came to the Knowledge of the Wife's Baseness; which could not fail having that Effect. This encouraged him to write *Leontius* Word of all he had discovered, to beg Pardon for his Credulity in believing him capable of a Breach of Friendship, and for the Behaviour which was the Consequence of his Error; intreating him to restore him to his Friendship, and to suffer him again to enjoy his Society, for which he would willingly, tho' far advanced in Years, travel into the Neighbourhood of his Hermitage.

Leontius had never resented his Friend's Behaviour, whose Weakness deserved too much Compassion for a Man of Humanity to be offended with it; and in Answer assured him of the Continuance of his Esteem and Affection, and the Joy with which he should receive him, informing him of all the Particulars that had befallen him since they parted.

Mr. *Trentham*, delighted with his Friend's Goodness, made all possible Haste to accept the Happiness he offered him, and with Joy left *Laurentum*, which had now no Charms for him; for *Leontius*'s Cottage, where he received the most sincere Welcome both from his Friend and his fair Wife, who looked on every Friend of her Husband's as one intitled to her Respect and Affection.

Mr. *Trentham* brought *Leontius* a Letter from *Charlotte*, which acquainted him, that having at last heard where Sir *Edmund Westville* had fixed his Abode, *Lydia* was so fully bent on going to him, that she could neither detain her, nor forbear accompanying her; since a Sister's Word and Testimony might be more availing with a Husband, who believed himself justly incensed, than the most humble Submissions, or the tenderest Assurances of a fond Wife.

In the Leisure which Solitude afforded, *Leontius* related the melancholy Fate of *Caroline*'s Parents to Mr.

Mr. ~~Trumbull~~, who, with a look of Surprise, dried out,
 "Is it possible that I should find in the Persons I love
 "friends, thatſe who have the most natural Right to
 "my Affection and my Fortune but your Wife, my
 "dear ~~Zoentius~~, do I then ſee the right Heir of the
 "best Part of my Fortune, ſince ſhe is the Daughter
 "of my Cousin Franton, whose Estate was unjustly
 "bequeathed to me by an angry Father. H I had an
 "easy Fortune of my own, and was then Abroad
 "for the Recovery of my Health. The Person in
 "whose Care I left my Affairs at my Departure, had
 "my Uncle's Will legally proved, and, in purſuance
 "of it, took Possession of the Estate. When he
 "informed me of what had paſſed, I determined not
 "to keep what I could not look upon as my Right,
 "but deferred any Proceedings concerning it till my
 "Return, which was delayed by a Relapse into the
 "illneſſ that brought me thither, and which
 "would not admit of a ſpeedy Cure. When I again
 "visited my native Kingdom, I enquired after my
 "Cousin, and ſent one or two Letters to acquaint
 "him with my Purpose; desiring him to appoint
 "some Person to whom, during his Absence, I might
 "convey my Estate which I reſtored to his Possession,
 "As I thought it my Duty to resign what the Laws
 "of Mortality would not justify my keeping, tho'
 "the Laws of the Land would have countenanced
 "it. To these Letters I never received any Answer,
 "which made me judge they had miſcarried. This
 "discouraged me from attempting to convey any
 "more to him; and was the only ſure Means of
 "ſetting this Affair. I ſolicited his being recalled.
 "In this Sollicitation I was drawn on for a long
 "Time, by Promises of its being ſpeedily granted
 "me; and it was not till after numberleſs Disap-
 "pointments that he and the Regiment were at
 "length ordered Home. I did not ſuffer
 "any thing but two vnu disputed Uſes. As
 "o

As I was far from young when this Estate was
bequeath'd me; and had always lived according to
the dictates of Fortune, I would not spend any Part of the
Income of this new Acquisition, but laid it up to
Restore the Arrears, with the Land, to the right
Owner; but my just Purpose was disappointed.
When I expected my Cousin and his Family,
whose Happiness I thought I had in my Hands,
as by all Accounts nothing but Fortune was want-
ing to compleat it, I received, instead of them,
an Account of their being all lost at Sea in their
Passage Homes, beyond village in Wales, yet
Tho' I felt some Concern for their unhappy
Fate, yet I should be a Hypocrite if I pretended
to have been quite insensible to the Pleasure of
having now a Title to the Estate, which my own
Conscience, as well as the Legislature, allowed
to be indisputable. I was so fully resolved to restore
it to him, that I had put it out of my Power to
retract, having declared it to many of his Friends.
To have preserved his Life, I would readily
have given Part of my own Fortune; but yet,
when Providence had otherwise decreed, I confess
that the Satisfaction arising from so considerable
an Acquisition, soon comforted me for the Death
of a Relation with whom I had but little Inter-
course, and which, perhaps, would not have af-
fected me at all, had the Circumstances of it been
less shocking.

My Scruples being thus removed, I enjoyed the
Estate my Uncle left me without Extravagance or
Parching, as you well know, And I might still
this Hour, understand that a more just Heir to it
was alive, to whom I shall now restore it, With
still a higher Pleasure than I could have felt in re-
signing it to her Father, and to satisfy her for the
Arrears, for which I hold myself her Debtor, &
shall bequeath my own paternal Fortune to her;

" so

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" so I think she must be a patient Creditor till my
" Death, whence she will find herself overpaid."

-10 *Caroline* had often felt herself in a forlorn Condition, in being without Friend or Kindred; a Sort of Being detached from the general Community; tho' since her Marriage with *Leontius*, she had been easy in this Respect, and with Pleasure reflected on herself as dependent on him alone; yet she received inexpressible Joy in finding herself thus acknowledged as the Relation of a Man, whose Goodness she highly esteemed, and at the Thought of now being equal in Fortune to him who had so generously made her the Partner of his. But neither she nor *Leontius* would agree to accept the Estate during Mr. *Trentham's* Life, who was obliged by this Means to become their Steward, as he called himself, for he would never look on it in any other Light.

no " If it would not occasion a disagreeable Interruption in your Narration," said *Carinthia*, " I should be very glad to hear the Success of *Lydea's* Journey, for whom I am much interested."

10q " I can never tell it at a better Time," answered *Sabrina*, " having a few Years of *Leontius's* Life to pass over, which offered so little worth communicating, that they will glide on in Peace and Silence."

-10 Sir *Edmund*, on his leaving this Kingdom, went to a Country not far distant, where he lived in that Retirement, to which the Melancholy of his afflicted Mind led him; and meeting with great Civilities from the Inhabitants, he had no Temptation to go any farther; his supposed Disappointment having inspired him with such a total Indifference to every Thing, that Indolence fixed him to one Spot, no other offering his Imagination any greater Relief than that afforded. At this Place an old Acquaintance of his saw him, who, at his Return, told it to his Wife and Sister.

Lydia's

Lydia's Confidence in her Innocence made her rejoice in hearing where he was, filled with Hopes of undeceiving him, if she could once have an Opportunity of asserting the Constancy of her Love; accordingly she prepared with the utmost Expedition for her Departure, and, accompanied by her Sister and her Child, she went to the Town where he lived. But here her Heart failed her; the Flutter into which her ardent Desire of seeing him, had put her, added to the Fear of his Anger, made her dread the Presence she had so much longed for; and therefore, trusting her Cause in Charlotte's Hands, she prevailed with her to go to him alone.

Sir Edmund's Surprize was equal to his Joy at seeing his Sister; he had wished to keep himself concealed, but could not forbear being glad of a Discovery which brought him so great a Pleasure. Charlotte was too heartily engaged in the Busines on which she came, to waste much Time in Endearments; she soon entered into Lydia's Defence. Had much Art or Rhetoric been wanting to clear her Innocence, it might not have been put in proper Hands; but as plain and unadorned Truth was sufficient to prove it, Charlotte's friendly and earnest Endeavours were all the requisite Qualifications. Not that one Day served to convince Sir Edmund; he still doubted, he knew not why, and found a Jealousy long encouraged would not be immediately cured even by Reason. Charlotte was obliged to leave him wavering with Doubts and Fears, but so far undeceived, as encouraged Lydia to accompany her the next Day, carrying her Child along with her, in Hopes of receiving some Assistance from natural Affection.

The Beauty and Tenderness of a Woman he still fondly loved, with the innocent Caresses of the little Babe, compleated the Work Charlotte had begun; and after a scrupulous Examination, he confessed himself

self not only satisfied, but happy that he was so, and ashamed of the Suspicions he had entertained.

The Re-union of this amiable Couple inspired them with even more Joy than they felt on being first united. They returned all together to *Laurentum*, from whence they wrote to *Leontius*, who they knew was anxious for this Event. Sir *Edmund* frankly acknowledged the Injury he had done him by his unjust Suspicions, but hoped he would follow the kind Example of the forgiving *Lydia*, whom he had still more cruelly wronged, and pardon an Error which was it's own severest Punishment.

No one could more sincerely rejoice in the happy Conclusion of so melancholy an Affair than *Leontius*, who had innocently been the Occasion of it, and loved Sir *Edmund* and *Lydia* with the sincerest Affection.

The Success of his Friends was not the only Blessing *Leontius* enjoyed; *Caroline* brought him many Children, who deserved all the Excess of paternal Tenderness, but could not abate the Love between him and *Caroline*, every Day giving them new Reason to esteem each other.

Sir *Edmund* had long pressed *Leontius*, with all the Earnestness of Friendship, to return to *Laurentum*, and forsake a Solitude so injurious to his Friends; telling him it was unlike his generous Nature to enjoy his Happiness alone, and be such a Niggard of his Pleasures as not to suffer others even to behold them. But he could not prevail with him to leave his Hermitage, till his Children arrived at an Age which required more public Improvements than he could give them in his Cottage.

He returned to *Laurentum* indeed, but not to the gay World; enjoying all social Pleasures, unmixed, with fluttering Amusements; and watching the Education of his Children with uncommon Care.

"Thus employed," continued *Sabrina*, "I think, we may take Leave of him, my Prince; only per-

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“ mit me just to add, that soon after he came to *Lau-*
“ *rentum* a Man condemned for Robbery and Mur-
“ der, confessed the killing of *Sophia's Husband*, in
“ Revenge for Injuries he had received from him.
“ As this cleared *Leontius* of the black Aspersions
“ thrown on his Character, it gave him Pleasure,
“ tho' he had no longer that great Anxiety about
“ the World's Opinion.”

“ I am very willing,” said *Carinthia*, “ to take
“ my Leave of *Leontius*, since he is returned to *Lau-*
“ *rentum*; it would have shocked my Humanity
“ to have left him in his Hermitage; it would have
“ been contrary to the necessary Rule of Life, of
“ doing to others as we would they should do unto
“ us. I would not have them, any more than my-
“ self, modernize the Metamorphosis of *Baucis* and
“ *Philemon*, and take Root in one dull Spot. *Leon-*
“ *tius* would have appeared to me but very imperfectly
“ rewarded for a Virtue so firm and constant, had
“ he remained in his Cottage, tho' his Situation
“ was much mended after the lucky Arrival of *Caro-*
“ *line*, who must have been a better Consolation to a
“ young Man than harsh Philosophy.”

“ Your Highness is very compassionate,” replied
“ *Sabrina*; “ we are generally more tenderly sensible
“ of the Evils we labour under, than others are for
“ us, it having been with Truth observed that there
“ are few who do not bear other People's Misfortunes
“ with great Christian Patience; but this is not the
“ Case with you, who throw away your Compassion
“ on one who thought himself no Object of Pity.

“ *Leontius* was contented with such Pleasures as his
“ Solitude afforded him, before it received the agree-
“ able Addition of a lovely Woman's Company,
“ with the tender and endearing Joys arising from a
“ young, and amiable Offspring. He then, indeed,
“ might learn to despise his former State, and, by
“ Comparison, be brought to think he had enjoyed no
“ more

“ more than a dull Absence of Pain; a Kind of
 “ mere negative Happiness; tho’ when compared
 “ only with a Life spent in the gay World, it had
 “ appeared a high and rational Felicity. When Peo-
 “ ple fly what they cannot enjoy, we may be allowed
 “ to suspect they are no great Philosophers; but
 “ *Leontius* had a Fortune to purchase every Pleasure
 “ which attracts the giddy Croud, and yet forsook
 “ them; surely he may be allowed to have found
 “ most Happiness in that Way of Life, to which he
 “ gave so free a Preference.”

“ Perhaps he did not,” said *Carinthia*; “ when
 “ a Man performs so glaring an Action as an abso-
 “ lute and close Retirement, he may continue, thro’
 “ Obsturacy, in a Course in which he first engaged
 “ thro’ Error: The Censure he must be sure he had
 “ incurred from many, may prevent his acknow-
 “ ledging his mistaken Notions, lest they should tri-
 “ umph in having had a more just Discernment.
 “ The Education of his Children furnished him with
 “ a plausible Excuse; and tho’ he secretly rejoiced
 “ in it, he was at Liberty to regret alone the Happi-
 “ ness he had left, and to sing the Praises of a Solitude,
 “ of which he was so weary, that he hated the very
 “ Remembrance of it.”

“ I am affronted for my Friend *Leontius*,” an-
 “ swered *Sabrina*; “ I cannot bear to hear him
 “ suspected of Insincerity, of which he would not
 “ have been guilty, tho’ greater Rewards had attend-
 “ ed it, than the vain Breath of ill-judging People.
 “ Your Highness would perhaps be with as much
 “ Difficulty persuaded that Riches are the Bane of
 “ Happiness, as that Solitude is the Road to it; and
 “ yet there are various Instances, proving that great
 “ Acquisitions of Fortune have destroyed as perfect
 “ a Felicity as this World can afford us.”

“ I own,” replied *Carinthia*, “ this is not one Arti-
 “ cle of my Faith at present, nor do I think it will
 “ be

“ be easy to insert it in my Creed ; if it is Fact, it is at least among the improbable Truths, which, without experiencing, one is more inexcusable in believing, than in doubting. Perverse Natures may, perhaps, turn the greatest Blessings into Curses, *As Heaven's blest Beams turn Vinegar more sour* ; but as a Disposition far superior to such Transformations, is required to change Curses into Blessings, I think Persons of so perverse a Turn could not extract Happiness from Poverty ; therefore Riches could only alter the Nature of their Wretchedness, not create it.”

“ Such professed Incredulity,” said *Sabrina*, “ may not believe any Instance I can give, or else I could produce Examples which might shew you, that the greatest Disadvantage attending Solitude, is that of being kept ignorant of the Nature of Mankind. When the Subject is capricious and variable, inconsistent with itself as well as with its Species, Arguments founded on Reason will often prove erroneous ; those on Imagination will wander still wider from the Truth ; for what Dependance can we have on wild, fantastic Arguments, on an inconsistent, changeable Subject ? If you lived among Mankind, you would learn that no worldly Gifts are in themselves good or bad ; those are Properties which our Dispositions give to the Things we possess ; accordingly they are either the one or the other, as our Tempers make them.”

“ Oh ! my dear *Sabrina*,” said *Carinthia*, interrupting her, “ do not grow Philosophical ; I tremble for Fear of a learned Dissertation on the Nature of Good and Evil. Return to your Instances, my sweet Friend ; I had rather learn by Examples than Arguments, and indeed am much more edified by them : I forget my own Opinion, while you interest me in a Narration,

“ and

" and consequently do not set my Partiality to it,
" against the Confutation you labour at: Whereas,
" when you argue against my Errors, the Sense of
" their being mine confirms me in them so strongly,
" that all higher *Wisdom in their Presence falls de-*
" *graded, and as Folly shews.* You have never so
" good a Chance of bringing me over to your Opin-
" ion, as when you do not remind me that mine
" is contrary to it."

" I have little Encouragement to believe that
" any Thing can do it," replied *Sabrina*, " I do
" not find that all the Pains I have taken, have
" altered the smallest Point, in any Opinion of
" yours. But after having spent a Life in talking
" to no Purpose, it would not be acting conform-
" ably to the Love I bear you, my Princess, was I
" to refuse to spend the Remainder of my Breath as
" vainly at your Desire. Shall I be more tenacious
" of the muddy Dregs of Life, than I was of the
" brighter and clearer Part of it? In pouring it forth
" at your Command, I make but a pitiful Libation;
" but since Talking is the only Service I can do you,
" I proceed.

" Tho' Examples to illustrate the Truth of what
" I say might be found in our own Country, yet I
" believe I shall carry your Highness into *England*
" again; as the strongest Instance that occurs to my
" Memory, is of two Inhabitants of that Island."

As the first Action worthy of Remark, performed by the Hero and Heroine of my Romance, was falling in Love with each other, I shall not carry your Highnesses any farther back than to that Period, which gives them a Right to go hand in hand in my Narration.

The HISTORY of Mr. RIVERS and
Miss DAVERS.

Mr. *Rivers* was a young Gentleman agreeable both in his Person and Understanding, which received great Ornament from a most pleasing Manner and Behaviour. His Father died when he was a Child, leaving him but a very small Fortune, which appeared of the less Consequence, as a Maiden Aunt, who was very rich, undertook the Care of him. This Lady bred him up as her Heir, and shewed him all the Indulgence an only Child of her own could have expected from her. She was lavish in his Education, and no young Man of his Rank had so large an Allowance.

Mr. *Rivers* was too agreeable not to receive, on Account of his own Merits, a favourable Reception from all the younger Part of our Sex, and the Certainty of inheriting a large Fortune from his Aunt, rendered him as pleasing to the more prudent Part of it, the aged Matrons, who with Pleasure beheld his Addresses to their Daughters. But tho' he saw himself equally welcome to all, yet were not all equally agreeable to him. Many were the Objects of his idle Gallantry, which the Vivacity of Youth, and the Consciousness of being agreeable, tempted him to dispense promiscuously; but for Miss *Davers* he felt a more serious Attachment.

Miss *Davers's* Charms were scarcely mature when she captivated young *Rivers's* Heart. While in the Bud they charmed him, and every Day increased his Passion as well as her Beauty. She was not sixteen when he declared his Love; but tho' at that Age the Judgment is not always qualified to distinguish nicely, yet the Heart at no Time makes stronger Distinctions. Miss *Davers's* was an apt Scholar, and soon learnt

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all the Ardour and Tenderness of the Passion her Lover expressed. At her Age it is easier to feel than conceal Love: Rivers saw he had no small Interest in her Heart, and was equally assured of her Mother's Favour, who being a Widow, depending upon a Jointure alone, was overjoy'd at the Prospect of disposing so advantageously of a Daughter, to whom she could not give a Fortune. Her Income was indeed sufficient to have enabled her to set her Daughter above Necessity or Dependance, could she have prevailed with herself to retire into some Country Place, where her Expences would be brought within such a Compass, that she might in a few Years have raised a considerable Sum; but her fair Daughter did not appear quite so amiable in her Eyes as *London*. To conquer all the Affections in a fine Lady's Heart, is too difficult a Task even for maternal Love. Mrs. Davers was still handsome by Art, and Coquet by Nature; a Country-House and a Coffin seemed to her Habitations equally eligible; the Grave of her Vanity was as dreadful as the Sepulchre for her Body; and she would as readily have consented to have had the latter interred in the Family Vault, as to have buried her Beauty in Solitude. The Gaieties of Life appeared to her as necessary as the Supports of it; therefore she did not think herself cruel to her Daughter, since she only preferred her own Necessities to her's; and she would have imagined a Person uttered strange Doctrine, who should have maintained that Opera's, Masquerades, or Cards, were less requisite to Life, than the Meat and Drink required for Sustenance. She first declared them the necessary Comforts of Life, and then logically argued, that meer Existence without Comforts or Enjoyments, was worse than Death, which was no otherwise an Evil than as it robbed us of Pleasure, for its Insensibility to Pain was certainly a desirable Circumstance. Thus she quieted her Conscience, and

and looked on her Daughter's being destitute of a Provision as an unavoidable Misfortune, which it was not in her Power to alleviate; but sincerely wished any other Person would deliver her from the melancholy Fate that threatned her, and with Pleasure thought she saw that Person in young Rivers.

Tho' our young Couple had so flattering a Prospect of Success on one Side, yet they were not quite easy. Rivers's Aunt was likely to raise strong Objections; and as without her Assistance he had but a few hundred Pounds in the World, he dared not disoblige her. This kept them a good deal in Awe; fearful of offending, he determined to sound his Aunt's Inclinations, before he ventured to propose it plainly to her. But the old Lady had Declarations to make, as well as her Nephew; and having little Time to lose, was more speedy in uttering her Purpose, than his Impatience to possess Miss Davers had rendered him. Love in an aged Breast, like Fire among dry Wood, burns fast, tho' perhaps less bright. The old Lady had taken Fire like Tinder; the Object was an *Hibernian* younger Brother, who, by a little of the gentle Breath of Deceit, blew it into a Blaze. Her whole Frame was soon turned into a general Conflagration; but being too wise to suffer it to consume her very Vitals, and to endure the scorching Flame in Silence, like a simple young Girl, she valiantly declared her Passion and her Purpose, which was no other than to exchange her Estate for her *Adonis's* Person.

The young Man, who had no Fortune but his Beauty, and came over in Hopes of finding a Woman who should think it a Coin well deserving the common vulgar Cash of the Kingdom, approved of the Traffic. He liked his own Face in a Looking-Glass very well, but wisely preferred to it his present Majesty's Impression on sterling Gold, as also those of his Royal Predecessors, from the good King

his Father up to the two *Jacobus's*, or either the pious or facetious *Carolus*. King *James's* starched Ruff, or King *Charles's* prim Beard, when represented on that valuable Metal, were to him more beautiful than any modern Dress or Ornament. The Delicacy of his own Features he despised, in Comparison of the Royal Fat which gave a bloated Dignity to those of the glorious *Anna*; and could form no Picture of Matrimony so alluring, as that close Conjunction of Faces to be seen on the joint Coin of *William* and *Mary*. Then this prudent young Gentleman wisely foresaw that the Balance of Trade would be on his Side; for tho' it might often appear on the Account, *young Man Debtor to old Woman*, yet the Payment of the Ballance, as well as the settling of the Account, would remain entirely in his Power.

'Tho' I think that Author carries his Satire a little too far, who says, that the last Tears a Pair of bright Eyes shed, are for the Loss of their own Lustre, for that a Woman had rather be dead in Law than in Beauty; yet I believe in many, Vanity is co-existent with Life, but does not decay so gradually; for instead of being vanquished like other Passions, *half by Reason, half by meer Decay*, it will sometimes maintain its utmost Strength to the last, and be dragged to an untimely Death in its full Vigour, by the final Dissolution of a Body weighed down with the Weight of fourscore and ten Years, and all the Infirmities and Decrepitnes arising from old Age.'

Mrs. *Rivers* was an Instance of this; she could not be blind to the Disparity of Years between herself and the *Hibernian Adonis*; but she had heard of Women who had inspired the most ardent Passions after they had passed their grand Climacteric, and could see no Reason why threescore should not be as amiable an Age in her as in any other Woman. Different Seasons charmed different Persons; most, perhaps,

haps, were captivated by the vernal blooming Spring, or the more mature and glowing Summer; but some found superior Beauties in the variegated Decay of a clear Autumn: To this Season she compared the State of her Charms, convinced that the blasting withered Winter would not be a fit Simile for them of many Years. By these Kind of Arguments she persuaded herself into a full Expectation of meeting with mutual Love, and practised all the tender Condescensions which add such powerful Attractions to youthful Beauty; not doubting but they would compleat her Conquest over a Heart, on which she believed she had already made so strong an Impression. Every Thing seemed to succeed to her Wish; the Youth counterfeited such prevailing Ardours, that every other Affection in the old Lady's Breast was swallowed up by this gigantic Passion; and, without a Pang, she determined to withdraw all those Tokens of her Bounty her Nephew had hitherto experienced; nor could she see any Cruelty in depriving him of the Hopes which had prevented his following any Means of increasing his small Fortune to a Competence, regulating her Conduct by the sacred Command of quitting all Kindred to cleave to her Husband, which as she intended to do closely, she thought herself fully justified.

Mrs. Rivers being satisfied in the Justice and Equity of her Conduct, acquainted her Nephew, that to fulfill the great Command of being a Comfort and Support to our Fellow-Creatures, and of entering into the holy Bands of lawful and honourable Wedlock, she left him to the wide World and Chance, or his own Industry, to maintain him, with as much Composure and Indifference, as if she had been informing him of the most insignificant Trifle.

This was a cruel Stroke upon poor Rivers, whose Thoughts had been too much engrossed by Miss Davers's Charms, to have foreseen such lasting Consequences of so short an Acquaintance as had subsisted

fisted between his Aunt and her Paramour. He knew too well that in such Cases Reason and Argument were of no Force to attempt making any Alteration in her Resolution, therefore he silently acquiesced in her Choice; only hinted a Wish that she would, before Marriage, settle some Part of her Fortune on him after her Death, in case she should die without Issue; no unreasonable Supposition when a Bride has past her sixtieth Year. The old Lady answered, that there was great Wickedness in not expecting all the Blessings which could arise from so pious an Institution; and she should be afraid lest Barrenness should be inflicted as a Punishment for the Sin of supposing she should have no Children, so desired to hear no more of such a Settlement.

Rivers had been bred up without a Turn for any Business or Profession; he had not a Fortune sufficient to support him in the Pursuit of any, nor would the Impatience of his Love endure the Thoughts of such slow Means of procuring its Gratification. He looked on this unhappy Change in his Affairs in the worst Light, thinking it too likely to deprive him of Miss Davers. Her Mother's Consent he could not expect, nor knew not how to dare to ask her own, when he could not offer her a Fortune sufficient for their Support. Not to give up at once all his Hopes he perceived was Madness; but he was very young, and very much in Love, therefore it is not strange if he found a Pleasure in being *mad*, *which none but Madmen know*, and gave Way to it. As soon as he had recovered his Aunt's cruel Sentence, and had brought himself to a proper Sense of the different Estimation in which a young Man who had no Relation to a Love-sick old Woman should expect to be held, in Comparison to a Nephew, whose natural Right to Affection might be obliged to give Way to unnatural Impulse, and a Nearness of Blood to an untimely Warmth of Blood, he went to acquaint

quaint Miss *Davers* with a Misfortune which his Passion made very dreadful to him; intreating her to find some Method of reviving his fallen Hopes, and not to abandon him in his Distress, which, by the Impediment it raised to his Happiness, was already arrived at the extremest Degree. That although Reason would not raise him from Despair, but, on the contrary, served only to confirm him in it, yet one Smile from her could chase tormenting Reason from his Mind, and the Sense of Pain from his Heart.

Miss *Davers* was extremely shocked at the Account her Lover gave her; the Loss of his Fortune threatened her with the Loss of him; for tho' he was the sole Object of her Passion, yet she knew her Mother's Views were all placed on his Estate. The same Extravagance of Love, the same Thoughtlessness of inconsiderate Youth possessed her, as made *Rivers* still address her with his former Ardour, and cherish a Hope for which his Reason could find no Foundation; but Love, which first gave it Birth, continued to nourish it. Miss *Davers*, as little Mistress of her Passions, threw aside the Restraint she had till then preserved, and no longer denied to her Tongue the Liberty of confirming what her Eyes had often told him. She declared that the Diminution of his Fortune affected her no otherwise than as it might be an Impediment to their Union; for in any Situation in Life, if blessed with his Society, she was certain she must be happy. No Alteration in outward Circumstances could make her wretched; that could be effected only by a Change in his Affections; while they continued the same, she should not form a Will for any other Treasure.

By this frank Confession of her Love, Miss *Davers* almost made young *Rivers* rejoice in the Distress which had so strongly affected her Heart, as to force it to such warm Expressions. He had never known

an Hour so charming as this, which his Mistress spent in assuring him of her Constancy. Her disinterested Affection enchanted him ; and the Excess of his Tenderness and Gratitude had an equal Effect on Miss *Davers*. Their Love so exalted them above Reason, that they began to look on Poverty as a Blessing, and formed a Plan for a Country Life worthy the Plains of *Arcadia*. They were sensible of no Requisites to Happiness but each other's Company, and agreed to retire from the World, carrying with them all they prized in it, since they should go together ; determined to live on the most homely Fare, and suit every Expence to their little Pittance. So romantic did they grow, that they never reflected on a Possibility that their Love might not always suffice for the Gratification of every Desire. Eternal Constancy, a Thing which exists no where but in the Delusion of a Lover's Fancy, appeared to them a solid Foundation, on which they built their Happiness ; a good, pretty Edifice their Imaginations raised, had it had a better Support than the fleeting Air, for I look upon the Constancy of Man to be little more to be depended on ; both Love and Air will sometimes continue for a short Season, without Alteration, but the extreme hot, in both Cases, foretells a sudden Change.

Our young Lovers, however, were under no Apprehensions of this Kind, but their Difficulty was how to reconcile Mrs. *Davers*'s Opinion of Happiness with theirs ; how to persuade her that the gentle Murmurs of a purling Stream were more harmonious than the Music of an Opera, or that the stately Pine, or spreading Oak, incircled with Woodbine and Jeffamine, were as beautiful as a party-coloured Assembly of fine Ladies and Gentlemen. The Idleness of the Lillies of the Field she loved, but as to the Colours with which they are decked, she was far from believing that they excelled Solomon's bright Array, convinced that

that had he not been more gorgeously attired, the Queen of Sheba would never have come so far to see him; for her Construction of the Phrase of Solomon's Glory, which attracted that Queen, was a sumptuous Suit of regal Robes. And of all the Persons celebrated in antient Story, none of her own Sex ever excited her Envy so much as the Queen, who, we are told, wore a Vesture of Gold wrought with divers Colours.

Rivers indeed did not want her to go clad like a *Matron in grey, and live in a Cottage on Love*; if he had, the Affair would have been quite hopeless; but he feared it would be difficult to persuade her to consent, that any one belonging to her should have so vulgar a Taste, or lead a rustic Life. She woukl think her self disgraced by so ill-judging a Daughter, whose Beauty had given her Hopes of receiving Lustre from the Alliances she might by that Means make, instead of being degraded by her into the Mother of a Cottager. But little as they expected to succeed, they could not think themselves excused from asking her Consent; accordingly they informed her of the Alteration in young Rivers's Circumstances; but could not make her understand that it was pos-
sible it should not have changed their Sentiments. She had perceived her Daughter's Inclination for Mr. Rivers, and thought it natural for a Girl to love a Man of Fortune; but did not see how a poor Man could be the Object of any Woman's Affection, who had not so great a Fortune of her own as enabled them to live in Figure. She declared her Daughter ab-
solutely mad, and would not listen to their *Arcadian Scheme*. As she would not take any Measures to leave her Daughter a Fortune, one cannot say she had any Objection to her starving, but meerly that she would not allow her to starve her own Way; in short, a Child of her's was not to starve vulgarly, genteel Beggary she did not think so unbecoming a Woman of Fashion. She told them that no Relation

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of her's should, if she could help it, turn Farmer's Wife ; for the Notion of her making Butter and Cheese would haunt her in every Public Assembly ; and she should never see a Fowl at her Table without fearing her own Flesh and Blood had disgraced her Rank with cramming it. She should never behold a well-dressed young Lady, without drawing odious Comparisons between her and the Idea of her Daughter in a stiff, starched Coiff, a russet Gown, and coloured Apron ; and expiring with Shame at the Contrast. She exhausted all her Eloquence in endeavouring to persuade them, that Happiness was inconsistent with Rusticity and Solitude ; that such a Blessing was reserved for the superior Part of Mankind, and not thrown away on Cottagers, whom Providence created, with their Fellow-Brutes the Animals, only to contribute to the Happiness of Persons of Fashion ; in short, to do the Drudgery of Life for them, that they might not be interrupted in their proper Occupation, the Pursuit of Pleasure.

Miss Davers and her Lover were not enough in their Senses to have heard Reason ; it is not strange therefore that they should not be convinced by the Arguments urged by a Folly so directly the opposite of their own. They not only promised eternal Love, and to marry without the Consent they could not obtain, but prepared to fulfill the Engagement directly. When Mrs. Davers found them so obstinately bent on Wedlock, she proposed to them a Scheme, in her Opinion, much more eligible than a Country Retirement. She told them that the most fashionable Diversions, if properly attended to, would supply them with the Means of enjoying all others, and produced many Instances of People, who, by Skill in Cards, obtained a sufficient, and, in the common Phrase, a genteel Support. They would have particular Advantages by the close Union between them, as much Benefit might arise from having a Friend playing or

looking on at the same Table, assuring them that such kind Assistance was not scrupled by Husbands and Wives of the best Fashion. This Scheme by no Means suited the Inclination of the two Lovers. They told Mrs. *Davers* that Prudence rendered them as averse to submitting their Support to the uncertain Chance of fair Play, as Honesty did to taking Advantages which deserved no other Name than absolute cheating; Poverty they could endure but not Infamy, which ought to be the Portion of those who maintain themselves by deceiving others; besides, Miss *Davers* assured her good Mamma, that no Labour would be to her more irksome than Cards, when followed as a Business; since at the properest Times for them they scarcely were esteemed by her as a Pleasure.

Mrs. *Davers*, as much offended with the Affront put on her favourite Amusement, as with the Manner in which her Advice was treated, lamented their being so incorrigible, and declared, that since she found they would not hear Reason, she should no longer endeavour to conquer their Folly thereby, but would try to restrain their Madness by Force; and instantly led Miss *Davers* to her Apartment, into which she locked her; and returning to Mr. *Rivers*, informed him how she had disposed of his Mistress; advising him to retire alone to that Solitude where he had intended to carry her Daughter, who should never be exposed to so vulgar a Fate, if Bolts and Bars could secure her from it.

Young *Rivers* received this cruel Disappointment with all the Anguish which the Warmth of Youth, and the Tenderness of Passion could inflict. He did not tamely submit to Mrs. *Rivers*'s maternal Power, and in his Reproaches mixed such indirect Reflections on the various Parts of her Conduct, as would have sufficiently strengthened her Resolution, had it not before been fixed; since his Inuendo's were too plain

and too severe to have been unperceived, or forgiven, by any Thing but Innocence. Innocence will pardon an Injury which springs from Error, but Vice never forgives deserved Accusations. Imputations which arise only from Malice and Slander are less resented than such as are founded on Truth.

" As Despair, Rage and Anger require more
" Spirit to describe than I can reasonably be expect-
" ed to possess after so much talking," continued
Sabrina, " if your Highness will permit me, we will
" leave Miss *Davers* in her Confinement, and her
" Mother and Lover in their Ire, till I have taken a
" little Breath."

End of the Seventeenth Chapter.

JOURNEY through LIFE.

C H A P. XVIII.



The HISTORY of Mr. RIVERS and Miss DAVERS
continued.

WHEN the Princess and *Sabrina* had sported Sentiments till Conversation began to flag, and they grew weary of a Subject on which so little Meaning and so many Words are generally display'd, *Carinthia* told her, that if she did not intend to make the angry Lover storm like a Hero in a Tragedy, or the afflicted Lady lament her Misfortunes with the forced and laborious Whinings and Antithesis of an *Italian* Shepherdess, she could require no more Time to qualify her for the Task; for however slow Art might be in its Progress, she certainly had had Rest enough to enable her to speak the Language of Nature.

Sabrina allowed the Princess's Observation to be just, but added, she found that in Narration, as well

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as in Fact, the Passions would subside, if not encouraged by a speedy Utterance; for she felt herself as little able to describe the Anger she never conceived, and the Love she had forgotten, as before she broke off her History: Age disqualified her for the one, and a happy Composure of Temper for the other: "But," continued she, "your Highness perhaps will more easily imagine the Rage of a disappointed Lover, and the Despair of a captive Mistress than I can; however, they both proved fruitless. Neither angry Reproaches, nor humble Intreaties, could prevail on Mrs. Davers to suffer young Rivers once more to behold her Daughter, tho' he promised the Interview should serve only to sooth not to break her Captivity."

The incensed Mother now found the giving Pain to Mr. Rivers was even a stronger Inducement for continuing Miss Davers's Confinement, than her Desire to prevent so imprudent a Match; and the poor young Man was forced to cease his unsuccessful Endeavours, and leave a House where his Eyes were no longer blessed with the Sight of his Mistress. In the Height of his Despair he determined to try if he had still any Remains of Power over an Aunt who had so greatly loved him; almost frantic with his Distress, he forced himself into her Presence, tho' she was so busy in preparing for her Nuptials, which were to be celebrated the next Day, that she had forbid any Person's being admitted.

The old Lady's Employment was indeed too important to bear Interruption; she was adjusting an elegant and gallant Night-Dress, examining what Caps best suited her Face, and what Ribbons most became her Complexion; her Table was covered with Lace and Cherry-coloured Ribbons, a Profusion of both on the favoured Cap, which, after the nicest Examination was preferred to all the rest, and little Knots of Ribbon

to be placed more ornamentally, some to adorn the Parchment Neck, to encircle the wrinkled Throat, and to give Charms to the scraggy Arms, which bore the Signs of Age as visibly as her wrinkled Face. Most Part of this Attire was on when Rivers entered her Chamber; Streamers of red Ribbon hung down each Side of her Face, which, when her Dress was compleated, were intended to be tied in a large Bow under her Chin; her Handkerchief was thrown off, and her laced Tucker closed with a Knot equally resplendent. She was indulging herself at the Looking-Glass in the Contemplation of her fancied Charms, flattering herself that her Age was concealed under this Glare of Cherry-Colour, and, satisfied with the Success of her Labour and Study, was beginning to think of what was but her second Care, tho' the first in Order, an equally judicious Adjustment of the Morning's Dress, when she should give her yielding Hand to her impatient Lover, and make her his as fast as the Holy Rites could bind her.

So well employed, it is no Wonder the old Lady did not perceive her Nephew on his first Entrance, who, struck with her tawdry Figure, and the resplendent Cherry-Colour, which like a Glory spread a Blaze around her Face, felt a Suspension of his Grief, and could have forgot his Sorrow to laugh at her Appearance, had he not immediately apprehended that she was thus adorning herself to sacrifice at Folly's Shrine, and that he was to be the innocent Victim.

When she saw by whose Eyes she was inspected, and that her Nephew was examining her from Head to Foot, she was a little ashamed of her gaudy Figure, not expecting the same indulgent Construction from the rigid Observations of a suffering Relation, as she hoped from her passionate Lover; but, unmoved by the Melancholy impressed on his Countenance, she asked the Reason of his disturbing her Privacy.

Poor

Poor Rivers threw himself at her Feet, and begged her Pardon and her Pity; " Believe me, Madam," continued he, " I would not thus have intruded on one whom I honour, reverence, and love, for her long Goodness to me, had not the Distress of my Mind made your long-tried Affection necessary for my Consolation, if not for my Assistance. Imagine not, my dear Aunt, that if I sue for further Favours, I am ungrateful for the past; I acknowledge with the truest Gratitude the Goodness which has hitherto supported me in a Rank and Figure otherwise above my Pretensions; nor do I examine whether that will now be a Blessing or a Misfortune to me; your Goodness directed your Actions; as the Consequence of your affectionate Indulgence, I cherish the Accomplishments and Education, which, by the Cruelty of my Fate, increase my Distress, and am most grateful for them. I kiss the Hand that withdraws the Bounty it so liberally dispensed, and acknowledge that I have no Right to any Thing of yours, nor would I prefer the Gratification of my Wishes to your Happiness. I know, I feel, the Ardours of a faithful Passion; Love is the Source of all Felicity; if I wished to rob another of the Joys it gives, I should not deserve to be ever blessed with them myself. May you be happy is my ardent Prayer; I ask no Fortune from you; your Interest alone I ask. Obedient to the Necessities of my Fortune, I had determined to seek a Support from it in Retirement and Obscurity; Miss Davers, the Idol of my Soul, agreed to share it with me, and generously partake of my Poverty; but her Mother has locked her from my Hopes, and denies her to my Love. All I would ask of you is a few Words in my Favour to Mrs. Davers. You, Madam, who feel the Passion, can best plead its Cause; you, who know

" how

“ how necessary to Happiness the Possession of the
“ Object of our Love must be, cannot but pity my
“ Despair, and Pity implies a Desire to relieve:
“ Endeavour it my best, my beloved Aunt, and let
“ your Nephew partake the Blessings which are
“ showered on you. Let me not in my Spring of
“ Life be doomed to Misery, driven to Desperation,
“ by being deprived both of my Love and Fortune;
“ Bankrupt in all my Hopes, condemned to drag a
“ wretched Life, far from every Comfort——”

Mrs. Rivers's Soul was too full of Joy to endure such Expressions of Distress, they offended, but did not move her; entirely engrossed by her own blissful Ideas, she could feel no Sorrow, but would not bear to have her enchanted Imagination checked with Sounds which curbed its Flight, tho' they could not represent any dismal Images to her Mind; and had not Grief stopped her Nephew's Tongue, she would not have suffered him to proceed any farther; but taking Advantage of the fortunate Silence, and not being taught by her Love to pity his, as he had hoped; “ I must confess, Nephew,” said she, “ that
“ I think Mrs. Davers is not so much to blame, as
“ the Heat and Inexperience of Youth makes you
“ imagine. Nature, indeed, commands us to love;
“ it is the Foundation of our Religion, the very
“ Principle of the Gospel Doctrine, but the Age for
“ it is mistaken; it should be accompanied by Pru-
“ dence and Steadiness; consequently you and Miss
“ are too young to be made happy by your Passion:
“ Had one of you been double the Age you are, I
“ would not have refused my Assistance, because I
“ might then have expected to see Happiness arise
“ from your Union; for if Wisdom and Experience
“ are on one Side, Youth and Love are sufficient on
“ the other. But I must needs say, that when two
“ Children marry for Love, an endless Course of
“ Follies

" Follies succeed it ; and after a Time, to their Misfortune they learn, that till Years have strengthened the Heart, and improved the Understanding, they are not capable of receiving a deep and lasting Impression themselves, nor of preserving the Affection they have inspired."

Much more did the old Lady say, to prove that no one under fifty Years of Age could love sincerely, or deserved to have their Passion gratified ; but as your Highness will scarcely be convinced by her Eloquence, or the Force of her Arguments, I shall omit the rest, which was so intermixed with Refusals of the asked Assistance, as provoked young Rivers out of the Respect he really had for his Aunt, and led him to hint that Love and Wrinkles were Contraries in Nature, and might now and then appear, like other monstrous Productions, but could only serve to excite Horror or Ridicule in all who beheld it, and create Misery and Repentance in those in whom this unnatural Conjunction met.

Such an Affront called up a Colour to the old Lady's Cheeks, of which her Ribbon made only a lighter Shade ; the blackest Crimson was the Hue with which they were dy'd : Rage stopped her Tongue, and for some Time she was almost suffocated with her Passion ; but when it did find Utterance, the Storm was equal to the gathered Cloud. She burst forth in the most violent Invectives, accusing him of Ingratitude and Abuse, commanding him to leave her that Minute, and never more to appear in her Presence.

Poor Rivers, frightened at her Rage, and having no Hopes of repairing the Offence he had committed, obeyed, and withdrew from her Sight. Little Rest or Ease could his troubled Mind afford him ; quiet Rest is the Portion of those whose waking Thoughts are pleasing ; the Wretch is equally miserable in Fancy's Reign,

Reign, as when Reason commands; each serve to torment him in their Turn. Rivers knew too well how much the Favour of the Multitude depends on Riches, to think of venturing among his old Acquaintance; he knew that Neglect would succeed to the Court that had been paid him: Avoiding, therefore all other Persons, his Thoughts were wholly bent on finding the Means of conveying a Letter to Miss Davers, which, at last, with much Difficulty, he accomplished. It was a true Representation of the State of his Heart; he told her what he suffered by so cruel a Disappointment, intreating Her to endeavour an Escape, and fly to his Arms as soon as possible, both to gratify the Impatience of his Love, and the Necessities of his Fortune, having so very little Money by him, that he should not be able to support himself in that Place, without breaking into that poor Pittance, which, small as it was, he wished to deliver up to her undiminished, as the only Proof he could give of his earnest Desire of having the Power of making her a more worthy Offering. His Heart overflowed with Love and Gratitude, and no Words ever did more Justice to the Heart that dictated them. As he could not for some Days get an Opportunity of conveying the Letter, he had Time to swell it to a large Packet; for as he had no Gratification but while he was writing to her, he would not afford a Moment to any other Employ, except to search after the Means of sending it. He at last found out a Tradeswoman who was much in Mrs. Davers's Favour, that Lady being deep in the good Woman's Books, and finding her a very civil Creditor. To this Woman he applied a little Bribery out of his small Stock, and she undertook to deliver his Letter and bring him an Answer.

Miss Davers, from the Moment of her Confinement, had been no less afflicted than her Lover. She had

had tried all that Prayers and Intreaties could effect, but without Success, her Mother continued inexorable. She then endeavoured to frighten Mrs. Davers, and refused to take any Sustenance; but she was too wise to be wrought upon by such Means; she laughed at the Love-sick Pet, and would not even use any Persuasions that might have given the young Lady a handsome Pretence for indulging her Hunger, which grew extremely sharp, before she could prevail with herself to give up a Thing which she was almost obliged in Honour to perform, having declared that she would never eat till she was released from her Confinement.

Mrs. Davers knew that the one depended on her Will, the other neither on her's or her Daughter's; Nature would require its due Sustenance, and the strongest Obstinacy could not conquer the sharp Appetite whetted by a long Fast: She therefore was under no Fear, and would not enlarge her Daughter's Prison, who, almost famished, and seeing no Means of being handsomely excused from starving herself, did all that Obstinacy could do; she made a vigorous Defence against her Hunger, but was at last forced to submit, and bear an ill-natured Triumph from her Mother, on desiring something to eat. She had, however, carried the Point so far, that a prudent Servant in the Family who loved her, feared Danger from a ravenous Appetite, and begged to be permitted to carry her the Food she requested; which being granted, she prevailed upon her to restrain her Hunger, and to satisfy it only by Degrees; thus preventing any bad Consequences from this childish Scheme, which was the more willingly begun, as Grief had deprived her of her Appetite, till fasting restored it.

The poor Girl saw no Hopes of Relief, and was a Prey to Melancholy and Despair, when the Bearer of her Lover's Letter with much Difficulty gained Access to her,

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her, which every one else had been denied, on Pre-
tence of her being too ill to see Company. At the
Sight of young Rivers's Hand she was so overjoy'd,
that her oppressed Spirits were scarcely able to support
the Pleasure: But when she was recovered from the
immediate Effect, her Extasies astonished the good
Woman who brought the Letter, tho' not unused to
such Offices, nor ignorant of the superior Warmth
of sixteen, to the more sober and settled Glow of
what is called a riper Age. She found it impossible
for such a Tumult of Spirits to be sufficiently com-
posed to return a Letter by her, so undertook to at-
tempt calling for one in two Days; which she ac-
cordingly did, and received from Miss Davers's
Hand the following Letter.

Miss DAVERS's Letter to Mr. RIVERS.

" How soothing to my Sorrow were the tender
" Expressions with which your Letter was filled!
" Oh! my Rivers, how different has been my Sen-
" sations since I received it, from what they were du-
" ring the dreadful Gloom which overspread my
" Mind, from the Time of my Confinement till that
" blessed Minute; and yet I doubted not your Truth
" and Constancy before, but my Hopes could not
" represent them in so strong a Light as your enchant-
" ing Words, so sweetly charming, that every Hour
" since I received them has been delightful, because spent
" in the Perusal of them. How valuable is such a
" Volume of Love! And how thoroughly does it
" fill up the Time, which must otherwise have hung
" heavy upon my Hands? One Benefit I have reaped
" from my Confinement, it has been a little prepa-
" rative Trial before the Execution of our Scheme;
" it has shewn me how easy I shall find it to give
" up the Gaieties of Life; for I long for nothing but

“ the Sight of you, not forming one Wish for what
“ the World calls Pleasure, or to see any of those
“ who, linked to me by the most trifling Ties, are
“ honoured with the Name of Friends. Can you
“ use any Arguments to hasten my Escape but the
“ Impatience of my Love? Will not that make me
“ watchful to take the first Opportunity of flying
“ from this now hateful House, since you are banish-
“ ed from it? But, alas! my Love, my Mother is
“ so strict a Guard, my Hopes have not yet had the
“ least Encouragement, but the Time must come.
“ One Thing we should consider, tho' I have no
“ Inheritance, being an only Child, I may, perhaps,
“ in the Eye of the Law be called an Heiress; if so,
“ may not my Mother have the Power of distressing
“ us greatly, if she could find us out after our Mar-
“ riage, and cruelly revenge on you some Reflections
“ which I understand dropt from your Lips in Anger?
“ Would it not therefore be advisable for you, du-
“ ring my Confinement, to seek out some Retirement
“ fitting for our Fortunes; and so to prepare it for
“ our Reception, that we may take Shelter there
“ immediately? This you will with more Ease and
“ less Expence effect alone, than when encumbered
“ with me, and in the mean Time I will contrive
“ every Means for escaping; and should I find an
“ Opportunity of performing it before your Return
“ to London, will conceal myself till your Arrival,
“ when you shall, in that Case, meet a Letter from
“ me at your Friend Horatio's, which shall direct you
“ to your ever faithful, and tenderly affectionate,

“ EMILIA DAVERS.”

Nothing could have administered such Relief to young Rivers as this Letter; his Mind grew more composed; he began to see how insufficient were Bolts and Bars to keep two Lovers long asunder, and wondered

dered how Mrs. Davers, who knew the World, could hope to succeed in what had hitherto always proved so unsuccessful. Argus himself, so qualified for a Spy, could not with all his Eyes discover all the Wiles of Love; what then can a mortal Guard expect against so subtle a Contriver as Cupid? Rivers saw that his *Emilia's* Caution was prudent, and determined to follow her Advice directly. Filled with the pleasing Expectation of finding her in a Place more accessible at his Return, he set out immediately in Search of a Retirement in some of the furthest Parts of England. As he may wander some Time on this Employ, we will leave him to travel alone, wanting no other Company than his *Emily's* Image, ever present to his Mind, and return to her, who remained ignorant whether he had followed or rejected her Advice; but equally determined to miss no Opportunity of making her Escape, as it might not offer again.

Mrs. Davers had never suffered any Thing to break in upon her Pleasures so much as the guarding her Daughter had done of late; if it prevented her from going to one public Place, or detained her from her Party an Hour, it appeared to her a more cruel Imprisonment than her Daughter's, whose vulgar Love for Home and Reading, must make Confinement fit easier on her. She was sometimes inclined to set her at Liberty, rather than restrain her own genteel Taste of Life, and turn the gay Conduct of a *Woman of Fashion* into the Slavery of a Goaler; but Pride strengthened her in her first Purpose, and the Desire of being revenged on Rivers, with the Help of an invincible Obstinacy, which she called Steadiness, would not suffer her to change her Measures; tho' a Weariness of sharing the Confinement made her grow more remiss in her Care, which, for some Time, turned rather to the Mortification, than the Benefit of her Daughter. She would not suffer the Key of Miss Davers's Room in

in any Hand but her own, and when she went Abroad, always carried it with her; by which Means, as she often went out in the Morning, and did not return Home till two or three of the next, poor *Emily* was frequently reduced to fast twenty-four Hours, none of the Servants being able to convey any Food to her.

The old Servant whom I have already mentioned as loving Miss *Davers*, was shocked at this Treatment, and after some unsuccessful Endeavours to obtain her Mistress's Permission to keep the Key in her Absence, she stole it one Night out of her Pocket, and taking the Impression in Wax, put it in again the next Morning, and got another made, intending no other Use from it, than to keep her young Lady from starving.

When she saw how much Miss *Davers* was altered by Vexation, Want of Air, and perhaps over-much fasting, it grieved the good Woman to the Soul, and rendered it difficult for her to resist *Emily*'s Importunities, who, presuming on the Easeiness of her Temper, omitted no Arguments or Intreaties to bring her to consent to her Escape, except those which are generally the most prevailing, a Promise of Reward, and the Inticements of Interest. These she had not Means of bestowing, and would not attempt to gain her Gratification by deceiving, nor indeed would they have been of much Importance; the old Woman was not covetous, she wished for no Advantage to herself, and resisted only from Notions of Duty to Mrs. *Davers*, and Fears lest by Compliance she should rather contribute towards involving her young Lady in Distress, than to securing her Happiness.

Emily's Passion rendered her too eloquent not to overcome both the Scruples and the Prudence of an old Woman, who loved her too well to bear the Thought of parting with her. A Promise of letting her

her accompany the two Lovers to their Retirement, gained one in Return from her of assisting *Emily* in her Escape, which, by having got the Key of her Apartment, was rendered almost too easy to suit the Taste of a romantic Lover.

Miss *Davers* had got so far into the Sublime of the Passion, that she would better have liked to descend a Ladder of Ropes from a Turret Window, than to have gone with the common Facility of dull matrimonial Couples down the best Stair-Case in *England*; an Escape wherein neither Life nor Limb was endangered, appeared to her but a poor Proof of Love; however, since the Stairs lay open to her, and she had so free a Passage as thro' the Hall-Door, she rather preferred the going tamely the common Way, than waiting for Means more suitable to her romantic Passion, which might not be speedily offered her. Condescending therefore to take Advantage of the Night, whose mysterious Obscurity gave a little Dignity to a Flight, which otherwise would scarcely have borne the Appearance of one, she, with her antient Guide, fled from her Mother's House to a little Lodging the good Woman had provided for her.

In this Place poor *Emily* rested with more Satisfaction than in her former Apartment, tho' it was far less elegant; but even Beauty and Elegance cease to please, when they are not present to our Eyes so much from Choice as Necessity; a Palace, turn'd into a Prison, would be little more pleasing than a Dungeon; the Perverseness and Inconstancy of Human Nature, renders those Blessings tasteless which we are obliged to enjoy. As much as we value Life, and ardently pray to prolong it, I am half of Opinion that were we assured it should last without Change to Eternity, we should quarrel with our Immortality, and wish to return to our present uncertain Existence.

Your Highness may imagine that had *Emily* made these Reflections, it might have led her to form Comparisons between her late Apartment and herself, which would have railed some Fears left young *Rivers* should increase the Resemblance, and tho' fond of her Beauty, and the Elegance of her Form, while he beheld it only when his Inclination led him to her Presence; yet after being fetter'd in matrimonial Bands, indissolubly united to the Person which had charmed his Senſes while at Liberty, he might, like her, grown averse to Beauties he could not avoid, have preferred the homeliest Frame which he might freely poſſeſſ or leave, to those Arms which for Want of a free Choice were changed, in his Estimation, from Paradise to a Prison. Experience might have justified the Comparison; but Reason and Experience are poor grovelling Things, below the Notice of true Lovers; it is no Wonder, therefore, if Miss *Davers* disregarded both, and thought herself happy in being freed from the greatest Bar between her and young *Rivers*.

The Day after her Escape she ſent to *Horatio's*, in order to learn whether his Friend was in Town, or gone in purſuance of her Advice. This Gentleman no ſooner understood that Miss *Davers* had ran away from her Mother in order to fly into a Lover's Arms, than he began to think a Paſſion he had for ſome Time entertained for her, was less desperate, than knowing her Attachment to his Friend he had imagined it to be. He entertained an Opinion not uncommon in his Sex, that a Woman who lays aside her Prudence for one Man, will not let it stand much in the Way of another. If they know her capable of a violent Paſſion, their Vanity leads them to think little more than Affiduity is neceſſary to make them the Objects of it; their own Inconſtanty tells them, *she will change the conſtant Lover for the new.* Thus

far they have Reason on their Side; a Woman who discards Prudence loses her strongest Guard, and like an ill-fortified Town becomes an easier Prey to the first Enemy, who, tempted by her apparent Weakness, the more readily attacks her.

Horatio sent Word in Return to Miss *Davers's* Enquiry, that he would wait on her, and answer her in Person. Partial to every one she thought her Lover favoured with a particular Regard, *Emily* received him with Pleasure, tho' she could not forbear blushing at the irregular Step she had taken.

Horatio endeavoured to insinuate himself into her Affections, by seeming much attached to her and his Friend; he admired her Spirit in freeing herself from an unjust Restraint, and her Wisdom in preferring blissful Love to every other Means of Happiness; but in his warm and exalted Panegyric on a Passion that filled her whole Soul, and to which she at first listened with Pleasure, he mixed some Sentiments so free, so contrary to her sublime Notions, and real Constancy, as a little shocked her; but for the Merits of the rest of his Doctrine, excusing the Errors with which it was tainted, she expressed less Disapprobation than she felt; and gave him Leave to repeat his Visits as often as he desired. She would have seen him with more Pleasure could he have given her any Account of young *Rivers*, but he told her the Uncertainty he was in when he left *London* concerning the Road he should travel, prevented their settling any Correspondence; but as he was sure of seeing him the first Moment of his Return, since she had annexed so great a Reward to it, she must patiently endure this tedious Silence.

Emily thought that had she been in *Rivers's* Place she would at least have written a few Lines from Time to Time, on the bare Chance of their being received, since she had given him Hopes of her con-

trying to escape from her Prison before his Return. But it was his first Fault, and when a Woman can properly say to herself, shall Love be more rigorous than Justice? one may easily guess the Answer and the Consequence: If a stern Judge can forgive an Offence because it is the first, how should the tender Heart of a fond Woman forbear to pardon? But yet finding she could not be easy under the least Appearance of a Neglect which still she did not resent, she would frequently endeavour to lead *Horatio* into such Conversations on young *Rivers*, as would give him Opportunities of mentioning the Affection he entertained for her, which would greatly serve to confirm her anxious Mind; but he affected to avoid the Subject, and when he could not entirely do it, would talk mysteriously upon it. She would sometimes express Doubts and Fears, in Hopes of having them confuted; but tho' he seemed desirous to make her easy, his Arguments were all drawn from the Impossibility of any Man's being insensible or inconstant to such conquering Charms; but never did one Hint of his Friend's Affection escape his Lips, which being the Consolation she hoped for, both disappointed and alarmed her.

Horatio was on every other Subject lavish in young *Rivers*'s Praise, particularly his Honour, which he extolled to the highest Degree; and at last, when disturbed at his Silence on his Friend's Passion, Miss *Davers*, to extract an Answer, expressed some Fears of his Constancy: He told her he was certain she need be under no Apprehensions, for he was a Man of too much Honour to use a Lady ill.

" Honour! Sir," replied *Emily*, piqued at the Expression, " Do you imagine I would be a Burden on any Man's Honour? I lay no Claim but to his Love; if that be gone, the Honour you so lavishly praise should declare it. Can my warm Heart

“ Heart be satisfied with the cold Regards of Honour? Can the Tenderness of my Affections be repaid by the Formalities of Honour? I hate the Word when substituted to Love, the dear, the tender Tie that first united us, and still binds me to him in Chains too fast ever to be broken, in Chains soft as a silken Thread, tho’ far stronger than the rough galling Fetters of Honour. Oh that Word! that Word! how odious to my Ears, open to no Sounds but those of Love?”

“ To me,” replied *Horatio*, “ it must ever be displeasing, since it has offended you; but do not imagine, lovely *Emily*, that I suppose any one can long behold you without warmer Sentiments than Honour inspires: I only meant that if the Fickleness of youthful Fancy, or the various Difficulties which seem to threaten an Union between two Persons of such small Fortunes, should have cooled Mr. Rivers’s Passion, yet I am sure his Honour is such, that he will as religiously adhere to his Engagements, as if his Love remained the same; and such Charms as yours secure you a new Conquest over his Heart, when he again has more frequent Opportunities of studying your various Attractions.”

Emilia could not bear to hear any more; “ Your Explanation,” said she, “ wounds me deeper than the Words it is designed to defend. Such a Supposition from a Friend to Mr. Rivers looks like a Declaration. If the Fickleness of Youth, if impending Difficulties have had the Effect you hint on his Heart, I beg to be acquainted with it; you, I doubt not, know his Sentiments; you may trust me for neither giving you nor him Cause to repent the Information; you will equally deserve both my Thanks and his, in delivering him from the Dreads he fears, and me from the Indifference which

(thoughtless as I was) I apprehended not from him.
 To regain past Affections I know is impossible,
 especially where the Things which robbed us of
 them still subsist. The Information I ask comes
 indeed cruelly late, after the rash Step I have ta-
 ken; rash I now call it, tho' when designed for
 the Satisfaction of mutual Love, I thought it de-
 served a better Name: But tho' lost to a Parent,
 to the World, and my own Reputation, yet what-
 ever befalls me, I can endure no Sufferings equal
 to the Pains of experiencing hourly the Indiffe-
 rence of the Man on whom my Heart's Affections
 are fixed. Do not let my Weakness, Sir," for she
 could not forbear weeping, "make you fear to tell
 me the shocking Truth; Tears will force their
 Way, but I have more Resolution than you ima-
 gine. Let me conjure you, by your Love for your
 Friend, to deal plainly with me; it will at least
 be of full as much Service for his Repose as
 mine."

"I am very unhappy, Madam," answered Horatio; "every Thing I say gives you fresh Trou-
 bles. Should not the cruel Fate which seems to
 attend my Words strike me for ever dumb? The
 Heart which is actuated by as sincere an Affection
 as I bear to you, can only judge of the Pain I
 must feel by being so unfortunate. Alas! my
 charming *Emilia*, I only meant to abate the Force
 of some inadvertent Words; I am not privy to
 any Inconstancy in your Lover: How can any
 Man be inconstant to such angelic Sweetness, when
 accompanied with all the Charms of Youth and
 Beauty? But if I knew him guilty, could a Friend
 betray his Friend's Secret, and not deserve the
 Scorn of all Mankind? And could his Friend be
 truly honourable, and not resent his telling a Secret
 which Honour made him endeavour to conceal?
 If

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" If Mr. Rivers was in the Case I mention, which
" surely he is not, would he deserve the Opinion I
" have expressed of his Honour, if he was not to
" resent my having prevented his making you all the
" Return which now is in his Power, for the Sacri-
" fice you have made to Love and him?"
" How can you talk of Affection for one whom
" you so cruelly torment?" replied *Emilia*. " Dark
" Hints are fit only for dark Minds; on Subjects
" that we think we ought not to speak plainly, it is
" our Duty to be silent."
" Your Reprof is just," answered *Horatio*; " you
" cannot say so much as I think I deserve; I can-
" not forgive myself; but where we are most ten-
" derly anxious, I am afraid we are most apt to of-
" fend: Affection puts us off our Guard, our Fears
" render us suspicious, and our Hearts, unlocked by
" our Love for them, makes us commit Inadver-
" tencies as hurtful to them as pernicious to our
" Honour, which may require Secrecy from us."

In this Manner would *Horatio* torment Miss *Davvers*, who by not hearing of young *Rivers*, tho' more Time was passed than he could reasonably be supposed to have spent in his Journey, found her Uneasiness increase. After all she had suffered, and must still suffer, by her Love for Mr. *Rivers*, to suspect him of Inconstancy, or, as had been hinted to her, of Coldness, was truly distressing, and greatly was she afflicted. *Horatio* visited her continually, and seemed touched with her Grief; he pretended to have taken various Measures to find out his Friend, but met with nothing but Disappointment. He cursed himself for having been deceived by his specious Pretences to Honour; but checked himself by reflecting that no Faults in another can excuse a Breach of Faith in us. By these Arts he convinced poor *Emilia* that her Lover was false, and seemed actuated by no Motive but Pity.

Indeed *Emily* was worthy of it, no one could suffer greater Agonies of Mind than tormented her; she was continually weeping. Of a Nature too soft to resent, she only grieved, and expressed her Sense of the ill Treatment she had received by nothing but her Tears. *Horatio's* Consolations were calculated to strike fresh Daggers to her Soul; when he pretended to pour a healing Balm into her wounded Heart, it was only a softer Kind of Poison, but so artfully applied that she did not suspect his Purpose.

The poor old Woman who had accompanied *Emilia* from her Mother's House grieved at the wretched Consequence of her Flight, would have persuaded her to return, but when she found her young Mistress would not consent, she represented to her the Necessity of taking some Course, since they had not the Means of living. This was too plain to be disputed, and the only Thing *Emily* could attempt towards her Maintenance was going to Service. Her good old Servant had here much the Advantage of her, she had only Places to change, not Situations, and might get a better Place than she had enjoyed in Mrs. *Daver's* Family; but poor *Emilia* had scarcely been taught to wait upon herself, she knew not how to perform that Office for any one else. Besides, disgusted with the various Arts she had seen used by her Mother for the Embellishment of her fading Charms, and contented with the Beauty Nature had given her, she had always been particularly careless of her Dress, using no Ornament but Cleanliness and Neatness; the common Decorations of the Person were unknown to her; the natural Ringlets of her Hair rendered her ignorant of the Science of Curling, and a regular and constant Clearness of Skin prevented her learning the Art of well placing the Patch. Natural Bashfulness left her unskilled in the most advantageous Manner of exhibiting Beauties, which

which she thought better concealed, thinking it imprudent to expose her whole Stock of Charms to the transient Glance of all Mankind.

But ill-qualified as she was, she saw no Means of avoiding her Fate, and spoke to the Woman where she lodged for her Recommendation to a Place, who told her she knew one Lady that wanted a Servant, and as she liked to have genteel Attendants, she believed her Person would speak much in her Favour, and promised her Interest.

The next Visit *Horatio* made to *Emilia*, she acquainted him with her Intention, at which he appeared greatly shocked, and deplored her Ill-Fortune that had reduced her to such a Resolution. He then said, it obliged him to make a Proposal to her, which her Attachment to his Friend had prevented his ever thinking of, tho' the great Regard he had for a Disposition so gentle, a Heart so susceptible and generous, joined with so much Beauty, would have grown into the strongest Passion, had he ever suffered himself to hope a Return. He owned that since he had been fully convinced of his Friend's Baseness, whose Honour he had believed would have rendered her more happy than he could have pretended to have done by the most ardent Services of his Love, either his Resentment for the Injuries she had received had warmed, or Compassion for her Sufferings had melted, his Soul into a greater Degree of Tenderness, that even Despair could not now suppress his Passion; which however he should have concealed from her Knowledge, had he not been encouraged by her unfortunate Situation to offer her his Hand and Fortune, which would at once extricate her out of all her Difficulties, and fix her in the Rank to which she was born. He added, that to receive her only from Prudence was but a melancholy Return for his Love, but his firm Resolution to make her Happiness the sole

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Study of his Life, and the Goodness of her Heart and Disposition made him hope that Time would render him more happy, and he should wait for the Affection which he was determined to deserve by the Constancy and Ardour of his Passion, tho' in every other Respect his Merits must be greatly beneath her.

Miss *Davers* was surprised at so unexpected an Offer; her Thoughts had been so much engrossed by *Rivers's* supposed Infidelity, she had paid no Attention to the Indications of *Horatio's* Passion, tho' it was too visible to have escaped the Observation of one less engaged. The first Effect it had on her Mind, was Gratitude for the Generosity of the Proposal, which she warmly expressed in her Answer, telling him at the same Time, that her Heart could never receive any other Impression than his Friend's Image, whom she found it as impossible to hate, as to love another, and that whatever was to be the Consequence she would never enter into an Engagement with any other Man. She should make an ill Return to his Generosity was she to give him, in Exchange for his Love and Fortune, and all the Advantages which would accompany them, a Person without a Heart, and instead of Smiles of Gratitude and Pleasure for his generous Behaviour, ceaseless Tears for an inconstant Man.

Horatio tried every Argument to persuade her out of a Delicacy so mortifying to his Passion, but she persisted in her Refusal, and he could only hope in the Abatement Time might make in her Love, and the Desire which the Difficulties of her Situation might excite towards improving it. With this Prospect he left her, after obtaining Permission to see her from Time to Time.

After the first Impression was over, *Emilia* began to consider when *Horatio's* Passion began; whether it might not have been the Occasion of his Insinuations to young *Rivers's* Disadvantage, such indirect

rect Accusations seldom were well meant, they fell from his Lips too artfully to look like Inadvertency, as he pretended ; Honour should have made him silent if he was trusted by his Friend, or Compassion for her should have made him say more. She had never looked on his Conduct in this Light till now, that his Declaration of Love seemed a Kind of Key to it. The Affection which had before made her more ready to believe her Lover guilty, now, on the contrary, increased the Appearances of his Innocence. Love builds on Uncertainties, heightening every Article, as ready to fear too much, as to be too sanguine : Whatever Turn it takes, it pursues the Subject till it leaves nothing more for the Imagination to invent. This new Course of Thought was very salutary to *Emilia* ; it raised her Spirits, and restored her to a greater Share of Health than she had enjoyed since her first Suspicion of *Rivers's* Constancy. This was the more fortunate, as it better enabled her to attempt her new Way of Life, upon which she was as fully determined as ever ; for tho' she began to conceive Hopes that her Lover's Neglect was all a Fiction, yet she knew not how to come at the Truth. She tried all the Means she could invent to learn where he was, but to so little Purpose, that she found she must wait till Chance should prove more favourable to her than her Endeavours, and she was not without Hopes that he might be more successful in the Search she could not doubt but he would make for her, if he still loved her.

Revived by these Expectations, she prepared to appear before Mrs. *Colraine*, the Lady to whom her Land-lady had recommended her as a Servant, and at the Time appointed went to her House. She was carried into Mrs. *Colraine's* Dressing-Room, who was then employed in the Business of the Toilette, attended by her *Abigail*. The new Part Miss *Davers* had to act,

and the real Difficulties of her Situation, threw her into great Confusion ; she trembled, and blushed, and could not pronounce her Name.

Mrs. Colraine, who had never experienced the Pains of Bashfulness, knew not how to pity Weaknesses she never felt ; she burst into a loud Laugh, “ Lord, Child, “ what dost blush for ? Art thou afraid of looking a “ Lady in the Face ? A Gentleman might not be so “ dreadful an Object to thee, perhaps. Rachell,” turning to her Maid, “ didst thou ever see such a “ simple Child ? ”

Mincing, who was some Years past her Prime, could not behold her blooming Successor without Envy, and answered, “ Indeed, Mem, I believe “ those who blush most before Woman Bodies, are “ most confidentest to the Men, and oftentimes have “ been so ; for why should one blush, if one has “ done nothing to be ashamed of ? ”

“ Very true, Rachell,” answered Mrs. Colraine ; “ I never could guess how People got that Trick of blushing ; it is the vulgarest Thing ! My little “ Fanny has learnt the odious Trick, but I shall “ whip it out of her before she is two Years older. “ If Blushes came only in the Cheeks one might en- “ dure them, but such a general red, such a total “ Confusion of Complexion, such a Chaos of “ Colours, wherein all Distinctions of the Rose “ and Lilly is confounded, is absolutely frightful. “ But come, Child, prithee tell thy Name : Why “ I hope thou hast not been branded by thy God- “ mothers with one so odious as my present Wo- “ man ; no Rachell nor Leah, I hope. The old Pa- “ triarchs had strange Ears to be sure, or they could “ not have endured such Sounds. What an uncouth “ Choice had they ! I hope thou hast not a Scripture “ Name ; but if thy Parents have been so cruel as “ to rake into the Old Testament to christen thee

“ Re-

"Rebecca, or *Dinah*, or *Hagar*, I give thee fair
"Notice I shall new Name thee, without the Cere-
"monies of Baptism."

Had Mrs. Colraine been less loquacious, poor *Emilia* would have been under some Difficulty, having, before she left her Lodging, determined to assume the Name of *Sarah*, as a very proper Appellation for a menial Servant; but finding the Lady so delicate upon that Subject, she durst not pronounce a Name so patriarchally allied, and might not on so sudden an Emergency have steered clear of the Bible, had not Mrs. Colraine given her Time to consider maturely of so weighty a Matter. To avoid a Vulgarity that might offend, she scanned over the Names of the Royal Family; *Amelia's* liquid Name might charm a delicate Ear, but it bore too great a Resemblance to her own; *Louisa* was harmonious, but the Abbreviation of *Lucy* she feared would not please; *Anne* had been dignified there, but she thought that would be rejected in Remembrance of the Wife of *Zachariah*; *Mary* she apprehended would be as improper, since the Objection against the New Testament might be as great as the Aversion to the old; *Caroline* therefore must have been her Choice, had she not recollect'd the more uncommon Name of *Wilhelmina*, which entirely fixed her, and this she returned to the Lady's Inquiry.

"*Wilhelmina!*" repeated Mrs. Colraine, " *Wil-*
"*helmina!* as I live very pretty, and quite the Air of
"a Name of Fashion: There is Dignity, there is
"Distinction in it; thy Godmothers must certainly
"have been People of Condition, or they could not
"have made so elegant a Choice. But let me see,
"when I am in Haste I may not have Time, or
"when I am fatigued or nervous, I may not have
"Spirits to pronounce so many Syllables, it will be
"necessary therefore to make the shortest Abbrevia-
"tion

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"tion that can possibly be for such Exigencies, for
"except on an Emergency I would not drop one
"Letter of that charming Name. Let me think ;
"Will, no, no, that is too like a Fellow, that will
"not do ; let me die if I should not be scandalized ;
"Will, bring me my Shift ; Will, put me to Bed ;
"Will, pull off my Stockings ; Oh ! frightful ! who
"would not think it meant a He Creature ?"

" What does your La'ship think of the next
"Synabul," cries Mincing, in a Pet at the new
Waiting-Maid's superior Elegance of Name ; " Hell,
"Mem ?"

" Horrid ! shocking Wretch !" screamed out Mrs.
Colraine ; " wouldst thou have my Head run on no-
thing but Fire and Brimstone ? Besides, that Word
carries with it a thousand Ideas that one does not
care to think of ; it is the unpleasantest Subject !
" What a Damp would it cast on a Heart full of
Gaiety, and a Head full of Intrigue ? As I live,
" I believe it would blunt the sharpest Invention.
" Keep out of my Thoughts thou odious Syllable,
" and I will proceed. Mi, no, that will not do at
all ; a meer Pronoun I protest. Na, Na ; short,
soft, liquid, and uncommon ; I never heard any
one called Na, Na therefore it shall be. What
dost think of Na ?" turning to the Attendant Min-
cing. " I hate thy odious Name more than ever ;
I cannot call thee by it. Will she not do very well
for my Place ?"

" I doubt not," answered the angry Abigail, " but
Mrs. Na," drawling out the Word, " will be
more agreeabler as me to your La'ship, who chuses
only by your La'ship's Eye and Ear."

" Well, and what wouldst have me chuse by,
Fool ?" replied Mrs. Colraine. " The Attendants
of a Woman of Fashion should be genteel, it does
her Credit ; it shews she is not reduced to be
served

" served by the Scum of the Earth: But thou know'st
" I would have kept thee longer, if thou wouldest
" have changed that horrid Name for one less offen-
" sive to my Ears; but couldst thou think I would
" be continually polluting my Mouth with uttering
" the antiquated Name of *Ra--chell?*"

Notwithstanding the Concern under which poor *Emily* had been at her first Entrance, she with Difficulty kept her Countenance at so ridiculous a Dialogue. She did not much like the Behaviour of her new Mistress; one so capricious she imagined must be difficult to please; and there was in her Affectionations a Resemblance of her Mother which awakened some painful Reflexions. But she was not to stand on small Points, she doubted not but Mrs. *Colraine* would find as much Reason to dislike her, conscious of her Ignorance in what she was going to undertake. The Lady was not at all inclined to inquire into her Qualifications, fully satisfied with the Elegance of her Person and Name; but the mortified *Rachell* was beginning to take this Office on her, had not Mr. *Colraine's* Entrance stopped her, and obtained *Emilia's* Dismission, with an Order to come and enter on the Business of her Place the next Day. If the Eyes are faithful Interpreters of the Thoughts, the new Waiting-Maid had Reason to think Mr. *Colraine* was not less pleased with her Beauty than his Wife had been; he was immediately captivated by her powerful Attractions, but hearing she was to live in the House, endeavoured to hide the sudden Impression, which was not observed either by his Wife or *Emilia*. *Rachell* was more quick-sighted, and flattered herself with Hopes that it might revenge her on her Mistress's capricious Temper.

End of the Eighteenth Chapter.

18. All kinds of fish are found here.

ЭНГЛІСТВОДЪ УКІЯДО

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estimation. This is best left until after the final design has been completed when a likely target for the background signal can be estimated. The first step is to identify the types of noise sources that are likely to be present. These include thermal noise from the detector, noise from the power supply, noise from the readout electronics, and noise from the environment. Once the noise sources have been identified, they can be modeled and their contributions to the total noise level can be calculated. This information can then be used to determine the required signal-to-noise ratio for the experiment. The next step is to choose a suitable detector. The choice of detector will depend on the type of signal being detected and the requirements of the experiment. The most common detectors used in particle physics experiments are silicon detectors, which are highly sensitive to ionizing radiation. Other detectors, such as germanium detectors, may also be used depending on the specific requirements of the experiment. Once the detector has been chosen, its performance characteristics must be understood. This includes its energy resolution, its response to different types of particles, and its sensitivity to different types of signals. This information can be obtained from the manufacturer's specifications or from experimental measurements. The next step is to choose a suitable readout electronics system. The readout electronics must be able to handle the high data rates produced by the detector and must be able to provide accurate timing information. There are many different types of readout electronics available, including fast digital signal processors and specialized ASICs. The choice of readout electronics will depend on the specific requirements of the experiment. The final step is to perform a simulation of the experiment. This involves using a computer program to simulate the detector's response to different types of signals and to calculate the expected signal-to-noise ratio. This information can then be used to determine the required signal-to-noise ratio for the experiment. The simulation can also help to identify any potential problems with the detector or readout electronics. Once the simulation has been performed, the final step is to perform the experiment. This involves setting up the detector and readout electronics, and then running the experiment. The results of the experiment can then be analyzed to determine if the signal-to-noise ratio was sufficient to detect the signal.

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JOURNEY through LIFE.

C H A P. XIX.

*The HISTORY of Mrs. REVERS and Miss DAVERS
continued.*

MISS Davers went to her new Office at the Time appointed, trembling with a Diffidence too justly founded. The first Trial of her Abilities was in putting her Lady to Bed, wherein she acquitted herself so very awkwardly, that nothing but the mollifying Sound of her Name, and the Charms of Novelty, could have excused her from such severe Reproofs as would have been very dreadful to *Emilia's* gentle Temper; but the Pleasure Mrs. Colraine took in the Name of *Willhelmina*, with which she began every Sentence, soothed the Anger she was going to express. The Truth is, the Lady was not endowed with a mild Spirit; she was passionate and capricious, and so partial to herself, that she regarded

her

her Faults as Merits, and rather encouraged than repressed them. Her Follies it was natural she should love as they were characteristic, and she boasted of them; not but she had some in which she was not so ostentatious: She was gallant and extravagant, but pretended to free, unsuspecting Innocence, and great Oeconomy in her own Expences; for those of her Family were below her Notice.

Mr. *Colraine* was not less inclined to Gallantry than his Wife, and, buried in the Pursuit of his own Amours, neglected his Wife's Conduct, which indeed was tolerably well concealed by her Manner; and being the only Operator in her Intrigues, she was in less Danger of a Discovery.

She knew that a Servant, by being trusted with a Secret on which her Mistress's Reputation depends, becomes a Tyrant, and being used to vent all her Ill-Humour on her Dependents, she would not lose so valuable a Privilege.

This genteel Couple met but seldom, yet they contrived to find various Subjects for quarrelling, tho' Jealousy caused no Disputes between them; they married on prudential Motives, and Indifference secured them from that Misfortune. They had one only Daughter, a pretty, well-disposed Girl of about twelve Years of Age; blessed with such invincible Sense and Modesty, that Neglect could not spoil the one, nor Correction the other. Mr. and Mrs. *Colraine* were too gay to attend to their Daughter's Education, therefore she was void of all Improvement, but such as her own good Sense, by the meer Light of Reason could dictate to her. Her Baiffulness offended her Mother, who took all the Methods she could divine to conquer it; but as the Means were violent, they only served to increase it; for the Apprehension of being put out of Countenance, made Miss *Colraine* blush whenever her Mamma opened her Lips to speak.

Had

Had Mrs. Colraine not declared open War against her Modesty, her Daughter would have been spared many unnecessary Blushes.

The only Thing *Emilia* liked in the House was Miss *Colraine*, each were pleased with the other's first Appearance, and Mrs. *Colraine* being Abroad, Miss had made *Emilia* sit the Evening with her, and was delighted with the different Turn of Thought and Expression which she discovered in this new Domestic, from that of all the other Servants with whom she had been reduced to converse. Being too old and too handsome to be shewn in Company by a Mother who sought Admiration, she was much confined to her Nursery; but yet by Nature had so good a Taste, as to dislike the sordid Way of thinking common to People of very low Educations.

Emilia would have thought herself happy had her sole Business been to attend this young Lady, whose Sweetness of Temper would have made the servile Task pleasing; but the short Trial she made the first Night, shewed her she was unequal to what she had undertaken.

More fully was she convinced of this the next Day; Paints, Cosmetics, Dyes for the Hair, and many more Arts for the Restoration of decaying Beauty, which I have too great a Respect for those of my own Sex, who so industriously labour to charm, to whisper even in a female Ear, were unknown to her. She washed her Lady's Hair with the Cosmetic, gave her the Hair-Water for her Face, brought her the Rouge to clean her Teeth with, the Cerus to wash her Hands, which was solely appropriated to the Painting of her Neck, the Skin being of a browner Hue, and coarser Texture than suited the ostentatious Fashion. In short, she committed such various Blunders, as at last rendered the distressed Lady absolutely outrageous. Her Hair and Complexion

plexion both bore Appearances of the bad Effects of the Error; and she was too much enraged at it to pay immediately the proper Attention to her Tooth-Powder, so that much of the Rouge she most highly valued, as it was of a very delicate Kind, rendering her Cheeks of a different Shade from all others that were adorned with the same Art, was wasted before she perceived the Mistake. Her Anger, and *Emilia's* Errors much prolonged the Business of the Toilette, and before the Ceremony of Curling began, the latter was in so great a Terror she was scarce able to stand, and wished herself once more in her Prison, when her trembling Hand was required to guide the heated Irons, which were to give the Ringlets Nature had denied. Fear often begets Danger; so it proved with poor *Emily*, who, frightened out of Thought and Caution, was struck aghast by her Lady's Screams, to whose Forehead the Tongs approached too near: The Anger that darted from her Eyes made *Emilia* start back with increased Terror, and on looking on the Irons, she found she had borne off the Spoils of the Enemy, having the Curl on them, and nothing left in its Place on her Mistress's Forehead but a Blister, which the too great Heat had raised.

How great must be the Rage excited by Pain and Disfigurement, in the Soul of a Lady whose sole Study is to charm, and to enjoy Pleasure! How great, neither you nor I, perhaps, my Princess, can conceive; but great as it may be, was it felt by Mrs. Coltraine. But still she kept up some little Dignity, and tho' she longed to beat poor *Emily*, with all the Excess which superior Strength, and the terrified Girl's Immobility, gave her the Power of doing, yet she would not so far forget her Rank; so contented herself with pinching the defenceless Victim of her Wrath black and blue in various Places on her Arms

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and Shoulders, pretending only to take Hold of her to draw her nearer, as if a Voice which alarmed the whole House was not audible at a Yard's Distance, or to render her Discourse more emphatic by accompanying her Words with Action, the Grace of Oratory.

Emilia, like a timorous Lamb, stood submissive to the Stroke of the Executioner. She made no Resistance, nor even uttered an Exclamation at the cruel Treatment of Flesh too delicate to be so discoloured. Tears were the only Expressions of her Grief; her Eyes, long taught to flow, now seemed pouring forth a Deluge, and not having Power even to wipe them as they fell, her Face, her Cap, and Handkerchief were bedewed with this pearly Shower, when Mr. *Colraine* came into the Room, drawn by his Wife's Voice, tho' its Sound was then far from the harmonious Notes of the attracting *Syren's*; but he feared the fair Waiting-Maid was the Object of her Anger, and his new Concern for the Sufferer, not the Newness of the Incident, brought him thither.

The first Thing he beheld was the fair *Emilia*, like a Statue of *Niobe*, dissolved in Tears, with Melancholy and Distress impressed on her Countenance, but her Features in the same beauteous Regularity as when less afflicted, and her whole Person cold and motionless as Marble. His susceptible Heart was so affected at the Sight, he could scarcely be restrained by his Wife's Presence from kissing off the Tears as they fell from her lovely Eyes, and administering the sweet Consolation of Words of Love and Pity. He gazed with Transport at her, and enquired with more Authority than Mrs. *Colraine* thought proper, into the Occasion of her Fury and *Emilia's* Distress.

Mrs. *Colraine's* Anger, which found the less Gratification for *Emily's* submissive Silence, immediately fell upon her Husband for his impertinent Enquiry.

" Might

" Might not she have the Liberty of reprobating her Servant ? Was she to be burnt to Death, and torn to Pieces, and not be angry ? Would he have her thank the careless Wretch, smile at the Pain she suffered, and be pleased with being made bald and frightful ? " Thus she ran on till she was out of Breath, and Mr. Colraine having looked more at *Emilia* than at his Wife's Forehead, remained just as ignorant of the Nature of *Emily's* Offence, as before he entered the Room. He then applied to her for the Intelligence he could not obtain from her Lady, to which she replied with Tears, " Indeed, Sir, I am a frightened Fool, too ignorant to wait properly on a Lady, and too timorous to do the best I can. My Lady has great Reason to be angry with me ; I am sure I am so with myself for having performed my Business so ill ; but I am in every Thing to be unfortunate."

Mr. Colraine endeavoured to mollify his Wife in Consideration of such Meekness and Humility, but his Interposition only served the more to exasperate her. Miss Colraine's Maid was sent for to attend in the Place of *Emilia*, who was dismissed the Chamber ; and Mr. Colraine, having no longer any Inducement to stay in it, returned to his.

Poor *Emilia* was now at Liberty to lament her Inability to execute the Busines on which her Support depended ; every Grief with double Force affected her ; she now felt how severely she had been corrected, she could scarcely move her Arms, and found that her Sufferings were not entirely confined to her Mind, tho' her bodily Grievances were so slight she disregarded them.

In this Distress Mr. Colraine interrupted her, waiting only till his Wife was gone Abroad to seek out this new Domestic, who was bewailing her Misfortunes in her own Room. His Appearance surprized her,

and

and his affectionate Address did so more. She felt herself so much an Object of Compassion, that she did not imagine any tenderer Sentiment than common Humanity was necessary, to dispose a Person to administer what Consolation Pity would afford. She was pleased with the Goodness that endeavoured to abate her Grief, and thanked him with unsuspecting Gratitude, but confessed herself unfit for the Place, or indeed for that Way of Life.

This encouraged Mr. *Colraine* to express warmer Sentiments than Compassion, and to offer to exalt her above a Rank so much beneath her. *Emilia* was no longer so dull as not to understand him. This insolent Treatment raised in her a Resentment his Wife's Anger had not excited; she told him her Mistress's Rage was less injurious than his Pity, and she had rather be subjected to all the Fury of the one, than to be affronted by the other; and so saying, left the Room.

Mr. *Colraine* had hoped for better Success; flattered by the Vexation he saw her in, he imagined Love of Ease, tho' not of him, would have induced her to accept of his Proposals. As he really was enchanted with her Person, he was strangely disappointed, but would not despair succeeding by Assiduity; he thought if once he could gain any Share of her Affections, her disagreeable Situation would secure her Compliance.

Emilia began to think there was no End of her Distresses; equally afraid of her Master and Mistress, she knew no Refuge against both, but in Miss *Colraine*'s Chamber hoped to be safe from Mr. *Colraine*'s Insults, accordingly thither she went, and found herself joyfully received. The young Lady gave her more innocent Consolation than her Father, and seemed so humanely touched with what she suffered, that *Emilia* could not be ungrateful to her kind Compassion,

passion, but grew more composed, till the Approach of Night, which, by calling her again into her Lady's Presence, fluttered her Spirits. However, as to undressing a Lady is easier than to dress her, she had the good Fortune to commit no new Offence of any Importance, but was entertained with her past Errors all the Time her Lady was getting into Bed.

The next Morning Mrs. *Colraine* told her Daughter, who came before she rose to enquire after her Health, that she dreaded to get up, for Fear of having that awkward Creature about her again, and undergoing the Martyrdom of her Ignorance; and yet that she was unwilling to part with her, because there was something so genteel in her Air and Manner, every Thing, even her very Name, shewing her much above the Rank of common Servants, which she had always wished for, as, in her Opinion, necessary for the Dignity of a Woman of Fashion, who should not be attended by low-bred Creatures. As she was freely expressing her Difficulties, Miss *Colraine* ventured to propose an Expedient to her that might a little reconcile them, which was, that as she thought her Servant not absolutely insufferable, she should permit her to attend for some Days, *Wilhelmina* being present to observe; by which Means she might learn how to perform her Business properly, and being no further engaged in it, would be less affected by those Fears which would otherwise prevent her receiving any Benefit from her Instructions.

Mrs. *Colraine* approved her Daughter's Scheme, and declared she would put it into Execution. The good-natured Girl ran away to have the Pleasure of acquainting *Emilia* with it, who received it with as much Joy and Gratitude, as if it had been the most essential Benefit. Indeed her Fears made it so, for she was in Misery before, from her Apprehensions of what might be the Consequence of that Day's Attendance.

The next two Days passed with fewer Alarms on her Lady's Account, and being constantly in the Room with Miss *Colraine* when she was not with her Lady, she escaped her Master's Courtship, tho' he had conceived great Hopes from finding that she had not acquainted either his Wife or Daughter with his Addresses. He had no Notion that a young Girl who wanted some additional Recommendation to her Mistress's Favour, could, from a Desire of not occasioning Family Quarrels, conceal so prevailing a Title as the rejecting her Master's Passion. He therefore thought it a most encouraging Circumstance, and made his Daughter such frequent Visits, as at first raised her Wonder at these unusual Tokens of Affection; but young as she was, she soon began to see that a warmer Passion than paternal Love was the Occasion of it. But Mr. *Colraine* had not long the Pleasure of hoping for any Fruits from his Affiduity.

Emilia had not been four Days in his House, when sitting with Miss *Colraine* in a Window that looked into the Street, her Master and Lady being Abroad, she saw young *Rivers* pass by on Foot. A well-timed Scream, tho' it was only the sincere Expression of her sudden and violent Joy, made him look round, and with Rapture he beheld his fair Mistress. He ran under the Window with such expressive Extacy in his Countenance, as at once banished all *Emily*'s Suspitions; at least that Moment was too precious to admit those baleful Guests. Miss *Colraine*, unused to see such violent Emotions, thought it necessary to catch Hold of her, lest she should jump out of the Window into her Lover's Arms, to which she seemed strongly attracted; tho' had not her youthful Fears taken Alarm, and prevented so perilous an Effect of a Lover's Rapture, it is more than probable *Emily*'s Wishes only would have been so swift of Flight. Bodies move slow enough to give Time for Self-

Love, which is seldom tardy, to come and assume its Share in the Direction. However, a tenderer Scene never passed at so great a Distance, since that celebrated on the Stage between *Romeo* and *Juliet*. The natural Softness of Miss *Colraine's* Heart made her feel her Share of Emotion; she was so moved she could scarcely refrain from Tears; and seeing People gathering at their Windows, she desired Mr. *Rivers* to come in, who readily accepted the Invitation.

He then had Leisure to inform Miss *Davers* that on his Return to Town, finding his Friend had not heard of her, he imagined her still under her cruel Confinement, and for some Time waited with longing Expectation that every Day would bring Notice of the wished-for News to his Friend *Horatio's*; till, wearied with daily Disappointments, he got the Woman who had before been useful to him, to attempt the Delivery of another Letter; but at her Return, instead of the Answer he hoped, she brought him Word that the young Lady fled from her Mother's above a Month before that Time, and no one knew whether she was gone, an old Servant, who it was supposed had accompanied her, being only privy to her Flight. This Account greatly alarmed him, as he could not comprehend the Reason of her keeping him in Ignorance of her Abode. He feared some Ill had befallen her, and would not believe *Horatio's* Surmises, that she might have met with some Lover more pleasing to her Vanity, immediately on her Escape. Entirely at a Loss where to find her, he had spent every Day since he was informed of her Escape, in walking about the Town, tempted by a Possibility of seeing, or being seen by her.

Mr. *Rivers* now enquired into the Reason of *Emilia's* being in that House, and of her omitting the Information she had promised; and all Mysteries being cleared up on each Side, he pressed her to go with him directly.

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Miss *Colraine* began to look upon him with a less favourable Eye, when she perceived that he wanted to rob her of her Companion. She could not well bear to resign a Pleasure she had so lately obtained, but her Opposition only served to make *Emilia* regret the leaving so fine a Girl in the Possession of People who so little deserved her; a much stronger Tie than so short an Attachment could scarcely have made *Emilia* reluctant to comply with her Lover's Request. However, fearing lest had she then gone with him she might have exposed Miss *Colraine* to some disagreeable Rebukes, she desired it might be deferred till the next Day, when she could take Care to avoid giving any Reason to suspect Miss's being privy to her sudden Departure; and it would likewise give her Time to prepare Mrs. *Colraine* for it, tho' she durst not tell her the Truth, lest Mr. *Colraine*'s Love should put him upon any Schemes to prevent his Disappointment, which might create theirs. The next Day, before the canonical Hour was passed, was fixed upon for her Departure from that House; and tho' a few Hours Delay appeared an Age to young *Rivers*'s Impatience, yet he was obliged to acquiesce to Reasons he allowed to be good.

When Mrs. *Colraine* went to Bed, Miss *Davers* told her, she was so sensible of her own Incapacity, that she would on no Account be a Burden on her Goodness, which induced her to endeavour to bear with her Ignorance and Folly, but quit a Place, wherein, could she acquit herself better, she might not be able to command her Stay, being under the Direction of another; and gave her to understand that she had a Husband, who had been some Time away, and not having heard from him, in her Uncertainty as to what had befallen him, she had thought her best Resource was to go to Service; but having that Day received an Account of his Return, she did

not doubt but he would require her to give up her Place to live again with him. The Change the Sight of young *Rivers* had made in her Countenance, sufficiently manifested that something had happened to ease her Heart of its oppressive Load.

Mrs. *Colraine*, whose Vanity had been well pleased with having an Attendant so genteel and well bred, was unwilling to part with her, and represented the Facility with which she would acquire the Knowledge requisite for her Place, assuring her then of every Encouragement, and setting forth Advantages, which, had they allured *Emilia*, would never have appeared to her but in the Eyes of Faith. She gave all polite Attention to what her Lady said, and, like many other well-bred People, meant nothing by it. The next Morning, after giving a few Tears to her Separation from Miss *Colraine*, which could not help falling in Return for the Abundance the poor Girl shed at bidding her farewell, *Emilia* left the House.

Her Lover waited for her at the End of the Street, and led her to the next Church, where their Hands were joined, at least as indissolubly as their Hearts.

The new-married Pair now thought themselves ^{so} sure of not being sought after by Mrs. *Davers*, that they staid three Days in Town after their Marriage, before they set out for their Retirement, to which the Servant who had assisted *Emilia* in her Escape accompanied them.

Had their Journey reached the utmost Boundaries of *Europe*, it could not have failed of being delightful to People so passionately fond of each other, and united after so many Disappointments. They had never cast one Thought on their Poverty, seeming to themselves richer than if possessed of Mines of Shining Ore. But if they felt themselves in a State of Felicity during the Interruptions of a long Journey, how much more were they delighted, when, at the End of it, they

they came to a Cottage which seemed the very Seat of Love? The blissful Regions of *Arcadia* could scarcely compare to it. In all young *Rivers's* Search, he could find no Place entirely suited to his romantic Fancy but this, which even exceeded it: He had not described it to his fair Bride, wishing to see the Effect of its Beauties on her Mind when unprejudiced in its Favour, and she had made no Inquiries; contented with knowing she should there have his Company, she sought no farther Happiness; but when she beheld this Place, she found it was still capable of Addition.

The Inside of the House differed no otherwise from common Cottages than in its extreme Neatness, and an Air of Taste mingled with Convenience, which creates no additional Expence but that of a little Art and Study, and this Mr. *Rivers* thought well employed, as it was to fit the House for his *Emily's* Reception, and was pleased to see his Orders so punctually executed.

It was situated on a rising Ground; from every Part of it the Eye was entertained with most pleasing Prospects. The Farm which belonged to it bore a small Rent, but its Extent was larger than is usual for one of double the Income, there being more Wood than Land for Tillage or Pasture. Before the House was a Field of about six Acres, which he stocked with Sheep, and raised a young quick-set Hedge round it. At the Side of this Hedge, *Emilia* set all Kinds of the sweetest and most beautiful Flowers, and Woodbines sufficient to wind over and cover almost all the Hedge. Beyond this Field, which one might, if the Word did not sound too elegant for a Farm, call a beautiful Lawn, on one Side was a fine Wood of a considerable Extent, thro' it ran a River which bounded the other Side of the Lawn, running Serpentine thro' the Farm, and after ornamenting the Prospect, disappeared to the Eye, at a

great Distance, at another Wood, into which it entered, Among the Trees, and at each Side of the River, *Emilia* planted all such sweet-flowering Shrubs as were proper for the Place; she did the same round every Field in the Farm, for the gardening Part was her's, in which Art she obtained Instruction from an old Man in the Neighbourhood, till the Whole appeared like a beautiful Garden: She made little Bowers of Woodbines and Jessamine, and there was not a Tree but was incircled with them. I describe the Place as they made it, rather than as they found it, as they were diligent and expeditious in their Alterations, and I should not otherwise give an Idea of this little Seat of Love,

The chief Part of the Land was Pasture, the rest Meadow; there was not a ploughed Field on the Farm. The Care of the Woods, and Preservation of the Fish in the River, was Part of the Tenant's Business, which better suited young *Rivers*'s Inclination and Abilities than Tillage.

Love never made two People more happy than this tender Pair; their Employments served to keep their Minds from the Weariness which is the constant Consequence of Idleness, and each other's Company rendered every Employ delightful. They lived like a pastoral Shepherd and Shepherdess, Hand in Hand attended their Flocks, or watched them under the Shades of spreading Trees. Sometimes their different Employments would separate them; like our first Mother *Eve*, *Emilia* would be called from the Sharer of her Paradise, to plant or prune her Flowers, but short Retirement urges sweet Return; the little Absence gave a Warmth and Eagerness to their Love; when they met again, they felt a Joy surpassing the constant, undisturbed Satisfaction of not being separated; a Moment's unexpected Delay gave them a fond Impatience, which the returning Presence of each

each other gratified with Rapture. No Tempter waited to pervert this fair *Eve* with delusive Flattery; the Variety of Beauty which Nature had lavished on this Place would exalt her Thoughts to the Creator of them, and fill her Heart with Gratitude, but the Appearance of young *Rivers* attracted her to a lower Object, and divided her Gratitude between the superior Power who gave her him, and he whose Love gave Charms to every Circumstance, and rendered every Hour delightful.

Young *Rivers* was not beneath his sweet Wife in Affection, he conceived no Happiness beyond what he enjoyed, nor I believe can more be possessed by Mortal. Could such Bliss be lasting, we should have no Reason to wish for a Change of State; but, perhaps, this Couple are the only Persons who ever were blessed with five Years of such perfect Felicity; and longer still it might have continued, had not Riches corrupted Hearts so content in Poverty.

In all this Time their Society was not increased by the tender Additions which are generally the Fruits of Love, and so contented were they in every Respect, that they did not wish for Offspring, convinced, from Heaven's great Bounty to them, that if they would have contributed to their Happiness it would have bestowed them on Persons who seemed born to feel all the Excess of Felicity that Heaven can give. *Rivers* trembled with the Thought of his *Emilia*'s being exposed to the Danger attending a Circumstance generally so wished for; and she could not desire to have any Sharers in her Husband's Affection, lest her Part might be lessened, and she become only his second Care, as he seemed to think it would rather interrupt his Happiness.

After they had lived above five Years in the perfect Gratification of every Wish, an old Gentleman, whose Name was *Rivers*, accompanied their Landlord to a

Seat he had within a few Miles of them. This Gentleman but seldom visited his Estate, and when he did made but a very short Stay ; however his beauteous Tenants had attracted his Notice, and being himself a Man of Sense, who had lived much in the great World, he was at first surprized, and afterwards greatly pleased with young *Rivers*'s Politeness, whose Manner, or Elegance of Understanding no longer appeared strange to him, when he learnt that he had a Wife so equal, if not superior to him in Perfections, had embraced a voluntary Poverty and Retirement, ~~for~~ the Sake of each other. When he was in the Country he endeavoured to enjoy as much of their Conversation as they would bestow on him ; and as soon as he came down this Time, told old Mr. *Rivers* he would carry him to a very extraordinary Couple of his own Name. " People," said he, " who have not only felt, but practised the Sublime of Love ; they have steered their Actions by Romance, they failed by the Map *Dutendre*, and have realized the flights of a sublime Imagination, soaring above common Happiness into perfect Bliss. One would think them sent into the World to fulfill the Promises of all Lovers since the Flood, whatever they have, in the Heat of Passion, or in the Elegance of Poetry uttered, this Pair make good."

This Account, tho' it might have raised the Curiosity of many, did not create so strong a Desire in Mr. *Rivers* to see them, as hearing they bore his Name,

This Gentleman's great Foible was the Love of Pedigree ; an unfortunate Turn, as he happened to be born of a low Tradesman, whose Father was scarcely known by himself, and, beyond him, he could fix on no Ancestor since *Adam*. He had taken great Pains to prove himself descended from an antient Family of *Rivers*'s, and had assumed the Arms, but one of that Family, whose Fortune was inferior, envying

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vying this Gentleman's Riches, would assert his Right to a superior Rank, and prosecuted him for bearing the Arms. This Indignity went very hard with him, and made him still warmer in Pursuit of Ancestors.

A Man that lived by buying and selling Pictures and Antiquities, imposing on ignorant Pretenders to Taste, who bought them of him as a Connoisseur, becoming acquainted with this Gentleman's Weakness, and never missing an Opportunity of converting the Folly of others to his Benefit, determined not to neglect so fair an Invitation to cheating. He saw at the House of a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, thrown aside in a Lumber-Room, which he was searching for saleable Rubbish, the Picture of a Merchant, his Business specified in the Picture by proper Emblems. He immediately considered that this old Gentleman, whose Dress was very antiquated and uncouth, would make a very good Grandfather for Mr. Rivers.

As the Owner had not so good a Use for the Picture, he readily sold it for Five Shillings to this Gentleman, who, when he got it Home, wrote upon it, *Jonathan Rivers, Father of Aminadab Rivers*, of such a Place: This he had learnt was the Name of Mr. Rivers's Father; and as for his Grandfather, he thought, as really was the Case, that Mr. Rivers himself was in all Probability ignorant of it.

Having prepared his Scheme, he went to a Coffee-House which he knew Mr. Rivers frequented, and without seeming to observe him, talked of a Purchase he had lately made of a very fine Picture, a Family-Piece indeed, but one so well painted, that it was of great Value to any one who bore no Relation to the Original. The Person to whom he spoke having Directions what he was to say, asked who the Original was. I know no more, answered the other, than that his Name was *Jonathan Rivers*, and that he was Father to *Aminadab Rivers* of such a Place, this being

marked on the Picture, an uncommon Thing, but I suppose there was some Reason for being so particular, or his own Name might have sufficed.

Mr. Rivers, who, from a Vacancy of Thought, had attended to what was said, was charmed with hearing any Account of a Father to *Aminadab*, who, for any Thing he knew to the contrary, might have been the Son of *Melchisedek*. He went up to the Gentleman, and telling him he bore some Relation to the Family he mentioned, begged leave to see the Picture. The Request was easily granted, and the next Morning appointed.

Mr. Rivers's Heart was too deeply engaged to let him have any Rest till he beheld the Picture; filial Piety scarcely ever made a Man long so earnestly to visit the reverend Age, and venerable Virtues of the most worthy Grandfather, as Mr. Rivers did to bless His Sight with the inanimate Representation of one. He was earlier than his Appointment, like an impatient Lover, thinking the Hours of Absence so tedious, that he could not refrain from seeking the Object of his Passion, tho' at a Season unexpected.

The Man possessed of this envied Treasure, undisturbed by turbulent Desires, had anticipated his future Profit by golden Dreams, and, lulled by their sweet Influence, kept such late Possession of his Bed, that he was not up when Mr. Rivers came; but that his Absence might not be regretted, he ordered the infatuated Man to be carried into the Room where hung the Object of his impatient Desires; not sorry to leave his Folly and his Vanity Time to work, before he played his Part.

During this *tête à tête* with his Grandfather Mr. Rivers indulged his Raptures; a full-bottom'd Wig and a very long Cravat gave a Dignity to the Figure which charmed his Pride; the venerable Dress of this ancient Portrait he thought cast a Shadow of Distinction on

on himself, and he could scarcely forgive his Father for having disgraced so respectable a Parent by a mean Trade, tho' to it he owed his Fortune. After having paid a more than dutiful Adoration to his Grand-sire, he began to examine whether, between his own Face and this Picture's, he could discover no Traces of a Resemblance. The Portrait, indeed, was drawn for a very fat black Man, with large black Eyes, and an aquiline Nose. Mr. *Rivers* had white Hair, a very pale Complexion, little grey Eyes buried deep in his Head, under the Shade of two large white Eye-brows; and as for his Nose, it was supposed to have been, before his Birth, unhappily flattened by an unmerciful Busc worn by his Mother all the Time of her Pregnancy; this fatal Leveller of the Feature, which, in those Faces who have not been subject to its Tyranny, is so beautifully prominent, had so totally curbed its Growth, that while the Rest of his Person was blessed with a happy Increase, his Nose remained pretty near of the same Size, which rendered it at his Birth so hardly distinguished by the Nurses and Midwife. Notwithstanding the Contrast between the Faces was so strong, Mr. *Rivers* discovered a very great Resemblance; and when the Gentleman came into the Room to him, he asked his Opinion, who readily acknowledged the Likeness to be beyond Dispute. Even in the very Feature which seemed to make the most conspicuous Difference, tho' he observed that Mr. *Rivers* had greatly degenerated from his Grand-sire, yet had he had a Nose, he assured him by the slight Indications which his Face now bore of there having been one originally formed there, it would have been an exact Copy of his Grandfather's.

Mr. *Rivers* desired him to name his Price for this valuable Piece, but the Gentleman scrupled to part with it; he had never been so fortunate as to meet with so fine a Picture before, it crowned his Collection, and was, in short, inestimable. Mr. *Rivers*,

frighted at these unkind Scruples, represented to him, in the most lively Colours, the Cruelty of detaining from him the Image of his Grandfather ; that it must be of far greater Value to him than to any one else, and that he should never be happy till he was in Possession of it ; till at last the Gentleman's Heart melted, and he declared he was not able to resist the Force of his Importunities, which had so much Reason on their Side, that he should not forgive himself such Selfishness, which, however, he owned it difficult to conquer, for the Love of a fine Picture was his Foible. Mr. Rivers, overjoyed to find that he relented, to take Advantage of the happy Moment, offered him any Price. The Gentleman answered, it would be a Sin to refuse so generous a Man any reasonable Request, but that as for the Money he did not regard it ; if he parted with the Picture, he might, with far less Self-denial, forego any Advantage, and would on no Account take more than he gave for it, which was but fourscore Pounds, "the cheapest Thing that ever was bought, " but the Seller did not know the real Worth of it."

Mr. Rivers would have thought fourscore Pounds a great deal of Money for any Thing but an Ancestor ; but looking on it as the Purchase of Gentility, (for who could dispute his being a Gentleman when he had so noble a Grandfather to shew) considered it as a great Pennyworth, paid the Money directly, and carried his revered Parent home in his Coach.

Mr. Rivers the next Day sent for a Statuary, whom he employed in making three or four Bustos from this Picture ; he then ordered a Painter to take a Copy of it, with which he intended to dignify his Country-House. In the mean Time his Thoughts were at work how to revenge himself on the Affront put upon him in the Court of Honour, and to assert his Gentility on the Strength of this Testimonial.

The Bustos and the Copy of his Picture were just brought Home, when meeting with the Gentleman in

in whose Lumber-Room it had long Abode, with whom he was intimately acquainted, he carried him to his House to see the fine Picture of his Grandfather, and to ask his Opinion of the Copies. With great Self-Complacency Mr. Rivers shewed the Picture, encircled with the Marble and Canvas Imitations, to the Gentleman, who immediately knowing his own Lumber again, cried out, "my honoured Grandfather, do I once more behold you?"

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked Mr. Rivers.

"I was only saluting my Grandfather, Sir," replied the Gentleman. "I should have thought myself undutiful had I not paid my Respects to him."

"Your Grandfather, Sir!" said Mr. Rivers, "this is my Grandfather not yours. Was your Grandfather's Name *Jonathan Rivers*, or your Father's *Aminadab Rivers*?"

"Neither one nor the other, upon my Honour," answered he, "but this is the Picture of honest *Bruin van Heylin*, my Mother's Father. To *Jonathan* or *Aminadab Rivers* I lay no Claim."

"Then, Sir," replied Mr. Rivers, "you must resign all Pretensions to this Person, for you see his Name is written on the Picture."

"If there was not a Kind of Impiety in disclaiming our Parents," said the other, "I would not dispute so trifling a Matter as a Grandfather with you. Were the Original alive he should be at your Service too, all but his Inheritance; the plodding Burgomaster I would yield to you, but not the Produce of HERRINGS and BUTTER, the Dutchman's Merchandise. Nay, even now, if to *Bruin van Heylin* you have a Mind to add, with an alias, *Jonathan Rivers*, the old Gentleman loved accumulating in every Sense so well, that I would not disappoint you, nor refuse to him any Increase, tho' but of empty Names."

Upon

" Upon my Word, Sir," replied Mr. Rivers,
 " I must take the Liberty to say that your Obsturacy
 " in this Point is very extraordinary. You may, per-
 " haps, wish for so fine a Picture, but you must think
 " me very weak, if you imagine this is the Way to
 " prevail on me to part with it. It may be admired
 " by you, but by me it must be venerated. I pay
 " the Reverence due to the lively Representation of
 " a respected Parent, you could only esteem the
 " Painter. My Grandfather *Rivers* was a worthy
 " and respectable old Gentleman; his very Picture
 " bears the Stamp of Merit and Dignity, and I can-
 " not say but to descend from such a Man must re-
 " flect Lustre on all his Race; but there is a Kind
 " of Character runs through a Family, a Resem-
 " blance of Person as well as Mind, that would ren-
 " der it difficult for you to perswade any one that
 " this Gentleman was an Ancestor of yours, whereas
 " a Likeness between him and myself is sufficiently
 " distinguishable. It could therefore ornament your
 " House only as a fine Picture, not as a Family-
 " Piece."

" I frankly acknowledge," answered Bruin's Grand-
 son, " that I claim no Resemblance to the bloated
 " Feature of a swoll'n *Dutchman*, of whose Resem-
 " blance to you I can form no Judgment unless I see
 " his Skeleton; nor have I any Desire to rob you
 " of the Picture; had I valued it very highly, I
 " should not have sold it for Five Shillings."

" Five Shillings! Sir;" exclaimed Mr. Rivers,
 " this Picture was sold for fourscore Pounds to a
 " Gentleman, who, out of pure Good-Nature, very
 " generously let me have it at that Price, tho' it was
 " the cheapest Thing that ever was bought, and he
 " might have received more for it at any Auction.
 " Five Shillings truly! I thought how well you were
 " acquainted with the Picture. You sold it for Five
 " Shil-

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" Shillings ! Yes, indeed, it is very likely any one
" should part with such a Piece as this for Five
" Shillings."

The Gentleman began to suspect the Deceit, but not having Good-Nature enough to conceal a Circumstance, the Discovery of which would so sensibly afflict Mr. *Rivers*, in taking from him the inward Satisfaction of having a Grandfather to exhibit ; he entered into a Detail, which made the Case too plain ; declaring how long it had been in his Possession, that it was the Picture of an old *Dutch* Burgomaster, whose Daughter had married his Father ; but being a vile Sign-Post Piece, he waved his Respect to his Relation, and took the Liberty of consigning it to his Lumber-Room, where it lay neglected till such a Gentleman, naming the Person of whom Mr. *Rivers* bought it, thought fit to offer him a Crown for the Picture and the Frame together ; which, in his Opinion, was just Five Shillings more than either was worth, so he very readily accepted the Sum. And besides a great deal of Varnish, and the Names he had inscribed, he saw no Alteration since it went out of his Hands.

Nothing could have been so afflicting to Mr. *Rivers* as this Discovery. He went to the Person of whom he had bought it, and required his Money again, but the Man laughed at the Demand, told him that it was a free Bargain and good in Law, therefore advised him to be silent, and a *Duteh* Burgomaster might make as good a Father for *Aminadab Rivers*, as if the old Man had sat for it.

Mr. *Rivers* began to think the Counsel was not to be rejected, and resolved now to be a Party in the Deceit ; but the first Owner of it was too well entertained with the Oddness of the Incident to bury it in Silence. He told it to so many People, that Mr. *Rivers* found he could not go into any Place without hearing

hearing his imaginary Genealogy related in Scripture Phrase; the first Sound on his Entrance was sure to be, here comes Mr. *Rivers*, who is the Son of *Aminadab*, who was the Son of *Jonathan*, surnamed *Bruin van Heylin*. Touched with the Ridicule he had incurred, he was glad to accept of an Opportunity of leaving Town, which Mr. *Chambers's* Good-Nature gave him, by an Invitation of accompanying him to his Country-House, where Businesse called him.

In this mortified Temper of Mind was old Mr. *Rivers*, when Mr. *Chambers* carried him to see his polite Tenants, as he called them. Mr. *Chambers* insisted on seeing them either at his House or their own every Day, during his Continuance in the Neighbourhood. Old *Rivers* found a secret Partiality for every one of his Name, and began to think, that if he could not have a Grandfather, it would be some Satisfaction to him to have a Son, he must be contented to lengthen out his Family in such a Manner as was most possible.

On talking with young *Rivers* he found him of a good Family, into which he hoped in some Degree to be adopted, by adopting him. Moved by this weighty Inducement, he resolved to make young *Rivers* his Heir, and, as if he had little Businesse in this World after having settled this Affair, he died in half a Year's Time, during this short Remainder of his Life having made him several Visits in the Country.

By this Gentleman's Death young *Rivers* inherited near Three Thousand Pounds a Year, but if he died without Children, it was to go to another of the Name, who was put in the Intail tho' he had offended old Mr. *Rivers*; but rather than his Estate should be possessed by any other Family, he bequeathed him the Remainder, without setting any Example of Forgiveness, for he did not resent the Offence the less

less for this Clause in his Will; his Pride, not his Charity or Meekness, dictated it.

Young Rivers and his *Emilia* were before this new Acquisition, as I have said, as happy as Mortality will bear; but the common Notion, that an Increase of Money must bring an Addition of Happiness, made them rejoice in the Inheritance; yet they did not immediately change their Way of Life, the Summer and their Love were still both at the Height; but when the Winter robbed their Groves of their Shade, froze up their River, and spoiled the Verdure of their Fields, Mr. *Rivers* began to think *London* afforded them an agreeable Retreat from the Gloom of *November*, tho' till then every Season had appeared gay and delightful; and without repining they had exchanged the Sun's natural Warmth for the artificial Heat of Fires, being as sure of each other's Presence by the Fire-side as under the Shade of a Tree in its full Beauty, and so conversing they forgot all Time; all Seasons and their Changes pleased alike. But Customs will pervert those who can follow it. Others of their Fortune fled the Country when in its Decline, therefore they could not doubt but it was most eligible so to do. They did not indeed remember any Pleasure in Town that had given them a Satisfaction equal to what they found in admiring the Beauty of the new-fallen Snow, or hoary Frosts, and of communicating their Observations, tho' the very Thought would make a delicate Beau or Town-Lady tremble. But this they justly attributed to each other's Presence, and as they should enjoy the same Blessing in *London*, they did not doubt finding every Pleasure doubled; and they had Vanity enough to be glad to appear in Splendor, in a Place where they were looked upon as Beggars.

With Regret they bid Farewell to their Cottage; but still they left it, and appeared in *London* in a Manner

mer suitable to their Fortunes. They were soon sought by all their old Acquaintance, who wanted to see what Transformation so long a Retirement had occasioned. Mrs. Davers, ready to forgive Disobedience, tho' implacable against the Crime of Poverty, was easily reconciled to a Daughter who could appear in greater Figure than herself. Thus beset they frequented every public Place, and tho' *Emilia* remained insensible to all Pleasure, unless Mr. Rivers was of the Party, yet he grew to think a Wife a less joyous Companion than many of his wildest Acquaintance; an Evening past *tête à tête* with her appeared insipid, and he could spend a Day absent from her without feeling the lively Impatience to meet again, which an Hour's Separation was wont to inspire.

Emilia perceived the Change, and grew sensible of the bad Effects of Dissipation; but if any Depression of Spirits was the Consequence of the Abatement of his Affection, her Want of Vivacity wearied him, and a Hint at the Cause offended him as unjust; for, persuaded that his Love was eternal, he would not suffer his own Sensations to convince him that it was drawing near its End, and that an Eternity of Love falls far short of the Period of most other mortal Things.

From a Fondness for the Pleasures his Fortune bought him, he came to love the Fortune, and grew uneasy at the Thought of not having it in his Disposal, as he had no Heirs to inherit it. His *Emilia*, who had appeared to him as an inexhaustible Source of Blessings, his Heart now accused of having failed of giving him the greatest. Vanity made him wish for Children, which the softer Passions had never taught him to sigh after. He not only grew uneasy, but was so deficient in Delicacy as to express it, and would continually repine at having no Heir to so fair a Fortune. The

The Man who begins to look upon his Wife as one who has robbed him of any Blessing in Life, is not far from ceasing to love her. The Desire of Children grew so strong in Mr. Rivers, that he never beheld his afflicted *Emily* without thinking she had done him an Injury, not once reflecting that had she been of the same Way of Thinking in regard to him, he should have called her unjust.

Emilia felt her Misfortune more deeply for not finding the same Effects from Dissipation; her Affections were as warm as ever, but as she knew complaining Love was tiresome, she affected a Tranquillity she could not feel, and endeavoured, by Good-Humour and Clearfulness, so difficult to a breaking Heart, to endear herself to the Man whom she had believed incapable of Want of Constancy or Justice. She concealed her Grief from every one, but most of all from him who caused it; and received Reproaches he at last made her, as her Due, after having made one unsuccessful Trial to convince him of the Injustice he did her, in reckoning as a Crime in her, a Misfortune, for such she must esteem it if he thought it one, the Cause of which was beyond their Knowledge.

"In this Situation," continued *Sabrina*, "I believe I must leave poor *Emilia*, having tired both your Highness and myself. Her State is hopeless, therefore I could not afford her any speedy Relief were I to proceed. I have already said enough to prove the Truth of what I asserted, that Riches make some unhappy, and yet this is the Way that fewest suffer by them; the Encouragement of our Vices, our Follies, and our Vanities, is the general Means thro' which they render us miserable. Many of our Torments are the Offspring of Affluence."

"Good Parents sometimes have bad Children," replied *Carinthia*; "but I am afraid it would be
"making

" making too great a Compliment to our Sex, to suppose they would all look on Riches as so insufficient an Exchange for a Husband's Fondness ; perhaps many would think the more lively Pleasures preferable to the sober Certainty of matrimonial Bliss."

" Your Highness states the Matter a little wrong," interrupted *Sabrina* ; " I allow that many light Minds prefer false fluttering Pleasures to tranquil Happiness, as they see it enjoyed by others, for they themselves are not capable of it ; they are void of Taste for any Thing but Folly, and therefore can no more be expected to prefer a Life of Reason and Wisdom, to the poor and trifling Enjoyment for which they are qualified, than a deaf Man could be expected to prefer the Music he cannot hear, to the Gratification of any of the Senses he possesses. Many might think the Pleasures Money can give them, far more alluring than the sober Certainty of matrimonial Bliss, but it must be from a Want of that Good-Sense and Reason, I might add of Virtue, which alone can enable People to enjoy rational Happiness ; when the strongest Affection the Heart possesses is the Love of Vanities, we cannot wonder if frivolous Pleasures are the only Pursuit."

End of the Nineteenth Chapter.

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 written too clear & comprehensive of our Sex to
 suppose they would ill look on Ringers as to injury
 given as excuse for the Husband's conduct
 like many would think the more lively Pictures
 beggarly to the poor Christians of westernmost
 Brit.

A

JOURNEY through LIFE.

CHAP. XX.

The HISTORY of Mr. and Mrs. RIVERS continued.

FROM Indifference to his Wife Mr. Rivers proceeded to the Love of other Women. This Inconstancy grew notorious, and deprived *Emilia* of all Hopes of regaining his Affections; when he was most unkind, if she asked wherein she had offended, the only Answer she received was, that he could not be happy without Children; had he the same endearing Joys at Home as blessed every common Marriage, he should find no Inducement to go Abroad; and was the Title of Father added to that of Husband, it would have a softer Sound.

The unfortunate *Emilia* had a Heart too much afflicted to receive Pleasure or Consolation Abroad; as her Grief was ever present to her Mind, she suffered

led least when hid from every Eye she was at Liberty to bewail her Misfortunes, and freed from the cruel Constraint of wearing a Countenance foreign to her Heart. Few People are capable of forming a just Idea of what she endured, as a right Judgement could not be made, without first having felt the perfect Happiness she had for near six Years enjoyed. Her Situation was like a Fall from Paradise, an unjust Expulsion from Bliss, having lived free from Offence; every Day more and more deserving of her happy Lot. For some Time Mr. Rivers's Inconstancy was only the Gratification of sudden Passions, but at length a more serious and lasting Attachment took Place; the Object was one Miss *Reynards*, a very beautiful young Girl, deserving of a more worthy Regard.

Her Age was not above sixteen. Her Mind had from Infancy received a grave Turn; she was tender and affectionate, studious, and desirous of Improvement.

From her first Appearance in Town, she made a strong Impression on the Heart of Mr. *Rivers*, which was then vacant; and unhappily he was not less pleasing to her: Young, artless, and susceptible of Love, it was no Wonder she felt the Force of Charms, which might have deluded a Woman armed with more Experience.

Mr. *Rivers* contrived to get acquainted with Miss *Reynards*, under the Character of a single Man of Fortune, sensible that if known to be married he must hope for no Success from his Addresses.

Our Sex seldom excuse the Frailities of each other, Affectation or Policy render us more implacable than suits the Softness of our Natures; this will make it appear strange should I endeavour to plead in Behalf of Miss *Reynards*'s Weakness; therefore I must leave her Excuse to correspondent Nature, or forgiving Charity, and shall only say, that she had not Power to resist

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resist his Arts and her own Love. Their Amour had lasted but a short Time when an old Lady in whose Friendship Miss *Reynards* had succeeded her Mother, came to Town. She was likewise related to, and intimately acquainted with *Emilia*, and had sometimes been witness to Mr. *Rivers's* unworthy Treatment of her.

Mr. *Rivers* was too often with Miss *Reynards* not to be soon met there by her Friend Mrs. *Gowran*, whose Appearance startled him extremely. She saw his Confusion, nor did it pass unobserved by Miss *Reynards*. The two Visitors endeavoured to be the last, but Mr. *Rivers's* Perseverance obliged Mrs. *Gowran* to give Way, she having Engagements on her Hands, which robbed her of the Command of her Evening.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. *Rivers*, who feared his Mistress should learn the Deceit he had put upon her, began, on her asking the Reason of his being disconcerted on Mrs. *Gowran's* Appearance, to endeavour to prevail with her to break off all Acquaintance with that Lady, inventing many Calumnies which he urged as Reasons for disclaiming her. And as he judged that no common Faults of her Side could account for his Confusion, he pretended that she had entertained a Passion for him, which he having rejected, had turned to such inveterate Hatred, that she vowed every Kind of Vengeance, and had never since ceased her utmost Endeavours to blacken his Character, or cross him in every View in Life.

Partial as Miss *Reynards* was to Mr. *Rivers*, the great Earnestness with which he pressed her to promise him never to see Mrs. *Gowran* any more, led her to suspect some different View; she thought her Partiality and Truth on his Side could leave him nothing to fear. Could a Heart so fond as hers lightly credit any Thing against the Object of its Love?

Then

Then her Respect for Mrs. Gowran, the good Opinion she had entertained from so long Experience, and her Mother's still better-grounded Testimony, who had in a Manner committed to her Care the Daughter whom she left too much at her own Command, made it difficult for her to credit any Thing to that Lady's Disadvantage. Her Reason seemed to justify Mrs. Gowran, and Mr. Rivers had alarmed her Love. She would not make the Promise he exacted; on the contrary, would have gone to Mrs. Gowran the next Morning, had she not been sure of seeing her at Home.

Of this indeed she had little Reason to doubt; Mrs. Gowran had been so disturbed with Mr. Rivers's Confusion, and the peculiar Air of Familiarity she perceived between him and Miss Reynards, whom she loved as her own Child, that she could not rest, and was at her House before she was awake. Mr. Rivers had prolonged his Visit till very late, which occasioned her encroaching a little on the Morning.

Mrs. Gowran's Tenderness made her fear to give Pain. She easily believed Mr. Rivers might have made a strong Impression on Miss Reynards's Heart; she knew the Susceptibility of the one, and the insinuating Arts of the other, which charmed every one who saw him. Their Countenances told her they loved; she trembled to find the Girl who was so dear to her, was weak enough to let her Heart become the Prey of a married Man, to whom every Virtue forbade her to listen. She resolved to do her utmost to recover her to Reason and her Duty, to persuade her to punish herself for so blamable an Error, but not to fright her by Violence; however, afraid lest the Subject, with whatever Gentleness she might treat it, should flutter her Spirits too much, she would not go into her Room till after she was up, nor meant to enquire into the Affair till after Breakfast; but Miss Reynards's Impatience was not so easily restrained. She inquired how

long Mrs. *Gowran* had been acquainted with Mr. *Long*, and was immediately answered, she never knew any such; but this Misunderstanding was soon explained, for when Mrs. *Gowran* perceived whom she meant, Mr. *Rivers* having assumed the Name of *Long*, the more easily to deceive his Mistress, she again assured her, she had no Acquaintance so called, but that the Gentleman she met there the Night before was Mr. *Rivers*, whose Wife she believed she must have heard her pity, as one who met with nothing but Neglect and Inconstancy in Return for the most tender Passion.

Miss *Reynards* could not readily believe her; her extreme Agitation greatly alarmed her Friend, who so well convinced her that her Lover was married, that, unable to bear the Shock, she fainted away. Mrs. *Gowran* caught her in her Arms, and brought her to herself, tho' she at first believed her Senses ill restored, by the Violence of her Exclamations against his Villainy, a Heat so contrary to her naturally mild Temper. She was torn between Rage and Despair, and in her unguarded Expressions alarmed Mrs. *Gowran* with too strong an Appearance of the Truth. She trembled at her own Suspicions, and knew not how to seek to clear them. Miss *Reynards*'s Resentment soon saved her the Trouble; that young Lady had lately found her unhappy Conduct would soon become too apparent; this Reflection increased her Despair, which had been hitherto kept off by his Promises to marry her and screen her from Shame.

Mrs. *Gowran*'s tender Consolation and Pity gave such free Utterance to her Grief, that she plainly expressed every Circumstance of her Affliction without being sensible she betrayed herself.

Her Friend, almost as deeply touched as herself, was incapable of giving her Comfort; she joined in her Tears, and added Execrations to which Miss *Reynards*'s fond Heart could not subscribe; she hated

his Villainy, but loved the Man; and was as implausible against her own Weakness as against his Baseness. In Mrs. Gowran's friendly Bosom she poufed forth self-reproaching Tears, and aimed not at any Justification; but when, by some Things her Friend dropt, she found her acquainted with every Circumstance of her Shame, like a silly Girl who first acquaints a Fortune-teller of every Particular of her Life, and then, full of Wonder, admires his great Wisdom and supernatural Skill in repeating to her what she before told him, she was covered with Confusion, and thought it strange she should know what no Alteration in her Shape yet indicated.

Mrs. Gowran informed her that she owed this Knowledge to no one but herself, and hoped it might ever be a Secret to all the World beside, but begged she would tell her what she designed to do with her false Lover.

Miss Reynards answered, that after her imprudent and vicious Conduct she could not pretend to take such a Question amiss. She was sensible that she might justly be suspected of every Part of Ill-Behaviour; but her Resolution was taken. As she had never encouraged Mr. Rivers's Addresses, but on a Belief that he was not married, and that she should be his Wife; nor after the fatal Consequences of a weak Moment too artfully contrived, and too fatally seized, had she continued to permit his Visits and his Love, but on his solemn Promises of repairing that Honour which in her own Eyes and his he had for ever stained; therefore now being convinced how little he had it in his Power to perform that Engagement, and of the Baseness of his Behaviour from that Moment she would never beheld him more, but endeavour, by Penitence and Mortification, to expiate her Guilt to Heaven, and receive both her Affliction and her Shame with that Resignation which

we ought to express in suffering the Punishments so justly due to our own bad Actions.

Mrs. *Gowran* applauded her Resolution, and used every friendly Means to compose her Mind, which was too variously agitated with Hatred to herself, Resentment for the Injury, and Love for the Injurer, to receive much Consolation.

Mr. *Rivers* found, by Refusals of Admittance, that he had been discovered; and as he still loved Miss *Reynards*, his Wife became a Fellow-Sufferer in the Disappointment, for poor Wives more than share their Husband's Ill-Humour: If a Mistress is cruel, the kind Wife bears the Punishment due only to her Husband's Inconstancy. Thus poor *Emilia* received additional Ill-Treatment, and was made ignorantly to grieve the ill Success of her Husband's lawless Passion. But little as he seemed to regard her, he was alarmed at seeing Mrs. *Gowran* with her; he knew the Intimacy between them, and feared she would be as ready to discover the false Husband to the one, as the base Lover to the other.

But Mr. *Rivers* did her Injustice. She would not suffer a young Person whom she looked upon as her own Child, to live in a Course of Shame and Guilt; but, averse to giving unnecessary Pain, she gave not the least Hint to Mrs. *Rivers* about so criminal an Affair. On the contrary, her Mind was bent on doing Service to both, and in her Opinion Justice to one likely to be an innocent Sufferer, whose Enemy was Law, not Nature, which gave it an equal Right to paternal Care as the Offspring of lawful Wedlock.

She had been too often Witness to Mr. *Rivers'* Ill-Humour, to leave *Emilia* the Power of dissembling with her. A grieved Heart is silent on every Subject but its Affliction. These two Friends naturally fell into Conversation on a Misfortune in which Mrs. *Gowran*'s Friendship made her sincerely interested.

Mrs. Rivers lamented her having no Child as the Source of all her Affliction, which gave Rise to a Thought in Mrs. Gowran's Mind, that seemed to her to require so little scanning, that she immediately told her, if she really supposed her Husband's Indifference was so unjustly founded, she could put her in a Way of giving him an Heir without any Breach of Chastity. She advised her to pretend herself with Child, promising to produce her a new-born Babe in less than seven Months, whose Parents should at least be as faultless as her Husband; therefore it would have no more Vices to inherit than if it was his own Child; and the Fear of having flattered herself too much, and of disappointing him if she should prove mistaken, would be a fair Excuse for not declaring her Pregnancy sooner.

Mrs. Rivers did not readily agree to this Advice. She feared a Discovery, and that Mr. Rivers might be the more exasperated for the Deceit. Mrs. Gowran assured her that if any such Thing happened, she would undertake to pacify him, and would engage for Success. Some Scruples then arose in Emilia's Mind about defrauding the next Heir by a supposititious Child; but the Age of the Person, which rendered him very unlikely to out-live her Husband, and his having no Children, joined with her Affection and Distress, made her at last consent to any Thing that promised her the least Chance of regaining her Husband's lost Love, and she settled Measures with Mrs. Gowran.

When all Things were concluded, Mrs. Gowran left her to acquaint her Husband with this joyful News, and went to Miss Reynolds, to whom she made known her Scheme. Albeit the Consolation that poor Girl could receive this Information gave her. It was great Satisfaction to her to find that her innocent Babe would not inherit its Mother's Infamy. This Reflection,

joined

joined with her good Friend's Assurances, of taking the best Means to conceal her Shame, at last brought her into a quieter Temper of Mind, and she waited the dreadful Time of her Deliverance with Composure. Her kind Friend made her no Reproaches; she pitied the wounded Heart, and rather endeavoured to heal than to keep the Wound open. Returning Virtue in her Eyes excused past Vice; she saw every Extenuation of her Offence in the fairest Light, and her Grief and Repentance was a Veil under which she hid the unhappy Folly even from her own Sight. How many Girls, like her, weak and unfortunate, might be entirely reclaimed by such kind Behaviour, that, made desperate by Rigour, are from one false Step led on to everlasting Ruin! But I shall leave this Subject to return to Mr. Rivers.

Mr. Rivers, like many a good Man on whom his Wife bestows the like Favour, was overjoyed at the Account of her Pregnancy. He began again to see Charms in his *Emilia*, and if he no longer loved her as his Wife, she was dear to him as the Mother. Any Return of Affection delighted one so long disappointed of all her Hopes. His Tenderness made her cherish the Deceit, and if a Scruple arose in her Mind, one Smile from him chased it away. The Shape, which while it preserved the Delicacy and exact Symmetry of the nicest Proportion, gave no Pleasure to his Sight, now, that by an Art necessary to the carrying on of her Schemes it was robbed of all its Beauty, began to charm him. His wandering Fancy was reclaimed, and he renounced all looser Passion; saw that Constancy was one great Requisite to conjugal Happiness, and resolved so to live as to set a worthy Example to the Babe, which Providence had at last kindly promised him.

The happy Effects of *Emilia's* Deceit could not entirely make her easy; she was under great Apprehensions

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tensions about the Execution of it, and could scarcely rely on Mrs. Gowran's Skill and Care, tho' she had a high Opinion of both; but as if Heaven had, in Pity to such undeserved Distress, favoured the Deceit to which it had reduced her, Mr. Rivers, before the expected Term, was named for Envoy to a Neighbouring Kingdom.

This reformed Husband grieved to leave his Wife in a Situation where his tender Care might administer Consolation; he knew the Excess of her Love; her delighted Acceptance of his truant Heart, her reproachless Conduct, and unreproaching Carelessness under the Injuries she received from him, made him sensible how noble that Disposition must be which he had so cruelly tried; her past Patience proved her Love still more strongly than her present Felicity. Tho' she had endeavoured to conceal her Grief, yet her altered Countenance, the Joy which now animated every Feature, shewed him how great that Affliction must have been, which had stamped such deep Sorrow on every Line in her fine Face. The Woman who can express her Love and Satisfaction with all the Eloquence of Passion, and bury Jealousy and Affliction in Silence, may please her Husband with more Honour to herself than him, and while he smiles on her, she may, with still a higher Pleasure, smile inwardly with Self-Complacency, justly approving her own Conduct.

Mr. Rivers feared to acquaint his tender *Emilia* with this necessary Separation; he knew her Heart would ill support the Pains of Absence, especially at a Time when female Fears rise high, and they are particularly anxious to have the Object of their Affections near them. She too had another Cause for Uneasiness; she had sufficiently experienced the Frailty of his Nature, and the cruel Effects of Dissipation, not to be under great Apprehensions of the too probable

bable Consequences of a Separation. He feared these Considerations might impair her Health, which at this Season was more than ever the Object of his Care; but yet he could not venture to let her cross the Seas, and undergo the Fatigue of a long Journey, as well as the Shock of a Voyage, in her Situation. He therefore was obliged to acquaint her with it in the gentlest Manner, soothing such Fears as he could hope to quiet by the most solemn Protestations of constant Love.

Mrs. Rivers at first thought only of the Pain of losing him, and was affected as the Knowledge of her Love had made him apprehend she would be; but when she began to recollect how favourable his Absence would prove to the Execution of her Purpose, it afforded her great Consolation, and a Composure of Mind ensued, which Mr. Rivers gratefully acknowledged as the Consequence of her kind Care for her Health, and of that already precious Being whose Welfare depended on her's.

Mr. Rivers had been so well pleased with Mrs. Gowran's Prudence, who he found had not discovered his Affair with Miss Reynards to his Wife, that he forgave her having been less retentive towards that young Lady, and esteemed the Woman whom at first he hated; he had pretty well conquered his Passion, and that might make him more easily forgive the Disappointer of it. Thus well-disposed to Mrs. Gowran, he was not disturbed at the Continuance of their Intimacy, and at his Departure recommended his Wife to her Care, whose Friendship he knew would make her willingly undertake it, tho' he was ignorant how very much she meant to do so.

Tho' Mr. Rivers, as I have said, had in great Measure conquered his Passion for Miss Reynards, and was ashamed to mention an Affair in which he had acted so bad a Part, yet, before he went Abroad,

he could not forbear taking Advantage of being left alone with Mrs. Gowran, to enquire how that young Lady did.

He begged Mrs. Gowran to forgive his pronouncing a Name which ought to strike him with Remorse and Shame, but that his Anxiety on the Account of one so much injured by him, rendered him unable to leave the Kingdom in the Ignorance he had long remained in that Particular. "Spare me, my good Mrs. Gowran," continued he, seeing her Features assumed an unusual Sternness; "reproach me not for a double Injury; an Injury to the best of Wives, and most lovely of Girls. I daily endeavour to repair the one; the other, alas! I fear is out of my Power: Such Treachery is not to be repaired. In order to conquer my Passion for one, whose virtuous Resentment I esteem as much as I loved her Person, I try to banish my inexcusable Villainy from my Mind, which otherwise must soften my Heart, and perpetuate my Love; but all my Care will not take from me the Sense of what I have done, and the only Thing that can give me any Peace of Mind, is to know that her Resentment against one so unworthy of her, has extinguished all that Tenderness for me with which I know her gentle Heart was filled."

"I cannot blame your Anxiety about a Person who, formed to be the Object of Admiration and Envy, is by you reduced to be an Object of Pity," replied Mrs. Gowran: "A Conscience that comes late to its Sense of Feeling, is so sharp a Reprover, that it would be cruel to add to its bitter Reproaches. May a Monitor so severely just purify your Heart, and make you no longer a Torment to those, to whose Peace you should most contribute. Miss Reynolds's Reason, I hope, will be more effectual than her Resentment, for alas! her Anger

" is

" is weak ; you are every Way connected with Dove-like Natures ; but her Good-Sense and Virtue must conquer a Passion which both forbid , and I believe she now thinks of you without Tenderness or Relentment ; too virtuous to love, too meek not to forgive her Injurer."

Mr. Rivers could not restrain a few Tears which would fall to her Remembrance : " There is another Question," added he, " but I would not ask it of any but herself. What can I do ? She will not hear from me : Can I bear the Ignorance in which I am kept ? Thou best of Friends ! who can make even those who suffer by your Friendship honour the noble Sentiment, relieve me if you can, but do not ask me to say any more."

" I need not," replied Mrs. Gowran ; " I know too well what you mean, and think your Anxiety too just not to wish to dispell it. The Violence of Miss Reynolds's Grief, when I acquainted her with your Baseness, tho' I endeavoured to do it in the gentlest Manner, had Effects too dreadful to leave me ignorant of the Question you would ask, or you any further Reason to ask it."

" I must grieve," replied Mr. Rivers, " for such fatal Consequences of a Discovery made by virtuous Friendship, and am alarmed for the Health of the dear Sufferer."

Mrs. Gowran had but just Time to inform Mr. Rivers that Miss Reynolds was in a tolerable State of Health, when *Emilia* returned to them, who, too attentive to her Husband's Countenance to let the least Alteration pass unobserved, enquired the Cause of his Agitation, which was still too much Master of his Mind to suffer him to invent any Excuse that might satisfy her Enquiry.

But Mrs. Gowran, who was either less moved, or had more Presence of Mind, relieved him, by telling

Emilia that she must forswear the House, if she was to be doomed to listen to the Distress both of her and her Husband ; to hear her lament the approaching Separation, was as much as she could endure, who never having known the Joys of a Husband's Presence, nor having conceived any very high Opinion of them, was not very sensible to the Nature of her Distress ; but to be frightened, and have her Spirits cast down with all the melancholy Fancies formed in a fond Husband's Brain, whose Vanity led him to think himself so very necessary to his Wife's Preservation, was a very hard Fate.

Poor *Emilia*, with a grateful Heart, grieved that her Husband's kind Affection should give him Pain while it made her happy ; and Mr. *Rivers*, ashamed of, tho' thankful for the Turn Mrs. *Gowran* had given to an Agitation of Mind so foreign to his Wife, was overcome by the Manner in which she received it, feeling it an unmeant Reproach for his former Conduct, which touched him so sensibly, that without intending to deceive, his Countenance helped on the Deceit, and by the Melancholy and Tenderness which appeared in his Face, *Emilia* was the more entirely convinced of his anxious Fears.

As soon as he recovered these various Emotions, he shewed Mrs. *Gowran*, by a Look, how much he thought himself obliged to her, and was charmed with the Goodness of Heart which led her to act in every Part up to the nicest Rules of Benevolence, Honour, and Friendship. He looked upon her as one who had vowed Celibacy for the Service of her Friends, which, had she married, must have been interrupted by domestic Cares, and begged to be admitted among the Number. He thought he owed his Peace in great Measure to her Silence, but knew not he was obliged to her likewise for the Blessing which had reconciled him to home-felt Happiness.

Mr.

as Mrs. Rivers went Abroad at the Time appointed, and left this Wife at Liberty to introduce Miss Reynards's Child, which she did with great Success; Mrs. Gwran having the whole Management of the Affair, and doing it with great Dexterity. She said the diverting Contrast between the Behaviour of the two Ladies rewarded her for her Trouble. Poor Miss Reynards was obliged to endure her Pain in Silence, and to stifle her Agonies; while the Wife, to act her Part, lamented Pangs she did not feel, and made all decent Clamour on the Occasion. Miss Reynards, tho' very weak and ill, was obliged to leave her Bed and appear Abroad, while Mrs. Rivers was kept up in all the Pomp of Childbed.

Mr. Rivers was acquainted with the happy Event, rendered more fortunate by his being made Father to a Son; a Girl would but have half satisfied his Vanity. No Man ever more unwillingly preferred Duty to his Country to his own Inclination, than Mr. Rivers at this Time; he longed to see this much wished-for Child, but the Treaty he was sent to compleat was not yet ended; and tho' he laboured with more Fervency than is usual for People to do in Public Affairs, yet could he not obtain Leave to return Home till almost half an Year after the Birth of his Child.

On his Arrival, with what Transports did he behold his Son and Wife, now more than ever endeared to him by so strong a Tie. To see him made so happy by the Deception, in a Manner sanctified it in Mrs. Rivers's Eyes, who knew not that she was the Person most deceived.

Being naturally fond of Children, its helpless State had won her Love; but the extreme Tenderness which Mr. Rivers soon appeared to have for it, would often make her smile, tho' not with that Kind of Exultation which we may suppose a Wife will sometimes

times feel when she sees her Husband doating on a Child to which he has in Reality no more Claim than Mrs. Rivers thought he had to this; but instead of the insulting Triumph which the Abandoned enjoy in the Success of their Vice, she would grieve that she had not brought to a Heart so overflowing with paternal Love, an Object worthy of it.

Mr. Rivers, however, was perfectly contented; no Father could ever boast a finer Child, nor were Parents ever more carefully watchful over one. *Emilia*, who did not approve the Action she had performed, thought herself however obliged to be as true a Mother to the adopted Babe, as if she herself had borne it. She made the Cultivation of his infant Mind her Study, was careful to sow the Seeds of Virtue in the yet uninformed Heart, and make the best of Mothers to this spurious Child, the Name of whose Parents she could never learn from Mrs. Gower, who stopped her too inquisitive Inquiries, by telling her, she herself would have little Reason to depend on her Secrecy, were she to betray to her the Secrets of others.

As I do not intend to give your Highness a Plan of Education, I shall pass over the next seventeen Years of this Couple's Life with great Conciseness; their Child took up all their Thoughts, and was the Spring of all their Actions. The most remarkable Epochs of their Lives now became the first Hour in which the young *Rivers* was heard to articulate Sounds, the Time when he first learnt to read his Letters, his Change from Petticoats to the more manly Dres, then the cruel Period of his going to School, a Misfortune scarcely to be endured by his fond Father. In short, their Lives were entirely uniform, spent in an uninterrupted Care of him. The only Thing beside that ever engrossed an Hour of their Thoughts, was the Death of Mrs. Gower, which happened very sud-

suddenly, when the young *Rivers* was about five Years old. This Misfortune greatly affected them, for they both loved her, but Mrs. *Rivers* was the more grieved, for losing in her all Possibility of receiving the Assistance of any Advice in an Affair in which she had been so deeply engaged, as it should ever be requisite.

Young *Rivers* neglected the Privileges of being an only and a fondled Child; no Boy at the School was more studious than himself; he was neither idle, extravagant, nor presuming. His Principles were pure, his Heart was tender, and his Understanding both strong and lively. Without being effeminate or affected, he was gentle and polite at an Age when other Boys think only of noisy Mirth and childish Sports. The great Care of his Parents had been to his Mind what the Gardener's Labour is to a young Plant, it had ripened it beyond others of the Kind, and by such partial Nourishment had rendered it a Wonder. By introducing him early into Company he was taught Politeness from his Infancy, and arrived to such Perfection by their Care, and his own studious Application, that he was the most accomplished young Gentleman in Town before he was seventeen Years old.

He had by that Time acquired all School-Learning, and consented with Pleasure to live at Home, which he would not do while there remained any Thing for him to be taught; for his Parents, who had long thought him a Miracle in Learning and Knowledge, would much sooner have taken him from School,

Young *Rivers*'s Mind was not unsuitably lodged, his outward Form being equal to the Beauty of the Inhabitant; his Face and Person were both fine, and his Manner graceful. His Father's Happiness was compleat when he had got his darling Child in the House with him; he was fond of Company, that he might have

have an Opportunity of shewing a Son of whom he was as proud as ever the vainest Man was of his own Perfections.

This Youth had not been long at Home before he began to find his Heart as forward as his Understanding. It was warmed to all the Sensibility of a riper Age by the Charms of Miss *Masam*. This Choice shewed no puerile Whim; she was lovely both in her Mind and Person, and was not long a Debtor to him in the tenderest Passion. Young *Rivers* was not formed to sigh in vain; he attacked a Heart which was not made of that impenetrable Adamant to which so many Ladies pretend, tho' with little Justice; for I am afraid that more are rendered insensible by the thousand little Follies and Vanities which, crowding the Passes of the Heart, turn off approaching Love, than by strong resisting Reason. *Matter too soft a lasting Mark to bear*, they escape receiving an Impression, like Water, while the strongest Fabric will yield to the Force of one sharp Stroke of Lightening.

Miss *Masam's* Heart was formed of very combustible Materials; Gratitude, Tenderness, warm Sensibility, Justice so tempered with Gentleness that it was ever ready to reward and love Desert, but could decree no Punishment to Vice or Folly but Pity, and that unmixed with Scorn; kind Affections, Generosity, Magnanimity softened with feminine Mildness, compleated the Composition of her Heart. No one can wonder if young *Rivers* made a Conquest of a Heart so like his own. His youthful Passion was soon perceived by his Father and Mother who understood the Symptoms well.

Had not Miss *Masam* been possessed of a Merit which bears a greater Lustre in the Eyes of most Parents than all the cardinal Virtues, a great Fortune, this beloved young Man would have received little Check from them. Mr. *Rivers* was glad to think

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he was likely to be so soon secured from the Danger of dying Childless, of which those who have but one Son cannot but be very apprehensive. He with Pleasure seized the Opportunity of having his Race perpetuated, and prevented his Son's Wishes, who was ashamed, in Consideration of his extreme Youth, to declare a Passion, which he feared might with too much Appearance of Justice be treated as a childish Fancy. He felt his Affection stable, sincere, and rational, but he could not expect to convince others that it was so, and therefore meant not to reveal it to any but the Object of his Love, whose Youth he hoped would incline her to look on his with more Candour.

His tender Father was at least as partial as the fondest Mistress, and observed his Son's Passion without Contempt; he had felt the Power of Love very early, and thought it the Season for the tenderest Attachment. He told the young Man that he ought not to endeavour to conceal a Wish from one whose greatest Joy he knew would be to gratify it, and who, from the first Hour that Heaven gave him to his longing Arms, had had no other Desire than to comply with all his Inclinations; to hide any of them from him was Cruelty, as it was depriving him of his greatest Pleasure. He then told him how visible his Passion was, and how worthy the Object, offering to propose an Alliance to her Parents, if his Heart was so far engaged as to prove a proper Foundation for matrimonial Happiness.

Young Rivers was too much accustomed to his Father's Indulgence for any new Instance of it to surprise him, but no Action of his ever gave him such Transports of Gratitude as this Offer, as he had never before felt so ardent a Desire to be indulged; this last best Gift crowned all his former Goodness, and his Acknowledgments were so warm and extatic, as made the Father enjoy the Supreme of all Pleasures,

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that of giving Happiness to him whom is most he loved.

Emilia so implicitly approved of every Intention her Husband formed, that asking her Advice was only a Ceremony which Politeness exacted, and Self-Will did not contradict; for which Reason, perhaps, it was most constantly performed.

"I easily conceive that," interrupted *Carinthia* ; "it must be agreeable enough to ask the Advice which we are sure will confirm our Judgment, and concur with every Inclination; it is a pleasing Sanction, and such a Counsellor will be sure of being often consulted."

"I believe so, indeed," replied *Sabrina*; "but his Office would be a poor Pageantry, such a Mock-
ery of Respect would not be worth receiving."

"Like other Pageantries," answered the Princess, "there would at least be some Dignity in it; and are there not many great and envied Men, and some respectable Communities, whose Dignity has no other Foundation but that of having the superior Liberty of first approving what perhaps is wrong?"

"Your Highness will grow a Politician, I believe," said *Sabrina*.

"If I do," interrupted the Princess, "it will be your Fault in not allowing me to praise that Kind of Advice which alone I should like, and such a Counsellor as my Rank should entitle me to, had I not fallen into the Hands of one who loves Truth better than most of the Attendants of Princes. In Defence of my natural Inclination, for the Love of Flattery is natural, and of the Office of those who give it, I was reduced to dignify it by Comparison. But that I may not stumble into State Matters any more, 'pray proceed.'

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I have already said enough, continued *Sabrina*, to shew that *Emilia* made no Objection to a Thing so agreeable to both; and Mr. *Rivers*, unwilling to lessen the Favour by Delay, proposed the Alliance to Mr. *Masam* directly, offering to make any Settlements they should require, a persuasive Argument to win his Consent, which he readily gave, for his Daughter could not require a better Fortune, nor hope for so accomplished a young Man; but as some Law-Forms were necessary to enable him to give his Daughter a proper Fortune, he told Mr. *Rivers* it would cause a Delay of some Months, which, as both Parties were so young, was scarcely to be esteemed a Misfortune.

The youthful Heart feels so much Pleasure in expressing its first Sensations, that young *Rivers* and his Mistress did not repine at so short a Delay; to tell their Love, and to listen to their mutual Assurances of it, was a sufficient Joy; the Certainty of being soon put in Possession of each other contented their warmest Wishes. They little apprehended the Influence of an unkind Star, which determined to cross a Love too easily successful.

Mrs. *Rivers*, after many Months Disbelief of a Circumstance so improbable, was at last convinced that the Blessing which was denied to her Youth was given to her Age, and that she was to be severely punished for the Deceit she had put on her Husband. In short, she could no longer doubt her being pregnant, and was more miserable than she had been before for want of the Child which now was coming too late. Mr. *Rivers* with Pleasure thought of an Addition to his Happiness, but his Wife grew melancholy, a Consequence so uncommon of any Thing that could give him any Gratification, that the Novelty surprized him; and supposing that Fear for her Life was the Cause of her Uneasiness, he omitted no Arguments to encourage her with livelier Hopes.

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ed Young *Rivers*, who tenderly loved her, united his best Endeavours with his Father's; and did all he could to amuse her; but this affectionate Behaviour only served to distress her the more. She was racked with the Thought of doing her own Child Injustice, and making a spurious Offspring inherit what only a Child of Mr. *Rivers*'s could rightly claim; then the Excellence of this young Man who depended on this Error, made her loth to ruin him; and the Grief she believed Mr. *Rivers* would feel at finding himself only the foster Father of one he so truly and justly loved, together with her Fear lest he should resent the Deceit, and ever after hate her, compleated the distracted State of her Mind: She knew not what to resolve; every Way the Prospect was miserable; Silence or Speech were equally dreadful to her; a Misfortune was unavoidable; the only Question was, which of the various impending Evils was most eligible.

The continual Agitation of *Emilia*'s Mind so impaired her Health, that before the expected Time of her Deliverance, she was reduced to such a very weak State of Health, that her Husband and supposed Son began to be under real Apprehensions for her Life.

Her Strength grew so unequal to the continual Conflict she underwent from the Distraction of her Thoughts, that before the proper Term she was taken with the Pains of Childbirth. No longer able to countenance a Deceit, and rob the lawful Heir of its Fortune, she dismissed her Attendants from her Chamber, begging to speak to her Husband unheard by any other Person.

There was a Kind of Solemnity in this Request that shocked Mr. *Rivers*; it bore the Air of a dying Person, who wants to unburthen her Mind before the Power of Speech is taken from her. But the Difficulty with which she broke Silence, the Tears she

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shed, and the Kisses she imprinted on his Hand before she could give Utterance to her Words surprized him, but far less than when she thus addressed herself to him.
“ Tho’ I believe I have but a few Hours to live,
“ yet how dreadful, Oh! beloved of my Soul! is it
“ to my fond Heart to think of losing your Esteem
“ and Tenderness even for that short Time? But I
“ must be my own Executioner, must myself put
“ the Period to all my Joy and Comfort, by
“ telling you I have long deceived you; deceived
“ you it may be said into Happiness; but now I find
“ that none can be lasting which is not founded on
“ Truth. A flattering Deception may dazzle our
“ Eyes, and charm our Senses for a short Time,
“ but Falshood must fall, and carry with it all the
“ gaudy, beauteous Fabric, which we have raised
“ upon it. Could I have had Strength of Mind to
“ have borne undeserved Misery, I had escaped the
“ cruel Pangs of Self-Reproaches; Grief, but not
“ Horror, might have possessed my Soul, and ap-
“ proaching Death would have soothed my Sorrows.
“ Her who while living you had neglected, when
“ dead you might have pitied, perhaps esteemed;
“ but now -----”

Poor *Emilia* could proceed no farther, then Spirits failed her, and she sunk senseless in her Husband’s Arms, who was himself scarcely able to support her. Her Words had filled him with Astonishment, he knew not how to take her own Evidence against her Conduct in all Appearance so pure and blameless, nor could he frame the least Notion of what had produced this Self-Accusation.

On a Rack to have this Mystery explained, as soon as he perceived a Return of Sense and vital Warmth to a Body, cold as the frozen Hand of Death, he endeavoured to compose the conflicting Passions with which

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she was torn, by Assurances of an Esteem unalterable, since no one Error could bear any Weight, when compared with the whole Tenor of her Actions ; she could only convince him that Frailties are given to those who came nearest Perfection in this imperfect State, for as few as Mortal could have he was certain she possessed, and she must not suffer Failings inseparable from Mortality to wound her Mind so deeply. When he thought her able to proceed, he begged her to continue what she was going to say.

“ Oh ! my Heart’s only Love ! Ignorance of my Offence makes you too forgiving. Alas ! I have cruelly deceived you,” proceeded *Emilia* ; “ the young Man we both so tenderly love is no Child of ours.”

“ What do I hear !” cried the astonished Husband : “ My Child ! my *Rivers* ! no Son of mine. Am I once more Childless ? If to give him to my long- ing Arms was to deceive me, Oh deceive me still, rob me not of every Joy !”

“ If,” said Mrs. *Rivers*, “ I could venture to die with the Load of guilty Falshood on my Soul, to ease the Pain I see I have given you, I could become insensible to the Interest of the Child I bear, and once more suffering Love to conquer Justice, unsay all I have said, swear this amiable young Man was your lawful Offspring, and not deprive you of the dear Delusion ; but I dare not ; and therefore must again repeat, that he is none of yours. Your Neglect, I will not say Unkindness, that Word has too harsh a Sound for Behaviour so ex- pliated by the last eighteen Years of our happy Lives ; but, as I said, your Neglect, declared to be occasioned by my having no Children, threw a Heart long used to the Felicity of every fond Re- turn of mutual Love into the deepest Distress, and made me an Object of Pity to the few from whom

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“ whom I could not conceal my Grief, and the Occasion of it. Friendly Compassion, carried perhaps as much too far as my passionate Love, led one of them to advise me to pretend myself with Child, and introduce a spurious Babe at the Time expected. My Scruples opposed this Scheme; but my Fondness for you, which made the Hopes of regaining your Affections conquer every other Consideration, more than her Arguments, at last induced me to comply. Your willing Faith acquiesced in the Deceit, which might still have been discovered had not you been sent Abroad. This Circumstance gave us sufficient Opportunity to transact the whole without even the Suspicion of my Servants. The Alteration it made in your Behaviour so amply rewarded me for the Scruples which would still arise, that I could not repent of an Action which had regained the Heart so necessary to my Happiness. I looked upon this enchanting Success as a Kind of Sanction given by Heaven to my Deceit, till I found myself with Child; I then felt that Heaven does not approve because it tolerates an Action. My Punishment has since been severe, and my greatest Torture is to be reduced thus to deprive myself of that Esteem, which to regain I would sacrifice my Life, was its Thread much longer than I feel it is. Consider, my Beloved! my sole Delight! my Husband! that too much Love was my Crime; let the Cause plead in Extenuation of the Offence. Had I been less fond, or you more kind, I should not have been reduced to save myself from Misery by so fatal a Step. Into what Errors does too strong a Passion lead us! A Heart that could have existed without your Love, might have liyed blameless. Oh! forgive, forgive-----”

Poor

Poor *Emilia* found a mightier Power than Love stopped that Tongue, which, while Speech was permitted to it, could breathe nothing but Love's fondest Accents. Her Pains grew so very violent she had no longer any Sense, and in a few short Minutes expired, the Instant of her Death giving Birth to a Girl whose Eyes never beheld its Mother.

Mr. *Rivers* was so much affected with such Variety of Distress, that he was thrown into a Kind of Stupefaction, from which he might not have been soon relieved, had not his Son come to endeavour to administer Consolation by joining in his Grief. This awakened him from his Lethargy of Woe; he began to reflect that he was no longer a Father but to a new-born Babe, and lamented the Loss of his Son, as well as of his Wife, with as sincere Affliction as if Death had deprived him of both at once. He felt himself more to blame than his too fond *Emily*, and looked on this cruel Stroke as the Punishment of his Caprice and Vanity. Had real Desert charmed him as it ought, the poor *Emilia* would never have been reduced to such feigned, or, at best, casual Merits.

He saw how grievous must the Loss of that Heart have been to her, since to regain it she took a Method so contrary to her Sentiments, as at last to occasion, in all Appearance, her untimely Death, for there was little Room to believe that it proceeded from any Thing but the Struggle of her Mind which wore out the weaker Body. He looked on his Inconstancy as his Wife's Murderer, and no Husband ever so sincerely repented his Ill-Treatment of a Wife, as few have felt so severe a Punishment.

The Desire of those who long for a Child to inherit their Riches is founded in Vanity. This was the Case with Mr. *Rivers*; he doated on his Son while he believed him such, but when that Opinion no longer subsisted, his Affection abated. The Merit which

which ceased to be allied to him, charmed no more; he loved him, indeed, but it was now with a cold Esteem, void of all that Warmth and Tenderness which he before felt for him. He approved his Virtues, and pitied the impending Change of his Situation. He wished he could have pointed him out a real Father, but in that Particular he remained ignorant, as well as of the exact Manner of the Deceit, and many Circumstances, which he would have inquired had Heaven lent Life enough to *Emilia* to have answered him.

Rivers had still so much Affection for his Son, as to find it difficult to break a Secret to him, which deprived him of every Advantage of his supposed Birth. The young Man soon perceived an Alteration in his Father's Behaviour, but attributed it to the Excess of his Affliction, which made him, *with himself at war,* neglect the Shews of Love to other Men. In vain he tried every Art of filial Tenderness to sooth his Grief, the affectionate Regard and Care which would have charmed him in one he thought his Son, now gave only Pain when he believed the Youth unallied to him; increased his Regret of not being his Father, without inspiring him with a Notion that he might still feel a Father's Happiness, from one who felt the Duty and Affection of a Son, tho' no such Tie of Blood united them. Vanity destroyed this Thought; but it was a considerable Time before he could prevail with himself to communicate the Secret that afflicted him. But at length young *Rivers* precipitated the Discovery, by tenderly enquiring if he had offended his Father, at a Loss to account for the Change in his Behaviour.

Thus pressed, Mr. *Rivers* told him he was not his Son, and informed him of every Circumstance related by his expiring Wife, adding to a Narration already too afflicting, that he would not cast him off.

as one who had no Title to his Affection, since he had not the Tie of Blood, but would settle on him Two Hundred Pounds a Year; and after he had got over the Unpleasantness he now felt from the Sight of him, which awakened in his Mind a sincere Regret for having no Right to call him Son, he should be glad to see him at his House, where he would always find an affectionate Welcome.

If by recollecting his own Sufferings he could have learnt to pity those in a similar Situation, he would have felt for what this young Man must suffer at an Information which blasted the flattering Hopes of his ardent Passion, so justly excited, and which Respect for his Father's Sorrow had prevented him from pressing to have changed into Certainty; all the Ceremonies preparative to the raising Miss *Masam*'s Fortune, being over, and the Writings drawn, when *Emilia*'s untimely Death put a Stop to the compleat-ing of the Marriage, which was to have been celebrated in a few Days.

The Resemblance between young *Rivers*'s Situation and that of his Father's at the Time his Aunt married, should have touched the Parent; but when the Evil is past, Time effaces the Remembrance of it, and in an Age a Man treats as a trifling Folly the Love which filled his Youth with Anguish and Distress.

Young *Rivers*, who had inherited but a small Share of his Father's Vanity, could not understand how so strong, so lively an Affection as Mr. *Rivers* had entertained for him, could be extinguished by supposing the Object of all this Love was not his Son. He found his Heart still respect his Benefactor as his Father; no Change was made in his Affections, and his Duty was so entire, that he did not blame the Alteration which grieved him. He submitted with Patience to the Sentence passed on him, and with

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Gratitude acknowledged the Benefits he had received, and those now conferred, when he had no Title to his Bounty.

As he should always feel the same Duty and respectful Love which the best of Fathers could inspire in a Son's Heart, he begged to be still under his Command, intreated him to direct his Actions, and condescend to guide his inexperienced Youth. But Mr. Rivers told him, that he was at his early Age so much a better Judge than those who seemed to be arrived at riper Years, that he must still insist on his being his own Director, never having, while he thought himself a Father, found any Occasion to exercise paternal Power to restrain, or stimulate his Inclinations; but whenever his Advice could be of any Use to one equally capable to counsel him, he might depend on receiving it from a sincere Heart, which would always esteem him.

Young Rivers had summoned all his Fortitude to conceal the Excess of his Grief from the Person who caused it, whom he loved too well to wish to distress, and he could not suppose him grown so insensible as not to partake of his, had it appeared in its full Force. But when he had left his Father's Presence, no longer awed by this Fear, he could not forbear giving Way to his Affliction, which was chiefly occasioned by the Apprehensions of losing his Mistress, whose Father would in all Probability think him no longer fit for a Husband for his Daughter.

Impatient to learn his Fate, he resolved to see her as soon as possible, and acquaint her with the Change in his Affairs. He had no Hope but in the Influence a Parent's Love for an only Child might give her; he knew her Heart too well to fear an Alteration in her Behaviour, but her Power over her Father was more precarious.

" Before we accompany him to his Mistress, I hope your Highness will consent to my taking a little Rest," said *Sabrina*; " for I find it very needful. A real Delay might have been cruel, but the Narration may stop a little, without inflicting any Pains on an impatient Heart."

" You make a great Compliment to my Patience, or a very bad one to your Story," answered *Carintha*, " when you suppose me so indifferent about this young Man's Situation. You will have painted him in most amiable Colours to very little Purpose, if I have no Impatience to learn his Fate."

" It is kind not to say you have not, tho' it should be true," replied *Sabrina*; " to appear interested in what I relate is great Reward to my Labour; and after a short Pause, I will proceed whenever you shall signify your Pleasure. I shall then be sure to take you in the most favourable Temper; for, as has been said of a Jest, so may be said of a Story, half its Merit lies in the Ear that hears it. An unwilling Audience is hard to please."

23 D 5

W

End of the Twentieth Chapter.

I have now done with the story of *Sabrina*, and I will now begin another. This is the history of *A Journey through Life*. It is a long story, and I will divide it into several parts, so as to make it more interesting. The first part will be the history of *A Journey through Life*, and the second part will be the history of *A Journey through Death*.

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" Before we accompany you to the Mission, I
" hope your Highness will consent to my sending a
" large Box", said Sabrina; " for I find it very
" necessary. A less Delay might have been given
" but the Mission may lose a time, without giving up
" a single day to the An inspection House".

JOURNEY through LIFE.

C H A P. XXI.

The HISTORY of MR. RIVERS continued.

WHEN Carinthia thought Sabrina had had sufficient Rest, she told her that her Ears were in the Disposition she wished them, Inclination made them attentive, therefore she was very ready to be entertained, if she was but equally disposed to be at all entertaining.

" I have already given your Highness to understand," answered *Sabrina*, " that to your own Disposition you must owe the greatest Part of your Entertainment; and as you assure me yours is favourable, I shall the more readily proceed."

" You are secure of my Inclination," replied the Princess; " but I think you give it too much Weight. If you were going to utter sober Instruction, or cri-

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“ticizing Advice, it might be very necessary to take
“me in a proper Humour, lest from the Carelessness
“or Perverseness of the present Hour, your Labour
“might be thrown away; but one is always willing
“to be entertained, the Mind ever wishes to be
“diverted.”

“I allow the Mind wishes it,” answered Sabrina;
“but perhaps when it desires it most, it is most diffi-
“cult to be pleased. If it is sunk in Languor, or
“oppressed with Melancholy, one cannot doubt but
“it would be glad to obtain Relief; but to make
“Stupidity feel, or Sorrow smile, is too hard a Task
“for my feeble Talents. I would chuse to talk to
“the Fancy that, awake and lively, wants only
“something to play with; I would have it like a
“wanton Kitten, to whom one only need give a
“String to set it a playing, and the poor Animal is
“as happy as possible, till wearied with that, it
“seeks for some other Thing, from which it can
“coin equal Amusement. In Hopes that your Fancy
“is in this playful Disposition, I will try to give it
“something to play with, and be contented with gra-
“tifying the Inclination I could not create.”

As we left young Rivers determined to visit his Mistress, it would be a great Affront on the Impatience of his Love if we did not suppose him there by this Time. At Mr. *Masam's*, therefore, we will join the tender Pair. We shall find them sitting together, bewailing the Cruelty of their Fate, that rendered precarious an Happiness which the Day before they thought so certain. Miss *Masam*, however, was forced to act the Part of Comforter; the Hope of being suffered to make the Fortune of the Man she loved, kept her from despairing. She had enough for both; Reason and Love confirmed this Truth, Avarice alone could deny it, and she flattered herself her Father would not be influenced by so bad a Passion.

tion. She promised her Lover to use her utmost Power to make him consent to their Wishes, and assured him that if she did not succeed, at least she would never be Wise to any other Man. This comfortable Assurance bound with the most tender Vows a passionate Love could dictate, and with the Solemnity of the firmest Resolution.

These kind Promises softened the Rigour of young Rivers's Fate, tho' she declared she would never marry without her Father's Consent. She thought Duty to him required every Thing from her but the sacrificing herself to a Man she did not love, and that was the only Bounds she set to her Obedience.

With a Mind a little relieved by the Hopes he had again conceived, *Rivers* returned to his Father's, where he had Permission to stay while his Convenience required it. Before the End of the Day he had a Proof that his Mistress had not been slow in trying the Extent of her Father's Indulgence, in a Letter which was brought him from her. The Sight of a Hand so dear to him, and Fear of the Event, put his Spirits into such Agitation, that he was scarcely able to open the Letter, but when he did venture to peruse it, into what painful Certainty were his timorous Apprehensions changed at reading the following Words? A

" SIR, " Tho' I am sorry to aggravate the Sense you
must have of the Loss of your Fortune, yet Obe-
dience to the Commands of a Parent to whose
Prudence my headstrong Will must be subject,
obliges me to inform you, that I am forbid ever to
see, or hold Correspondence with you; an Injunc-
tion which your Concurrence will help me to obey,
if you are as generous as you once appeared; since
the same Temper, the same Affection, which led
you to wish me to share your Fortune, must make

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" you desirous that I should not partake of your Poverty. If you are capable of so much Generosity of Mind, you will for ever avoid her, who wishes your Happiness in every Respect but in the Possession of

" LOUISA MASAM."

So cold, so cruel a Letter, left poor Rivers hardly Life to read it; such a Contradiction to the Assurances she had freely given, for he would not for the World have extorted a Promise from her, amazed him. How could he reconcile this to the Faith and Honour to which she had always professed so close an Adherence? Her Vows of promised Love were quickly past; then to endeavour to pique him on Generosity, to take the only Means to make him avoid her; and in doing so, to imply a Kind of Reproach for his having attempted to save her Love out of the Wreck he had sustained, wounded him to the Soul.

Her Servant who brought this Letter grew so importunate for an Answer, that his Man was unable to make him observe, or even hear him, when he solicited for it, so totally were his Spirits overcome by this Letter, at last he brought the *Abigail* into the Room. She was not one of those kind Attendants who may be called Love's lost Harbingers; she was of as harsh a Mould as *Alecto*, alike both in Person and Temper; but tho' she was made to excite the Sense of Pain, yet was it some Time before she could gain the Attention of young Rivers. At last she contrived to rouse him from the Abyss of Thought into which he was plunged, and to make him sensible that she required an Answer.

Rivers told her he was incapable of answering such a Letter, the worst Passions that found Place in his Soul could not form an adequate Return to such Cruelty. This would not content the resolute Chamber-maid, who

who persisted in telling him, that her Lady would not be easy unless he promised to comply with her Request, and gave it under his Hand.

He begged to know if of her own free Will Miss *Masam* had written this Letter,

The Majd told him she could not say she had done it quite by Choice; she had a long Conference with her Father, wherein she heard him loud and angry. After which, her Lady came into her own Chamber, in Appearance a good deal discomposed, called for Pen and Ink, and wrote that Letter, and at the Conclusion said in a half Whisper to herself; "Heart, " be now at Peace, the Struggle is over;" then gave it to her to deliver, commanding her to bring an Assurance from Mr. *Rivers* that he would ever after avoid her Presence.

" Yes, perfidious, cruel Woman, I will avoid you," cried the unfortunate Lover, in a Rage he had not Power to controul: " I will fly even all your Sex, " all Mankind, every Thing that can remind me " of human Society. Such Examples of Perfidi- " ousness would make one hate the Race. So easily " to give me up ! Was the torturing my Heart ne- " cessary for the Peace of her's ? Oh ! *Louisa*, how " unlike are the Hearts wherein we thought there was " so great a Similitude ? Had Poverty, Shame, and " Infamy been all your Portion, so you had been but " in reality innocent, with what Joy should I have " taken them to my Arms, have hugged the dear " Disgrace, and thought it Honour.

The Emissary, more fit for *Lucifer's* Errands than Love Messages, who wished him to write a Letter that should offend her Mistress, was willing to take him while he was in such a pure Passion, as she called it, afterwards in relating the Scene to her Confidant, and again pressed him to write, but he declared he would not send a Line in Answer to such a Letter;

and bade her tell Miss *Masam*, that he forbore making the Promise she desired, lest her Knowledge of the little Force of such frail Engagements, should make her, with some Appearance of Reason, fear that the breaking it must immediately follow the making it, and raise Apprehensions in her of seeing him the next Moment force himself into her Presence: That she might think it possible he would comply with her Request; he would not promise it.

With this Answer the Maid was obliged to be contented, for none in Writing could she obtain. Therefore at last she desisted, and lest the poor distracted Youth to vent his Anger and Disappointment to his own Ears only. Had Miss *Masam* never entered into a voluntary Engagement, or had she endeavoured for some Length of Time to have adhered to it, he could have forgiyan her Inconstancy; but there was something so very weak and light in this Behaviour, that he could scarcely pardon himself for loving one who was capable of being guilty of it.

He read the Letter often over, tho' every Perusal served only to increase his Despair, and as his Passion subsided he was tempted to doubt her being the Author of it, yet he knew her Hand too well to believe it could be any other Person's; so elegant a Character few could imitate. He thought he could discover the Marks of Tears which had fallen on it; he kissed the Impressions of the precious Drops, and hoped they were the Meltings of a Heart not entirely petrefied by Avarice. He longed to see her, to learn from Lips too gentle to pronounce so harsh a Doom, how far her Resolution corresponded with her Letter, but she had taken the only Means of preventing his doing this; she had piqued his Generosity, and proposed his avoiding her as a Trial of it. This he looked upon as a cruel Art; she knew his Delicacy, therefore it was more selfish than kind to take Advantage of it, and

and make it turn against him. He never imagined her capable of Art, and those who were so, were in his Opinion not deserving of Gratification, but yet he could not bear the Appearance of Want of Generosity; the putting it on that Footing was an Insult from which his Love should have secured him, however his Want of Fortune might expose him to it, for he well knew that Merit will not plead the Excuse of Poverty. Just Pride at last made him determine to avoid the Sight of one who took such Means to prevent a Meeting, the taking one last Farewell, the melancholy Consolation of parting Lovers: And having received the Offer of a Lodge in the New Forest in *Hampshire*, from a Friend who made no Use of it, he took Leave of his Father and repaired to it, with an afflicted Heart, the worst Companion in Solitude. He grieved to absent himself from a Man whom he must no longer call Father, tho' as such he still loved and respected him. But the Pain of forsaking a Town which contained the dear Object of his Affections, notwithstanding the Force of Resentment, almost extinguished the less lively Sensation.

"I am almost angry with him," interrupted *Corinthia*, "for thinking any more of so perfidious a Woman; such hasty Perjury is the Excel's of Wickedness. What a Weakness is it to love where we cannot esteem! and surely he could not esteem Miss *Masam* after such Behaviour."

"Love is the Child of Weakness, my dear Princess," replied *Sabrina*, "would you separate the Mother from her Offspring? Without sufficient Reason we begin to love, and when we have the most Reason to hate we still love on; too hasty to begin, too slow to end. But as I do not like any undeserved Disgrace should be the Portion of our Sex, I think I must do Miss *Masam* Justice before

" I proceed any farther, and set her right in your
" Opinion."

The Letter Mr. *Rivers* received was written by Mr. *Masam's* Order; he looked over his Daughter the whole Time, and so peremptorily insisted on her writing as he dictated, that she durst not refuse to obey. But when he had left the Room, her kind Heart not enduring the Thought of sending a Letter so cruel, and so contrary to her Intentions, without accompanying it with something that should alleviate the Pain it would give, wrote another, which differed as widely from it, as her fond Love did from her Father's tyrannic Avarice. She gave him an Account of her ill Success in her Application, and of the Force which was exerted to oblige her to write the hateful Epistle that he would receive along with this sincerer Interpreter of her Heart. She renewed her Vows of Constancy, and said every Thing her Love could dictate to make her easy, except giving him the least Hope that she would ever marry him without her Father's Consent, which she absolutely declared she would never do. She concluded by begging him to contrive some Means of seeing her, that they might agree what was best to be done during the Perverseness of their Fate, and gain one happy Interview before they paid the necessary Obedience to her cruel Father.

These Letters she sent by her Maid, who, for the more sure Conveyance of her private Epistle, she had desired might be the Messenger. But this Girl had never loved young *Rivers*; she had entertained a Notion that a Lover's Presents should enrich his Mistress's Servant before the End of the Courtship. His Love was open and approved; he had no Occasion for Bribery, and would have thought it an Affront to Miss *Masam's* Understanding, to suppose that her Servant's Opinion could influence her. Another

ther Gentleman, who had neither Miss *Masam's*, Heart nor her Father's Approbation, was more inclined to rely on the Chamber-Maid's Interest, and as the surest Means of obtaining her Favour, had bought it. Her good Wishes were thus become his Property, and she so honestly acquitted herself of this Engagement, that she seized the Opportunity her Lady's forced Confidence gave her, and secreted the private Letter, giving young *Rivers* only the rigid Dictates of the Father, and added to it such an Account of Miss *Masam's* Manner of writing it, as she thought would increase his Resentment. She wanted him to write in the Bitterness of his Soul, hoping that his Expressions in that warm Moment might offend her Lady, and make her think him ungrateful. But herein she could not succeed, which, had her Knowledge equalled her Malice, she would have perceived was a more favourable Circumstance to her. The Lover who raves shews his Love by his Anger, the Passions rise and fall together; but Contempt and Indifference are tame and silent; an Appearance of Neglect wounds a fond Heart more deeply than the bitterest Expressions.

Miss *Masam* waited with Impatience for her Maid's Return. As soon as she entered the Room, she ran to her for an Answer to her Letter, but was equally surprized and disappointed, when the *Abigail* told her she had brought none but by Word of Mouth, and that short.

"Poor *Rivers!*" said Miss *Masam*, "I feared all
"I could say would prove ineffectual for his Conso-
"lation. Could he not write then? How the Ex-
"cess of his Sufferings add to the Weight of mine!
"But tell me, however, what he said, what he
"more expressively looked, and every Action from
"which I may gather the State of his distracted
"Mind. Be not afraid of increasing my Affliction,

“it is alreadynat its utmost Height; my Heart can
“feel no more”¹ of gretmarq; of ed sonis and
“I am sure, Madam,” replied the Waiting-Maid,
“all d have tol say I should make it feckless, if you
“know yourrown Worthew Such a sweet Lady’s
“Love to be thrown away on such a base, worth-
“less, *perfidous* Man. He put me in a very big
“Passion for your *La’ship*’s Sake, and yet as I came
“Home I could not forbear crying; the bigger Fool
“I thought I tho’ all the Time, for I found out
“his *maffinaly* Designs long ago, and so might your
“*La’ship* too; but they say Love is blind, and it is
“a vadsure Sign, or some Folks might have seen as
“as well as other Folks, that he loved only your
“*I Portion!*”
“What Means all this Rhapsody of Nonsense?”
cried Miss *Mafam*, interrupting the otherwise endless
Harangue of the loquacious Chamber-Maid. “Tell
“me what my *Rivers* said, not what you thought.
“What care I for lany Thoughts but his? Leave
“your some Folks and other Folks; I know his
“Love and Constancy too well to give Credit to
“the Malice or Ignorance of such an idle Prater.”
“I am sure,” transferred the Maid, in a seeming
Pet; “I only meant to prepare your *La’ship* a little
“for what I was going to say; afraid to tell you
“at once, as how Mr. *Rivers* first read the Let-
“ter you wrote by your Father’s Command, and
“elboking very angry, I gave him the other to pa-
“tify him, which changed his Frown into a Kind
“of Saer, as it were, much like Miss *Martin*’s
“Look when your *La’ship* is better drest than her.
“Heff; somehow scornful and angry too. He then
“noised himself on his Tip-toes, lifted up his Eyes
“brows, whistled, swore a great Oath, cursed your
“Father, whistled again, and then walked a few
“Turns about the Room in a broad Stud, then
“turning to me, Child, said he, tell your Lady that
“I am

"is I am very sorry her Father is so damned perverse,"
" but since he so *pramtorily* forbids my coming
" at this time it will be very unclivil, do you see, to visit
" her any more; but give my best Respects to her,
" and I am very sorry we are so unfortunate." "Wond
" - "Impossible" cried Miss *Masam*, " neither Man
" nor Words, nor Meaning, resemble those of
" *Rivers*." *Her* eyes were full of tears.
" I do not wonder your *La'ship* cannot believe me,
" I could scarcely trust my own Eyes or Ears, tho'
" I did not before mistake a Raven for a Swan;
" but I thought he would at least have shewn some
" Hypocresy. I will not pretend to say that I have
" repeated *percisely* his Words; it is not easy to bear
" in Mind the fine Language of Gentlefolks, but I
" am sure they are near the same. And I was
" in such a Passion to think so fine and so sweet
" *Real Lady* should be so scorned, that I told him
" he was *perfidous*, *traitorous* and *wicked*; but
" he only laughed at me, and walked out of the
" Room, without saying with your Leave, or by
" your Leave."

Miss *Masam* scarcely knew how to credit an Ac-
count so strange, so very unlike the Man; had he
been false, she thought he would have shewn it in a
gentler Manner. But still his sending no Letter seemed
a Confirmation of her Maid's Account, who she had
no Reason to think his Enemy. She now suspected
the Justice her Reason did him, to be the Partiality
of Love, and accused herself of being blinded by it.
For some Days, she hoped that if he had been en-
raged above the Power of Thought, when he re-
ceived the News of his Courtship being rejected,
when his Passion cooled, he would suffer her uncon-
strained Letter to plead in her Excuse, and comply
with her Desire of seeing him. But when she learnt
from her Father that young *Rivers* was gone to a
Friend's *House*.

Friend's House in the Country, his Neglect in not attempting to take a Farewell of her, confirmed in her Opinion all the Falshoods her Maid had reported, and threw her into so deep a Melancholy, that she could not endure Company, or scarcely bear the Light. All Endeavours to amuse her were unavailing, her Thoughts were so entirely fixed on her absent and suspected Lover, that neither Noise nor Mirth could win her Attention for a Moment: With a Croud around her, she would sit insensible that she was not alone, and was transformed almost to a lifeless Statue.

"I hope your Highness will now forgive so true a Martyr to her Passion, and having shewn that she was no Disgrace to the Constaney of our Sex, we will return to young Rivers, who did equal Honour to that Virtue."

"I find," said *Carinthia*, "that I wronged Miss *Mesam*; but she will now undergo the Censure I pronounced against her Lover. Many Women are contented to share Censure with those they love, when it is general, therefore she is not much to be pitied for partaking of mine. When Constancy appears not to be deserved, in my Opinion it degenerates into Obstinacy, and becomes a Failing instead of a Virtue."

"You are a Novice in these Matters," replied *Sabrina*, "or you would know that deep Wounds are not easily cured, and the Scar they leave is hardly ever worn out."

"That I am a Novice I own," answered *Carinthia*; "but do not let my Ignorance be imputed to me as a Crime, since it is not the Fault of my Will. The Theory of Wounds can be perfectly learnt only by the Practice. Who can understand the Art of War that has never seen Service? Was I disposed to enlist myself as a Volun-

"teer, I can find no General who would receive me."

"To enlist under the Banners of Love," said Sabrina, "is a dangerous Service, my Princess; do not wish for an Opportunity of trying your Valour; we Women are sure to be subdued, since even by conquering we are made Captives; unless the Parthian Way of fighting was to be practised by us thro' Life, and we should fly as we wound; but should we stop only to survey our Conquest, and rejoice in our Victory, Servitude ensues."

Mr. Rivers was as insensible to Pleasure as his Mistress, but then he had not the Honour of resisting its alluring Inticement; she only enjoyed a mental Solitude, his was real. He retired to the House his Friend had lent him; the Situation was gloomy and private, perfectly suitable to his Wishes. Here he reflected, without Interruption, on the supposed Falsehoods of his Mistress, and the cruel Change in his Affairs which gave Occasion to it. He had an Understanding so formed for philosophic, as well as more lively Happiness, that he would not have lamented the Cloud that had overcast his glittering Prospects, had not it robbed him of Miss Mafam. And yet his Reason was sometimes inclined to tell his Heart, that she who could be so easily inconstant, deserved not the Regret he felt for the Loss of her, but the obstinate Thing would not listen to such an impertinent Plain-Dealer, and in direct Contradiction would suggest that she could not be false, that Appearances belied her, and her Affections were still the same. This was much the most agreeable Reflection, for tho' his State continued almost equally hopeless, yet the Wound is less painful that does not come from the Hand we love; the Tears of a Fellow-Sufferer asswage the Anguish.

Mr. Rivers had passed some Months in this melancholy Situation, when one Evening he left to his

Horse

Horse the Choice of his Road, and entirely insensible to the Distance he had carried him, he had rode many Miles from Home, and might have gone much farther, without recollecting himself, had he not been awakened from his profound Reverie by the Shriekings of a youthful Voice. He immediately spurred his Horse up to the Place from whence the Sound proceeded, and saw a Lady thrown from her Horse, and dragged by the Foot which hung in the Stirrup, the Horse still continuing his Pace. Her only Attendant was a little Boy, too young to do any Thing for his Mistress's Service but Scream, wherein he exerted himself most powerfully.

Young *Rivers* stopped the Horse, and raised the Lady up, after disentangling her Foot from the Stirrup, but found her entirely senseless. He carried her to a House not far off, and with the Assistance he there received, brought her to herself. She was surprized to find herself in the Arms of a handsome young Man, and had been so instantly stunned by her Fall, that she had little Remembrance of the Occasion of the Fit from which she was recovering.

Mr. *Rivers* explained to her the Condition in which he found her, which brought him most grateful Acknowledgments of the Service he had done her.

The Return of Colour to this Lady's Cheeks, and of Life to her Eyes, discovered her to be extremely handsome; the bright Bloom of Youth was past, but her Complexion was still very fine, her Features delicate and regular, and the only Effect some additional Years beyond the Time of most flourishing Beauty had on her, was giving an Air of Dignity to her Person, which inspired Respect and Awe, and rendered those Charms commanding, which when younger could only be alluring. She now seized Hearts, before she could only steal them. However, young *Rivers's* was beyond her Reach, the best Armour against

against a fine Woman's Attractions, is the Love or another; without this Defence, the most flinty Heart will sometimes strike Fire. Shielded by Constancy, Rivers admired her with Tafte, but not with Passion, and would not have been sorry could he have excused himself from the Acquaintance which Gratitude, and a secret Impulse in his Favour, made her desire might subsift between them.

To see her safe Home was Part of the Duty of a Lady's Deliverer, let the Peril from which she was delivered be what it will, and he readily acquitted himself of it. She invited him in, and had her Conversation been no Reward for what he had done, he might have allowed himself repaid by the Sight of her House and Way of Life.

Every Room was adorned with some Work of her own, according to the Variety of her Fancy, which ornamenteally decorated every Part of her Habitation, and made a House which before was but just tolerable, both beautiful and elegant to Excess. Each Room was adorned in a different Manner, and suitable to the Use of it. He expressed his Astonishment that in so short a Life she could have compleated such Variety of Works; upon which she told him, she must in Sincerity lessen his Opinion of her Industry, and led him into a Room where he found above a dozen People at Work, besides her own Servants. These were all under her Direction, and the chief Part she had in what was done, was the Labour of the Mind. Her Ingenuity guided the Worker's Hand, and her Generosity supported it. He went round among them, examining into the Employment of each, and was charmed with the various Beauties their Hands gave R^eHe to, while their Minds were ignorant of the Perfection of their Labours.

She told him that as she had thus degraded herself in his Opinion, which she perceived had been much raised

raised by the Notion of her Industry, she must, in Justice to herself, take Care that he did not go away, with a Supposition, that she took People off from Offices of more general Use to Persons in low Station, to employ them in frivolous and trifling Arts. The Age of some shewed that they were not capable of undertaking much bodily Labour, but as far as their Strength would bear, she had them exercised in it, that she might not, by teaching them Works of Ingenuity, prevent their learning what might be more useful; and as for the Women whom he saw among the Workers, they were all too lame to move about, or she would not have admitted them into the Number, for she meant, while she amused herself, and maintained them, to teach them more Ways of gaining their Breads, not to incapacitate them for any.

Young Rivers was much pleased with this Lady's uncommon Turn, and accompanying her into a Room within her Dressing-Room, which I should call her Library, but that she would not permit it to bear that Name, thinking it sounded a little pedantic; he there saw that her Works only shared her Time with more solid Amusements, and that Reason and Knowledge were as much exercised by her as Ingenuity. She had a very valuable Collection of Books, both in the polite and learned Languages, and he found on inspecting them, a Liberty he could not take till afterwards, that she had made a considerable Progress in some Sciences.

Our Youth was surprized to find so general a Genius secluded from the World: It is not often that those who are qualified to shine, retire from View; the Light of Genius is seldom hid under a Bushel, and our Sex are too commonly observed to let our Light shine before Men. This Lady's Taste for Solitude suited Mr. *Rivers*'s so well, that he could not suppose any Thing but a Disappointment in Love had brought her to it; and he wanted much to know the Causes,

People

People are naturally curious after Griefs that bear any Resemblance to their own ; but one Circumstance surprized him, the only Books which seemed to have been little read in her Collection were poetic Works, of which she had granted Room only to the very best in the English, French, Latin, Italian, and Spanish Tongues. This he thought unnatural to one who loved, finding the sweetest Indulgence imaginable in the soothing Softness of Poetry, the only Reading to which the Love-sick State of his Mind would suffer him to attend.

His Curiosity about his new Acquaintance was so raised, that when he took Leave of her the next Day, for that wherein he did her so signal a Service being far advanced, and he many Miles from Home, she would not permit him to depart that Night; he could not forbear calling at a Clergyman's in the Road, with whom he had some little Acquaintance, to inquire who this Lady was, not having as yet learnt her Name.

The Clergyman told him it was *Traverse*; that she was a single Woman, and had lived there several Years, how many he could not exactly tell, for she was settled in the Country before he came to it. He added, that she must be a Woman of large Fortune, for tho' she kept but very few Servants, saw little Company, had no Equipage, and in every Particular of Expence on herself was very sparing, yet the great Sums she gave away required a large Income to supply them. She was a great Oeconomist even in her Charities, contriving to make her Money go as far as possible, which enabled her to do the more good. She was bountiful and benevolent to all, but lavish to none. As she allowed herself no superfluous Vanities, neither would she give them to others, and endeavoured to make her Example and Advice as useful as her Purse.

A regu-

People

A regular Devotion was preserved in her House, and an Attention to suit People to the necessary Ranks in this Life, was happily blended with the Care of qualifying them for the highest Place in the next; and as she practised even more than she preached, her Doctrine had the greater Weight. "But yet," continued he, "Mrs. Traverse is not so bigotted as to believe Learning a Crime. The first Knowledge to be attained she allows to be the divine Truths of Religion, and the Precepts of Morality; but she thinks that what enlarges the Mind, renders it more capable of comprehending these necessary Points; and that by searching into the Depth of human Knowledge, and all the Discoveries the Studious have made in Nature, we learn to form a more adequate Idea of the Creator; we have a more extensive View of his Goodness to his Creatures; and by seeing the Superiority of our Understandings to that of the rest of the Creation, we may draw from it how much more must be required of us, and how criminal it is to debauch the noble Gift of Reason far below Instinct, by letting it fall under the Command of Vice. In knowing how far the human Understanding has reached, we learn how very short it falls of that Wisdom whose Works are its noblest Subject for Contemplation, and thereby, she says, Presumption must be checked, and by seeing our own Weakness we shall be taught Humility, be grateful for the superior Gifts we enjoy, and submissive to a Being so far above us."

"This is Mrs. Traverse's Doctrine," said the Clergyman, "and she directs all her Actions by it. She is Mistress of almost every Language, is a great natural Philosopher, and tho' she conceals her Knowledge with the greatest Care, till long Acquaintance gets the better of Bashfulness in youm."

“ in a Temper naturally open, she is deeply learned
“ in the most abstruse Sciences. Her Way of Life
“ has given her Leisure to make these Acquirements,
“ without neglecting any religious or benevolent
“ Duty. The Instruction and Relief of her poor
“ Neighbours, and her Devotions, are her first Care.
“ She will not, out of the great Portion of Time she
“ enjoys, allow any to such light Reading as serves
“ to dazzle Reason, and lead the Fancy a wandering
“ after deluding Errors; and yet she might, better
“ than most People, be allowed to waste some Hours,
“ but she is covetous only of her Time; she never
“ allows herself more than five Hours in Bed, and
“ her Meals are so very temperate, that they rob her
“ of but very few Moments of her Time. Such
“ Exercise as is needful to preserve her Health, she
“ performs religiously; it is her Duty, not her Plea-
“ sure, and she is very strict in it; I believe there
“ has scarcely a Day passed since she lived in the
“ Country, that she has not seen the Sun rise; unless
“ Clouds intercepted her View, her Bed-Curtains
“ nor Eye-lids have ever kept it from her Sight, for
“ her regular Life gives her such a State of Health,
“ that notwithstanding her Constitution is in all Ap-
“ pearance delicate, and that she is sometimes a little
“ indisposed, yet she is never so ill as to be obliged to in-
“ terrupt her common Course of Life. Her numerous
“ Dependants adore her, tho' they would sometimes
“ wish her less diligent, as her Example, rather
“ than her Reproofs, shame them out of Idleness;
“ for the one is constant, the other seldom given,
“ but then with a Gentleness more prevailing than
“ Anger.”

“ You already see that Lady is a very extraordi-
“ nary Woman, but in nothing more than the Care
“ with which she avoids the Addresses of our Sex,
“ Her first Appearance in the Country vanquished
“ many

" many Hearts ; Men unexceptionable in their Fortunes, their Manners, or their Persons, made their Addresses to her ; she was civil to them, but cruel to their Passions. None could boast the least Encouragement to Hope ; politely but resolutely rejected, they were obliged to desist, tho' their Hearts were strongly engaged. Incapable of giving Pain without feeling it, she avoided our Sex, that she might no longer be exposed to either ; and, except to married, or old Men, she is almost inaccessible, and yet contrives it without that Air of conscious Vanity, which might subject her to Censure, as too sensible of her Charms."

" There cannot be a stronger Proof of her Gratitude," continued he, " than her Readiness to cultivate your Acquaintance ; her delicate Mind cannot feel by Halves ; she thought he who had saved her Life deserved her Hospitality, and I should not be surprised, if, from so laudable a Motive as generous Gratitude, the Heart so long attacked in vain, should yield to the only Man who does not aim at the Possession of it. If I had not raised my Opinion of her to something superior to Mortality, I should be apt to add, that Sense might aid the Conquest ; for tho' many of her Lovers might charm a common Eye, yet I confess none of them have appeared so suited to a refined Taste, which in every Thing knows how to prefer the Delicacy of Perfection. And why should a little Disparity in Years, when those Years appear only in the Parish Register, unless we attribute the Maturity of Understanding to them, be any Objection ?"

Young Rivers told the Gentleman that his Argument would be allowed good, if Mrs. Travers's Heart made any such high Return for a mere Duty of Humanity, and he was in a Situation to correspond

pond with so kind an Intention; but that both of them were far differently inclined. Such a Woman as he described, could not cast a Stain on a Life of Wisdom, by foolishly marrying a Boy, tho' she was still as lovely as when at fifteen; nor could he ever think of Wedlock or Woman more.

The good Clergyman laughed at this romantic Declaration, and frankly told him so charming a Sex was not so easily renounced, and Mrs. Traverse might perhaps convince him, that *a beardless Cynic is the Shame of Nature.*

This Gentleman soon after began to think himself a better Prophet than he had ever imagined, when he saw Mr. Rivers pass frequently by his House to visit his fair Neighbour. The Truth is, our young Man began to take great Pleasure in the Acquaintance he at first would gladly have avoided. A youthful Mind may take a sudden Disgust to Society, but the Prejudice wears off by short Indulgence: The natural Morseness of selfish Age, joined with a Temper soured by a long Course of Disappointments, can alone resist the Sweets of Social Converse.

Mrs. Traverse, who had hitherto avoided the young, found Mr. Rivers so irresistibly pleasing, that she could not restrain from courting his Company; and the same Sort of Impulse rendered him unable to resist her Invitations. He frequently visited her, and declared himself a greater Gainer on the Side of Virtue than of Happiness, by every Hour he spent in her Company; for that her Example and Conversation, must teach Charity and Benevolence to a Heart more hardened to all the soft Impressions of Philanthropy than his ever was. People were diverted at the Union between the two Recluses, who served as an Argument to them of the Weakness of Resolution when a real Temptation offers. The few who dared to venture to break thro' the Excess of their Respect, would smile

smile at the Alteration in her, who was such a sworn Enemy to Love ; but she told them their Suspicions were ill grounded. She honestly confessed, she had never felt so great a Partiality to any Man, which, added to the Approbation of her Reason, might be supposed to create a strong Attachment, but that they were greatly mistaken if they imagined she had any Passion for him : She could feel the Tenderness of a Parent for a Youth so deserving, but knew her own Age too well to look on him in any other Light than as a Son. Adding, that she was strangely mistaken if he was not under the Influence of a very violent Passion for some absent Mistress, tho', whenever she had turned the Conversation to the Occasion of a Retirement so unnatural at his Age, or made any Inquiries into his Family, he had changed the Discourse with such visible Agitation, that she could not be so inhuman as to continue it.

Young Rivers was a perfect Stranger in the Country which he was come to inhabit, and had been so silent on the Circumstances of so strange a Life, that they were still entirely unknown. The Subject renewed his Grief so sensibly, that he had avoided answering the Questions Mrs. *Traverse* had put to him on that Subject. His Pride checked him when he was going to declare himself the spurious Issue of he knew not whom ; the Child of People, who by Shame or Poverty were induced to break the strongest Ties of Nature, and yield a Parent's Rights. The Love which still as entirely filled his Soul as ever, made him incapable of relating the cruel Disappointment of his Passion ; the Subject was too affecting for him to speak of without such Signs of effeminate Weakness, as he feared might debase him in the Eyes of one, who had conquered all her Sex's Foibles, without losing the Softness which renders it so amiable.

Young *Rivers* could as sincerely deny a Passion for her, as she did for him. He admired her as the greatest Ornament to Human Nature; he loved her as the dearest Friend, and most amiable Companion; but felt such a Reverence for her Virtues, that to think of her as a Woman appeared to him a Kind of Sacrilege, which would shock his Nature with the Appearance of a most criminal Presumption. But in these Points the Words of the People concerned have little Weight. Those who were Witnesses of the great Intimacy between them, and the tender Attachment which they did not endeavour to conceal, were fully convinced that two Persons so well suited in Perfections, tho' unequal in Age, for by the Time Mrs. *Traverse* had been settled in the Country, they knew she must be above Thirty, and young *Rivers* was not yet Twenty, would soon be united with due Solemnity.

This Opinion likewise gained Ground among the Poor, for Mr. *Rivers* frequently accompanied their Benefactress in her Visits among them, delighted with the Goodness that gave Birth to her Actions, and the Wisdom which guided them. Nor did he interrupt her in her Family Cares and Works, attending her equally when employed in overlooking them, pleased with her Ingenuity and the Variety of her Fancy.

While young *Rivers* continued in this Intimacy with Mrs. *Traverse*, his Father's Fondness prompted him to make him a Visit in the Forest, where he hoped for some Consolation under his Affliction for the Loss of his little Daughter who was just dead. He was joyfully received by the young Man, who, after they had spent a few Days together, wanting to put an End to an Absence so unusually long from Mrs. *Traverse*, told his Father of this Wonder of the Country; whose Curiosity being raised by the Ac-

count, was easily persuaded to accompany him to her House.

Her Manner of Life was the Subject of their Conversation on the Road, and every Thing belonging to her was disposed with so much Taste, that Mr. Rivers was convinced of the Justness of his Son's Description, before he entered the House, which could not fail of confirming him in the Opinion.

They were carried into Mrs. Traverse's Dressing-Room, but young Rivers had not had Time to introduce his Father to her, before he perceived her sinking down in a fainting Fit. Young Rivers, strangely alarmed, ran to catch her in his Arms, but could not prevent her Fall; while his Father, who was much nearer, stood motionless as a Statue, but in a visible Surprize; and did not recover himself Time enough to give any Assistance to his Son, who carried Mrs. Traverse to a Couch, and once more restored her to her Senses. As he was much terrified at so sudden a Seizure, unable to attribute it to any Thing but great Indisposition, he expressed his Uneasiness, which she endeavoured to abate as much was in her Power, and turning off the Subject, tried to fall into Conversation; but young Rivers perceiving she continued much disordered, and far different from what he had ever seen her, convinced she was not yet recovered, thought it would be more agreeable to her should he shorten his Stay, and take away a Stranger who might put her under Constraint. Accordingly begging Leave to renew their Visit when her Health was better, they left her.

Your Highness is not half so ingenious as I think you, if you have not discovered that Mr. Rivers, in Mrs. Traverse, found his former Love Miss Reynards, and she instantly knew the treacherous Deceiver of her youthful Affections. But young Rivers, ignorant of many Circumstances with which you are

per-

perfectly acquainted, had not the least Suspicion that the Scene which had so alarmed him was occasioned by an unexpected Meeting; and that in Mrs. Traverse, natural Strength only yielded to the strong Emotions raised by Shame, Love, and Resentment, He observed all the Way Home, and after their Return, that his Father was more pensive than usual; grieved at the Increase of his Melancholy, he endeavoured to amuse him, but in vain. He retired to his Rest earlier than common, and young Rivers flattered himself that the next Morning he might awake to livelier Spirits.

End of the Twenty-first Chapter.



JOURNAL THROUGH LIFE.

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JOURNEY through LIFE.

C H A P. XXII.



The HISTORY of Mr. RIVERS concluded.

YOUNG Rivers's private Griefs were still too fresh to leave him much Leisure to reflect on the Woes of others, except when present to his Sight, his Humanity would force him to attend to what they suffered. But yet his Father's Melancholy had made so deep an Impression that he waited with some Impatience for Morning to see how he did, and at the Hour he usually arose, went into his Chamber, but found it empty; he enquired of the Servants which Way he had walked, and was surprized when he heard from one of them, that Mr. Rivers had risen before Break of Day, and ordering his Horse to be saddled, rode out they knew not which Way, having refused his Servant's Attendance.

So early a Sally in one not accustomed to very early Hours, was difficult to be accounted for; he knew not what to think, and as the Hours passed without his Return, grew very uneasy; but yet we must be so unfriendly as to leave him alone, the common Treat-

ment of those who by any Grief of Mind or Pain of Body cease to amuse, and while he is languishing with anxious Curiosity, satisfy ours, tho' less grievous to us, by following Mr. Rivers.

Mr. Rivers's Spirits had been too much agitated by the Sight of Mrs. *Traverse*, to allow him any Rest. He passed the whole Night in reflecting on the bad Part he had acted towards her, and of the deep Sense she must still retain of the Injury, since the Sight of him could have so violent an Effect upon her. Tho' he now was as much at his free Disposal as he pretended to be when he first knew her, yet he could not think he had the Power of making her any Reparation. His Opinion of Matrimony was not so high, as to look upon it as an honourable Amends for past Injuries, tho' the sordid Part of the World often esteem it such.

An Offer of Marriage from a Man who had injured a Woman in the tenderest Point, he esteemed an Insult, since to win a Person to accept it a Man ought to give her a good not a bad Impression of him. Had all his Actions been blameless, there would have been a Degree of Presumption in asking Mrs. *Traverse* to become his Wife, but unworthy as she knew him to be of her, whose Faults seemed only like the Fire, by passing thro' which she was the more purified, he should have censured himself as the most insolent Man breathing had he entertained a Thought of mentioning it. But he hoped he might presume to apply to her for her Pardon, and express his Grief for having ever been hurried by his Passions into an Action so criminal.

With this Intention he arose, and, unattended, went to Mrs. *Traverse*'s House, who had not by any Means recovered the Shock she received the Day before. Not that Anger could have made such Havock in her Constitution; she was not capable of so much Resentment; his Presence had awakened an unalterable Love, which she had hitherto with Care repressed,

pressed, and indeed starved it by keeping her Thoughts continually employed on Subjects foreign to it, not allowing herself to think on the Man she could not, but ought to hate, nor to read one soft Sentiment, which might revive those she wanted to extinguish.

When Mr. Rivers was brought into the Room, Mrs. Traverse was endeavouring to chace away his Idea: She had that Morning tried all her Amusements for that Purpose, but with little Success; she could attend to none, but too resolute in a laudable Design to give up the Matter so easily was continuing the Trial, when she saw him before her. The Servant had left the Room, and Mr. Rivers threw himself at her Feet, and thus addressed her: "Forgive my appearing again before you, most excellent Creature, and attribute it not to Presumption; I came only to induce you to pardon me for the Sake of my sincere Repentance: I confess Love is no Excuse for such an Offence as mine, it is beyond Alleviation, I will not attempt to soften it. What Argument could I use but what might equally serve a Robber or a Murderer? My Passion was my Guide, is it not theirs? The amiable Nature of Love is destroyed, when we can wish to injure the Object of our Affections; we are degraded below Reason and Humanity, and are so much beneath the meanest Part of the Creation, as we obtain our Purposes with more Deceit and vile Art than they know how to practise.

" You see, Madam, how far I am from endeavouring to extenuate my Crime; to attempt it were to abuse the Passion, which when kept within the Bounds of Reason and Virtue, inspires every noble Sentiment, and creates the most perfect Happiness. It would be offending against the pure Adoration I now feel for you, which makes me look on my former Love as a Sacrilege to a Di-

“ nity that should have struck an Awe upon my guilty Soul. The Remembrance of my Treachery has been punished by the continual Reproaches of my Conscience, which have been so increased by the Sight of you, that I could not rest till I sued for your Forgiveness.”

“ I would gladly have excused this Effect of it, Sir,” answered Mrs. *Traverse*; “ I think the best Proof you could have given me of your Penitence, would have been to forbear coming into my Sight, which you must suppose could not fail of giving me Uneasiness. Do you think I have not already suffered Pain enough on your Account? However, you say Submission, not Insult, brings you here, therefore to prevent your having the same Inducement to trouble my Repose again, I frankly forgive you, on Condition I never see you more.”

“ Cruel Condition!” cried Mr. *Rivers*; “ but why do I say so? The Sentence is just, it is milder than I deserve; more than I could have hoped, had I not a stronger Advocate than my Intreaties.”

“ What Advocate?” interrupted Mrs. *Traverse*, assuming a more severe Aspect, fearing her Eyes had too plainly betrayed that he had indeed a powerful Advocate within her Heart.

“ Your own Perfections;” replied *Rivers*. “ Had you not suffered from Adversity in your Youth, could you have been half so excellent now? Dissipations would have robbed you of the Time for acquiring speculative Knowledge, and weakened your Virtues.”

“ You seem desirous,” answered Mrs. *Traverse*, “ that I should not only forgive, but thank you for the Sufferings you inflicted on me. But my Gratitude is differently directed, I thank not him who caused them, but that Power which turned them to a worthy Purpose; that Power which enabled me to redeem my past Crimes by a future Life, dedicated

“ to

“ to a nobler Love. I acknowlege that young, gay,
“ and well-received in the World, as I was when
“ you first saw me, I might have given into the
“ fashionable Dissipations of the Town, tho’ never
“ to Excess, for they did not suit my Turn of Mind
“ yet still enough to have corrupted the few Virtues
“ I had, and to have rendered them too dead to have
“ conquered my Passions or my idler Vanities. But
“ the Affliction you so early brought upon me, taught
“ me to reflect; my Misfortunes obliged me to avoid
“ appearing as much as possible. I had much Time,
“ and Heaven gave me a Friend, who learnt me how
“ to improve that Time. Little Reason was need-
“ ful to convince me of my own Weakness, I had
“ Proofs too plain to humble me; I endeavoured to
“ strengthen my Understanding, to purify my Heart,
“ and to conquer my Will. Thus employed, I
“ forbore every Dissipation; I by Degrees dropt all
“ Company, and seldom went Abroad except to the
“ Friend I mention, Mrs. Gowran, who more fre-
“ quently used to be with me. I languished for a
“ Country Retirement, where Solitude has Charms
“ it cannot find in Town; but she would never con-
“ sent to live in the Country, because she would not
“ deprive herself of your late Wife’s Company. We
“ divided our Time between both Places, and the
“ Pleasure of complying with the Inclinations of one
“ I loved and esteemed so highly, reconciled me to
“ her Choice.”

“ But when Providence, for its own good Purposes,
“ deprived me of that best of Friends, which, except
“ one, was the cruellest Shock I ever sustained, and
“ I had now no such kind Comforter to alleviate my
“ Sorrow, I sought out a Retirement, and found
“ this, where I have ever since lived under a borrowed
“ Name, disclaiming all Connexions with my former
“ self; and by the great Abatement it has made in
“ my Expences, I hope I have received some Benefit

" from the Misfortune which set me at Liberty to
 " retire hither, since it has enabled me to relieve
 " many of my Fellow-Creatures, who are more wor-
 " thy, but less favoured by blind Fortune than my-
 " self. And I have endeavoured to turn into a ge-
 " neral Benevolence that large Portion of Affection
 " which was before engrossed by Mrs. Gowran, who
 " greatly deserved it all. The Lye of human Kind,
 " so delightful to the Heart wherein it has subdued
 " all trifling Attachments, or too partial Passions, has
 " been my Consolation, and created an Happiness
 " which seems above the Reach of mortal Powers
 " to destroy ; every Day that I can be serviceable to
 " one of my Species, adds a Glow of Rapture to *the*
Soul's calm Sunshine and the Heart-felt Joy, which
 " never leaves me ; and till Yesterday I thought could
 " not have been interrupted."

" To have been so cruelly undeceived, I hope will
 " be a sufficient Inducement to you, to leave me to
 " recover a State of Mind so desirable, and what, to
 " be deprived of, must be Torture to one so long ac-
 " customed to enjoy it."

" After having preferred my Gratification to your
 " Happiness," replied Mr. Rivers, " to sacrifice my ar-
 " dent and innocent Wishes for the Continuance of
 " your Acquaintance, to your Peace, is an Atonement
 " which, tho' made too late, is due to you. I would
 " not interrupt such pure Felicity, nor distract those Thoughts
 " which have hitherto been so uniformly dedicated
 " to Offices of Benevolence. Mr. Rivers raised my
 " Admiration before I saw you, by relating to me
 " the Particulars of a Way of Life, which you
 " scarcely hint at. Oh ! that the same Excess of
 " Goodness would induce you to shew the kind Care
 " for the eternal Welfare of one Man, as you do
 " both for the the eternal and temporal Happiness of
 " Numbers ! Would you but direct my Actions,

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" and appropriate my Fortune as you do your own,
" you should find me the most obedient Disciple,
" dutiful from Love and Principle. I should look up
" to you with humble Reverence, as to an Angel
" sent to lead me into the Paths of Virtue, and learn
" to emulate your Purity."

" Such Praise," replied Mrs. *Traverse*, " wears too
" much the Dress of Flattery; Truth speaks in less
" pompous, and more intelligible Language."

" Rapture, but not Flattery, may have occasioned
" my Stile to give Offence," answered Mr. *Rivers*:
" You say you do not understand me, I wish you
" had not heard me. Hurried out of myself, I have
" said more than I ought to explain. The very
" Thought was Presumption; I can never hope to
" be worthy of an Union with one so far my Su-
" perior, but shall reverence the Distance between
" us, tho' I may be almost selfish enough to wish
" your Merit a little lowered, that I might see a
" Possibility of soaring up to it. But were I perfect
" to any other Eyes, in yours I must always appear
" base and mean, therefore why do I entertain such
" presumptuous Thoughts? Would to Heaven I had
" never seen you, rather than have found you so
" dazzling in Perfection that I dare not behold you."

" I would not, by affecting to misunderstand you,
" leave you a Possibility of mistaking me," replied
Mrs. *Traverse*. " If you mean to express an Inclination
" to marry me, I must tell you that I think a perfect
" Esteem and good Opinion so necessary a Foun-
" dation for matrimonial Happiness, that I would
" not on any Account marry a Man whom I have
" known guilty of a base Action, or that has expe-
" rienced my Frailty; therefore you and I can never
" be united; we are too well acquainted with
" each other to have the mutual Respect so requisite
" to our Happiness in that Situation. This, Sir, is my
" fixed Opinion, from which I can never swerve."

Mr. Rivers began to assure her how much she wronged him, if she imagined he had not the highest Esteem for her, or rather Sentiments much more exalted than that Word expressed ; but she stopped him, crying, " Sir, Sir, I know myself too well to believe " you can mistake me to that Degree. Can any " Opinion be more partial than one's own ? And yet I " can never look on myself but as a despicable Crea- " ture, tho' I better know many Alleviations of my " Guilt and Folly than you can divine. But the " Subject is grievous to me; it humbles me below " the poorest Worm. I beseech you let no more be " said on it. Since the Time that I could not marry " without deserving my Husband's bad Opinion, I " have been obstinately determined on a single Life."

Mr. Rivers knew not how to press her any farther; Respect silenced his Love, and he could not speak; which gave her Time to tell him, she had one Question to ask him, which was, whether his Son was living ? Her Confusion and Agitation were visible even to Mr. Rivers, whose Mind was not at Liberty to make any but very obvious Remarks.

" I have none, Madam," replied Mr. Rivers.

" You have no Son !" cried Mrs. Traverse. " Is " he then dead ?" and Tears trickled down her Cheeks; for who can restrain maternal Tenderness ?

" I never had one," returned Mr. Rivers; " I was " deceived into an imaginary Blessing, taught to be- " lieve I had a Child, such an one as no Father " sure could ever boast ! But my Wife on her Death- " Bed confessed the Deceit, and robbed me of the " dear Delusion. I only was to blame; if Heaven " can pardon me, I well may her. The young " Man who brought me hither Yesterday, is the Per- " son whom I nourished, educated, and loved, as " my Child; nay more, was proud of him, and still " I am his Friend, tho' no longer his Father."

" You are, you are his Father !" exclaimed Mrs. Traverse.

Traverse. "Good Heaven! my Child! my Blessing! ignorantly I loved you as my Son! Oh! Sir, he is yours; accept him as your Child, but rob not me of him. My Heart bore Witness to him, it loved him as its own."

Mr. Rivers was all Amazement, and to make him understand her she was forced to relate the whole Transaction. He was delighted beyond Expression to find himself in Reality the Father of so amiable a Youth. The Day passed in Questions asked and answered about this darling Child, and neither were half satisfied with the Conversation, when the Evening drawing on, Mrs. *Traverse*, who had still much more to ask, offered Mr. Rivers an Apartment for that Night, which he with Pleasure accepted; but feeling double Tenderness for his Son since he knew him to be such, sent to inform him where he was, lest he should be under any Uneasiness for him. Mrs. *Traverse* would not consent to have him invited thither, declaring some Time for Reflexion was necessary, to give her Strength of Mind sufficient to enable her to bear an Acknowledgment of her Frailty to a Son, whose Esteem she was very desirous of preserving.

Young Rivers was happily relieved from very painful Anxiety by his Father's Message, but was curious to know the Reason of his secret and sudden Renewal of a Visit, wherein he and Mrs. *Traverse* had made very little Acquaintance, both of them appearing more shy than was consistent with their Politeness. Induced by Curiosity, and a Desire to see Mrs. *Traverse* again, he set out early for her House. When he arrived, they were debating the Manner in which he should be acquainted with his Birth.

Upon hearing he was come, she started up, "I leave to you," said she, "to inform him of the Whole. I cannot listen to the History of my own Shame. How dreadful must that Crime be, which makes the Mother fear and blush to own her Child?"

"Child?" and as he was introduced at one Door she went out of the other.

Young Rivers expressed his Joy at seeing his Father well, but modestly complained at the Alarm he gave him the Day before, which he passed in anxious Expectation of his Return, till Night brought his Messenger to relieve him from his Fears.

Mr. Rivers embraced him with more than common Tenderness, thanked his kind Care, and told him he should have returned early in the Day had he not met with his Mother.

"My Mother!" said young Rivers, "what mean you, Sir? Alas! you know I have no Mother, no Father; your Goodness is my only Parent."

"You are not in so desolate a Situation as you imagine," replied Mr. Rivers; "I do not despair of producing you both a Father and a Mother."

The young Man was strangely surprized at these Words, and hastily intreated him to explain the Riddle; for to find Parents, after living so long unknown to them, had an Air of Romance, which added the Impatience of Curiosity to his natural Desire of such dear Relations.

Mr. Rivers then informed him that he was Son to himself and the Lady he loved under the Name of *Traverse*, setting it in such a Light as should as little as possible subject her to his Censure. Young Rivers's Joy was compleat at hearing so pleasing an Account of his Birth. To find his Duty due where his Esteem and Affection was placed, was most fortunate to him. Mrs. *Traverse* had little Reason to fear his Opinion should censure her past Conduct, his Veneration for her was such, that without the Addition of filial Duty and Respect, he would have been convinced that an Error in her must be accompanied by such Circumstances as rendered it unavoidable; perswaded that she had attained to the utmost Perfection Human Nature can reach.

He would not be kept from his Mother's Presence, but ran to seek her out, and impart the Transports that he felt. He found her in Tears, oppressed with different Sensations; her Heart struggling between Joy at finding her long lost Child, finding him too so much the very Man she wished him, and the Shame of declaring herself his Mother, owning Frailties which his uncommon Virtue might justify his not forgiving, tho' he had owed his Life to her Folly. The Transport with which her Son embraced her, soon banished every painful Sensation, her Heart had no Room for any Thing but Joy. The Pleasure he expressed in finding in a Parent such transcendent Goodness as had filled his Heart with filial Love and Reverence before he knew her to be such; one whose Perfections must add Lustre to every one allied to her, and his ardent Wish to be enabled to imitate her Virtues, appeased her Fears for his Opinion, and the Tears she shed over him, flowed only from a Heart too tender to bear the Weight of Joy with which it was even overloaded.

Mr. *Rivers* having followed his Son, was present at the tender Scene, and endeavoured to take Advantage of it towards prevailing with Mrs. *Traverse* to marry him. He desired his Son's Assistance to perswade her; but to shew them how little they must expect to succeed, she owned he had still a stronger Advocate than either, which yet would prove ineffectual, confessing that she retained her Love for him, which neither Virtue, Time, nor his Behaviour had been able to extinguish; but she had taught her Actions to submit to her Reason, however refractory her Heart might be, and still persisted in her Resolution of not making a Husband of one, who had so good Right to despise her Weakness.

Ineffectual were all Mr. *Rivers* or her Son could say, to perswade her that her Conduct had sanctified past Failings, wherein she was so little to be blamed,

that

that it could not arise to Mr. Rivers's Remembrance, without bringing to his Recollection such Baseness on his Side, as must entirely excuse her, and fill him with Remorse.

Her Resolution was immoveable, they could not prevail with her to give the least Hope that she would ever comply. She told Mr. Rivers that she should always be glad to see him, consented to his fixing his Abode at the House his Son inhabited, and visiting her as frequently as he pleased; as by that Means they should share the Company of their Son, from whom she declared she could not bear to be separated for any long Time. Her Love for Mr. Rivers was, by the Change in his Conduct, turned into tender Esteem; her Passions were subdued, but her Affections remained as strong as ever, and these she could innocently gratify.

Sabrina began to demand a little Rest, but *Carinthia* soon called on her to proceed, telling her that she had not treated young *Rivers* very kindly; she had indeed given him a Mother, but denied him his Mistress, a Gift far more precious in the Estimation of most young Men, who would willingly part with every Parent, to obtain a Woman, who, perhaps, in half a Year, might become as indifferent to them as their Mother.

" I will not pretend to say," replied *Sabrina*, " but the Youth I have been celebrating, might have made a little Breach in his filial Piety, to have obtained Miss *Masam*, had Love and Duty interfered; tho' I believe it must have been a very small one, since he would not make a short Truce with his Honesty on that Account."

Mr. Rivers told Mrs. *Traverse*, for as she has once changed her Name she must still wear it, of his Son's Passion, and of the Disappointment he received on being no longer supposed his Son. She was too indulgent

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dulgent not to wish to renew a Treaty which would so reasonably gratify him, and mentioned it to him.

Young Rivers, with a Sigh, told her it would be in vain, the Want of Inheritance was the only Part of his doubtful Birth to which Mr. *Masam* objected, and that still remained; for he was so well convinced that by not being legitimate, he lost all Title to his Father's Estate, which he could not inherit but by a false Pretence of being born in Wedlock, that he would on no Account ever take Possession of it. The Person who bequeathed it he allowed had a poor Motive for intailing the Estate, but that would furnish him with no Excuse for enjoying it contrary to the Bequest, as he had no better Reason for leaving the present Possession to his Father; therefore if his foolish Vanity was to be obeyed in one Case, it ought equally to be so in the other. And altho' he loved Miss *Masam* to Excess, and was sensible he could enjoy no Happiness without her, yet he would rather relinquish all Hope of Felicity than seek his Gratification unjustly.

This Way of Thinking corresponded too well with the Strictness of Mrs. *Traverse*'s Principles to meet with any Opposition from her; she was charmed with his Integrity, and loved him better for the Resemblance his Mind bore to her's, than for the near Relation there was between them. She was possessed of but half the Fortune which Mr. *Rivers*'s lawfull Heir was intitled to; but she asked her Son, whether, considering the Affair had been so public, and his Character so superior to that of most other young Men, Mr. *Masam* might not be induced to lower his Expectations, and consent to make his Daughter Mistress of a Competence, when her Heart required no more? And as for Settlements she gave her Son full Power to dispose of her Estate as he pleased after her Death, that he might be the more able to reconcile Mr. *Masam* to the Match. Her only Difficulty was about their present Income; she could not lessen her Expences

pences without taking from the Poor, for all but absolute Necessaries for herself, was spent on them. But Mr. Rivers relieved her from this Anxiety, by promising to provide for the present Support of the young Couple, by dividing his Estate with them, and if their Family increased, giving them the greater Share.

Young Rivers gratefully acknowledged the Goodness of both Parents, but confessed himself a little doubtful of Miss *Masam's* Constancy, as well as of her Father's Generosity, and as that was the first Thing which wanted clearing up, he would with their Permission endeavour to discover her real Sentiments. They too readily concurred with all his Wishes, to refuse him any Thing.

Young Rivers went to London, determined to see his Mistress before she should learn the Change in his Fortune. He knew her fond of Music, and therefore thought he had no where so good a Chance of meeting her as at a Concert, which before he left Town she used to frequent. Had he been as well acquainted with the State of her Mind as with her Taste, he would have found another Reason for being more likely to see her there; for Music is the Food of Love, and a Love-sick Mind finds it absolutely necessary; it is its daily Bread. Miss *Masam* was so much of this Opinion, that now Rivers's Voice was denied her Ear, the only Sounds she could endure were those of Music, and she seldom failed any Opportunity of hearing it. The first Day, therefore, that her Lover went to this Place in Search of her, his Eyes met hers on his first Entrance. As he was prepared by Expectation for the Pleasure of seeing her, and was bent on discovering how she stood affected towards him, his Spirits were not so agitated but he was capable of seeing the Flutter into which the first unexpected Sight of him had thrown her; and could not forbear rejoicing in the frequent Changes of her Com-

Complexion from flushing red to deadly pale, tho' he pitied a Confusion he knew was painful.

The Agitation she was in, he thought was inconsistent with Indifference, and that Consideration gave him Courage to go up to her, as soon as she was a little recovered, and his Spirits more composed than during an Examination which kept both his Fear and his Hope awake. But after all his Care to accost her at a proper Time, when he went up to her neither of them could speak, an awkward trembling Bow and Curtesy, with Madam and Sir, stammered out in faltering Accents, were all that passed between them. Equally unable to stand, they sate down next each other, where by Degrees they recovered the Use of Speech, but with that affected Carelessness usual to piqued Lovelis. He " hoped she would excuse his " Presumption in taking the Liberty to speak to her." She " asked if he had been in Town ever since she last saw him."

To this he answered, that he had left Town on the Receipt of her Commands, lest he might be accused of Want of Generosity should he have appeared in her Presence. She hinted, that to reproach her with Expressions which she was forcibly made to copy, was running a greater Hazard of being thought ungenerous, than a Failure of Compliance with the Commands of an angry Parent. He concisely replied, that he could not but suppose Sentiments which her Hand wrote were dictated by her Heart. She returned, that where Sentiments contradicted each other, one might form a pretty sure Opinion of that Heart which chose to credit those that were least probable.

Young Rivers expressed himself lost in the Mysteriousness of her Expressions; that for his Part he never saw less Contradiction in the Purport of any Letter in his Life; the Meaning appeared to him just the same from the Beginning to the End. *Miss M^r sam*

sam replied, that he might more justly be said to seek to confound, than she to be mysterious, or he would not affect to understand of one Letter, what he must know she meant of two. Two Letters! he said, that was one more than he had ever yet received. You surprize me, Sir, answered Miss *Masam*, not receive two Letters from me, when I sent them by my own Servant?

The Explanation now grew towards its Crisis. The Perplexity which had so long been confirmed by the doubtful Expressions of the angry Lovers, was soon cleared up, both were convinced they had been unjust in suspecting one another, and all the Blame was laid on the guilty Chamber-Maid, who had lately been turned off by Miss *Masam* for her Impertinence, in persisting to bring Letters to her Lady from the Lover who had won her to his Side by that powerful Argument Bribery, and endeavouring to trick her into accepting them.

When young *Rivers* had been warmly expressing his Joy at finding Miss *Masam* still constant, she interrupted him, and with a Smile said, "I should be
 " inclined to accuse you of Want of Generosity now,
 " in being so very glad that I still retain Sentiments
 " which must make my Life unhappy, did I not
 " feel that I should be equally liable to the same
 " Censure; for I rejoice you love me, and yet what
 " can arise from it but Vexation? I am even worse
 " than you, since you are likely not only to suffer in
 " the same Manner as myself, but to be robbed of
 " the Power of fixing a Fortune by Marriage, which
 " you are not so happy as to inherit; for I have so
 " good an Opinion of my Sex's Discernment, that
 " I make no Doubt but most of them who have the
 " Command of their Fortunes, would gladly make
 " it yours if you sued for it, without betraying your
 " View was Money. Whereas I suffer only in my
 " Love; my Circumstances want no Assistance. We
 " are

" are not on an Equality in the Merits of our Constancy, unless your Love, like mine, feels such sharp Affliction at being disappointed, that no other Consideration can find Place among your Thoughts. Then, indeed, our Distress may be the same; and surely none can be greater than mine, in being reduced to change such fair Prospects of Happiness for Despair and Misery."

Young *Rivers* was so touched with what she said, and with the Tears that bore Witness to her Truth, and trickled down her Cheeks so fast, that she could scarcely conceal them under the Shade of her Fan from the Company, that he could not defer reviving her by the Dawn of Hope which shone in upon them.

This Account gave great Satisfaction to Miss *Masam*, who had so much Confidence in her Father's Affection, as to believe he would at her Desire content himself with more moderate Prospects for her; and this Hope made the enamoured Pair part with easier Hearts than those with which they had met, which, by the Conclusion of the Concert, they were obliged to do. Neither of them had ever been half so well entertained in their Lives, tho' they had not Heard one Note of the Music. What Sound is so harmonious as the Voice of those we love? And when it conveys the Dictates of a fond Heart, all *Corelli*'s Art cannot equal its Softness.

Entirely convinced of his Mistress's Truth, young *Rivers* had now nothing to do but to consult her Father, on whom he waited the next Day; but he was greatly shocked, when after having informed him of all the Particulars of his Fortune, the old Gentleman declared the Detail was needless, for he had engaged his Honour to a Nobleman, whose Son was much enamoured of his Daughter.

Miss *Masam*, whose Curiosity had taken the Privilege of the Key-Hole to listen to her Lover's Success,

cess, would have confessed how she had been employed by throwing herself at her Father's Feet, and intreating him to oppose her Happiness no longer, had his Words less affected her, but they rendered her motionless, she could neither move nor speak, and her Servant coming by, saw her Mistress so pale and lifeless, that, alarmed at her Situation, she took her Hand, and led her to her Apartment, without her being sensible that she saw or moved. The Maid, terrified at this strange Stupefaction, ran to Mr. *Masam*, and communicated all her Fears to the Father and the Lover, who with equal Haste attended her. They went up to the Side of the Bed whereon her Maid had laid her; the Father with anxious Grief clasped her cold Hand, which all vital Heat seemed to have forsaken; but the warmer Lover, distracted at her Insensibility, caught her in his Arms, and pressing her to his Bosom, imprinting Kisses on her lifeless Face, and awaking her to Sense with his beloved Voice, brought her to herself sooner than the antient Father, with all the Hartshorn and burnt Feathers in the Town, could have done. The Doctors cannot boast a Cure for Insensibility equal to the tender Embraces and soothing Words of Love.

When young *Rivers* had restored Miss *Masam* to Life, her Father was in a Situation much like his in a Farce, whose Daughter recovers the Use of Speech, lost on much the like Occasion. The first Use Miss *Masam* made of her Return to Reason, was to go a great Way towards depriving her Father of his. She declared she never could marry any Man but young *Rivers*, confessed having overheard the Answer Mr. *Masam* gave him, the violent Effect of which on her Heart she imagined she could never have recovered.

The old Gentleman, alarmed by the Condition in which he had just seen his only Child, for the Disorder was too general and too visible to be counterfeited, knew not what to say. He wished he had not been ex-
cited

engaged to the Earl *Southampton*, but how could he break his Honour? Still less could he break his Daughter's Heart. In short, he was almost distracted, and wanted to be restored to his Senses near as much as his Daughter had done before; but no such certain Recipe was at Hand; however, Miss *Masam* tried what a Daughter's Fondness could effect, and coaxed the good Gentleman, till he began to wish he could gratify the ardent Passion which mutually inspired this Couple; and they so well improved the kind Minute, that they prevailed with him to promise that he would endeavour to get my Lord to release him from his Engagements, on setting forth how veryaverse his Daughter was to the Alliance.

That he might not cool from so hopeful a Warmth of Heart, they prevailed with him to go directly to Lord *Southampton*, whose Worth and Generosity gave them Reason to hope he would acquiesce in any Thing that was necessary to the Happiness of a deserving young Woman, whom he esteemed sufficiently to have wished her for his Daughter.

Nor were their Expectations disappointed; Mr. *Masam* related the whole Affair to the Earl, and described the Distress of his Daughter and her Lover in such lively Colours, that Lord *Southampton* generously intreated him to think no more of his Engagements with him, but gratify a Love so sincere and constant.

Mr. *Masam* with Pleasure complied, and after having acknowledged this new Obligation his Lordship had conferred, returned Home to make the fond Pair happy, which he did most effectually, in acquainting them with his Success.

Mr. *Rivers* came up to Town to be present at his Son's Marriage, and as soon as it was over, they accompanied him to Mrs. *Traverse*'s, who received them with infinite Joy.

The Account young *Rivers* had given his Bride of his amiable Mother, had inspired her with Esteem before

before she saw her ; but after they had lived some Time together, her Affection grew so great for that admirable Woman, and her Heart was so warmed by her Example, that she endeavoured to form herself after the worthy Model, and to excuse her from leaving a Person whose Presence compleated her Happiness, and strengthened her Virtues, she prevailed on her Father to take a House in the Neighbourhood, where they formed a most amiable Society, enlivened by the lovely Offspring of this happy Union. The last in the Intail of the *Rivers* Estate died before Mr. *Rivers*, by which Accident it remained in his Disposal, and thus the Succession was justly secured to him, who would not obtain it by Deceit.

“ You forget,” said *Carinthia*, on perceiving *Sabrina* had concluded her Narration, “ that you began this History to shew me that Riches make People unhappy, and now are mentioning this Inheritance as an additional Piece of good Fortune.”

“ That is a Truth I exemplified in the first Part of my Story,” replied *Sabrina*. “ What I have said since, may serve to prove another Part of my Assertion, that every Thing is good or bad according to the Use we make of it. When Wealth is appropriated to the Gratification of Vice, Folly, and Vanity, it is the greatest of Evils ; but when dedicated to the Service of Benevolence and Humanity, it is a Blessing worthy the Desire of all who are conscious they would use it to such good Purposes. This is the Moral of my Tale, which I would have left to your Highness’s Discovery, if you had not thus called upon me to explain it.”

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